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Frontier Times

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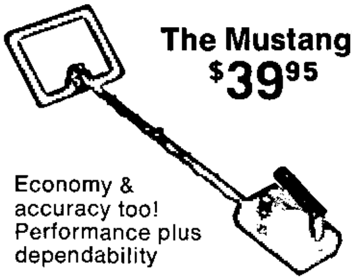

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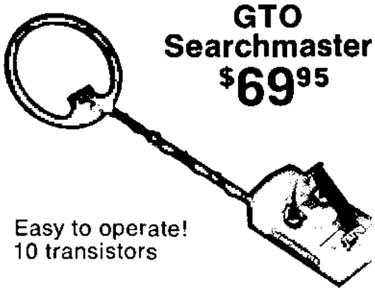

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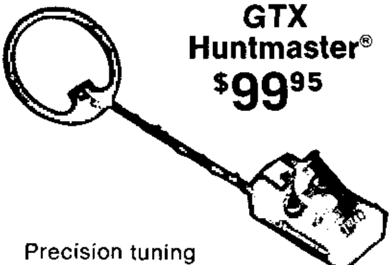

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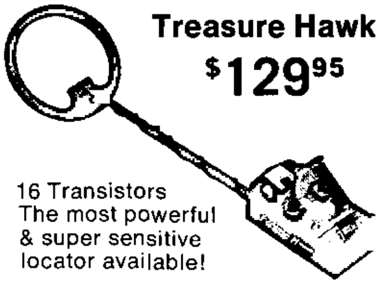

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February-March, 1972

Vol. 46, No. 2

New Series No. 76

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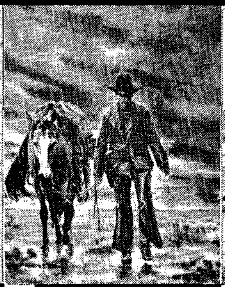
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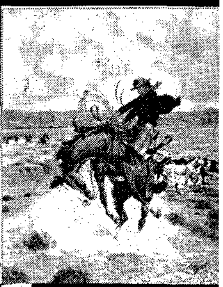
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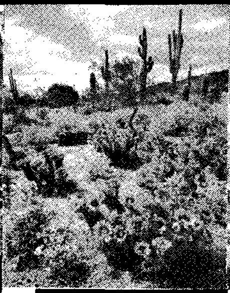
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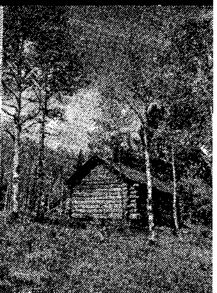
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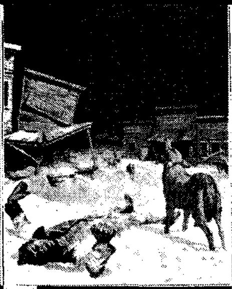
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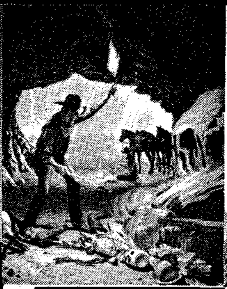
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FRONTIER POST

Trail Ride for Walt Coburn

I went to Montana in September for the dedication of the second annual Zortman to Malta Wagon Train in memory of Walt. Forty covered wagons were quite a sight. They made camp the first night on a mesa overlooking the Circle C Ranch and the twin Coburn Buttes, a beautiful setting and wide open country. I was glad to see the old Circle C Ranch which hasn't changed much, with some of the old buildings still there. The Little Rockies are just like Walt described them. I saw the Missouri River breaks and the badlands, the Judith Mountains and the Bear Paws. Visited Zortman and Landusky where Walt raised so much Cain while growing up. Took a tour of Malta and Milk River and crossed Alkali Creek where Walt broke his ankle—ate wild chokecherries and red currants and smelled the sagebrush—I even had a good view of the Hole In the Wall as I passed through Wyoming, the pilot tipping the plane right over the Hole. I was never quite sure before just where the outlaw hideout was. Everything I saw meant a lot to me and I hope to go back again—beautiful country as yet unspoiled. Montana people are the greatest.—Pat Coburn

Sister Found

In the January 1971 issue of FRONTIER TIMES you ran an article for me in Trails Grown Dim. Thanks to your magazine I found my sister, Mrs. Lillian Stonebreaker. I still have been unable to locate my brother, Charlie Eagan. I have just returned from a wonderful visit with my sister.

I want you to know I appreciate your helping me locate my sister. My cousin in California saw the item and mailed it to her. I am seventy-five and my sister is seventy-three. We will spend all the time together we can to make up for the days and years gone by.

I buy every magazine you publish and must say they are interesting. Thank you again for all the happiness you have given me.—Mrs. Beatrice Nolen, Route 1, Box 90-B, Wetmore, Texas 78163

Reader Disagrees on Cribbing

In the September 1971 letters department of FRONTIER TIMES, Mr. Tyler writes of curing mules of stall-kicking and cribbing by the removal of diseased teeth by extraction or with trephine and punch, both surgical operations requiring considerable technical ability.

Steadman's Medical Dictionary defines cribbing: "A habit, formed by horses when young, of biting at the manger or other objects; air is often sucked in at this time, hence the synonym windsucker." This is a common habit of race horses and may be prevented by putting a heavy leather strap around the throat.

Stall-kicking and cribbing are only two of many bad habits acquired by horses (and mules) due to the mismanagement of owners or attendents. They are not caused by "a bad tooth or teeth."—Phillip T. Smith, D. V. M., 1839 Alderson Avenue, Billings, Montana 59102

Dad Takes Train To Catch Outlaws

In reading the article in the January issue of FRONTIER TIMES, "Fun While it Lasted," about Gilmore, Idaho and the activities there, it calls to mind the stories my brother O. M. Cokeley tells about his visit to see our uncle David H. Cokeley who was a barber and a miner living in Gilmore in 1920. My brother also traveled the route from Armstead, Montana to Leadore and on to Gilmore and he became acquainted with Ann Jaggers who operated the boardinghouse. I was very pleased to see your article on Gilmore because it gives an insight as to the ruggedness of the people who live there. Last year I received a letter from Mrs. Virginia (Fielder) Christy who lived in Gilmore in 1925. She now lives in Shoat, California.

The article in the same issue on the Dalton gang reminds me of my father John Wesley (Wes) Cokeley's activities as a law officer in western Oklahoma from 1896 to 1916. He was constable and deputy sheriff of Custer County, Oklahoma. Arapahoe was the county seat and he had special authorization from the deputy U. S. marshal to cross state lines when in pursuit of an outlaw. He trailed the outlaws riding horses unless the outlaw took a train. Then Dad would also take a train. He brought outlaws back from Kansas and Texas. Tom Grisom was the deputy U. S. marshal for parts of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas at that time.

I was born in Arapahoe, Oklahoma in 1902 when my father owned a feed store there, as well as being a law officer.—Viva C. (Cokeley) Crowson, Box 729, Homeland, California 92348

Tracing Family Names

In the May issue of FRONTIER TIMES I had a letter appear which stated I had information on Coos County, Oregon. Indeed I do, but I find I erred on the date that it goes back to. I find it goes back much farther than I stated—in fact it dates 1825 to 1909.

The response has been great, to put it mildly. As of now I have had sixty-plus letters of inquiry and have been able to find something for everyone with the exception of three parties. Where may I ask, can one come up with better response than FRONTIER TIMES?

I had no idea so many people were in search of their ancestors. I would like to give credit to the lady who kept those newspaper clippings. After much research I found out her name was Nellie McAdams Elliott. Of course, there is a lot on these family names along with well over 6,000 others.

My deal still stands. I will be more than glad to help anyone trace their family if they will send me the family name and any given names they know. All I ask is a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I will see what I can do for them.

The towns that most of the information is about are these, and, of course, ones close by: Coquille, Coos City, Coos Bay, Empire City, Gillman, Beaver Hill, Bandon, Myrtle Point, Marshfield, Oakland, Riverton, and Roseburg.—Mrs. Dixie P. Walters, 2946 Leland Street, Redding, California 96001

Reader Met Chief Posey

Just finished reading "Murder at Rincon" in the May '71 issue and the other stories also.

I too have met Chief Posey, mentioned in the story. He was an impressive sight to a boy ten years old. I've seen Posey many times all decked out in war paint and breech clout. He started out stealing anything that he could carry or drive away. Then he and his warriors struck a ranch in upper McElmo Canyon, killing a man, his wife and two children, burning the house, all outbuildings, haystacks, and taking all the livestock.

At six o'clock one morning a posse of ranchers rode into our yard and Dad asked what they wanted. They said, "Get your saddle horse, rifle, a blanket and all the ammo you have." Dad asked why. They told him what had happened and said, "We are going after Posey." Dad was gone about ten days.

I was born almost in the shadow of the old Smuggler Mill in Telluride, Colorado. Dad homesteaded 320 acres in Montezuma County when it really was a wilderness. Land that could be farmed had to be cleared first of sagebrush. We were twenty-five miles from the railroad, fifteen miles from a doctor. That land had been cattle range for years and the cattlemen didn't like us very much but there wasn't too much trouble. We lived twenty-five miles northeast of Cortez and twenty-five miles west of Dolores.

Traces of the old Mormon Trail can still be seen in a fresh-plowed field. The dirt is flaky where the old ruts were. They used to haul freight from Dolores to Monticello, Utah, 160 miles, and on down to Bluff City. In the spring when frost was on the ground, they could make four or five miles a day. Life was hard but we were happy.—Floyd S. Milton, 937-B Orange, Long Beach, California 90813

(Continued on page 55)

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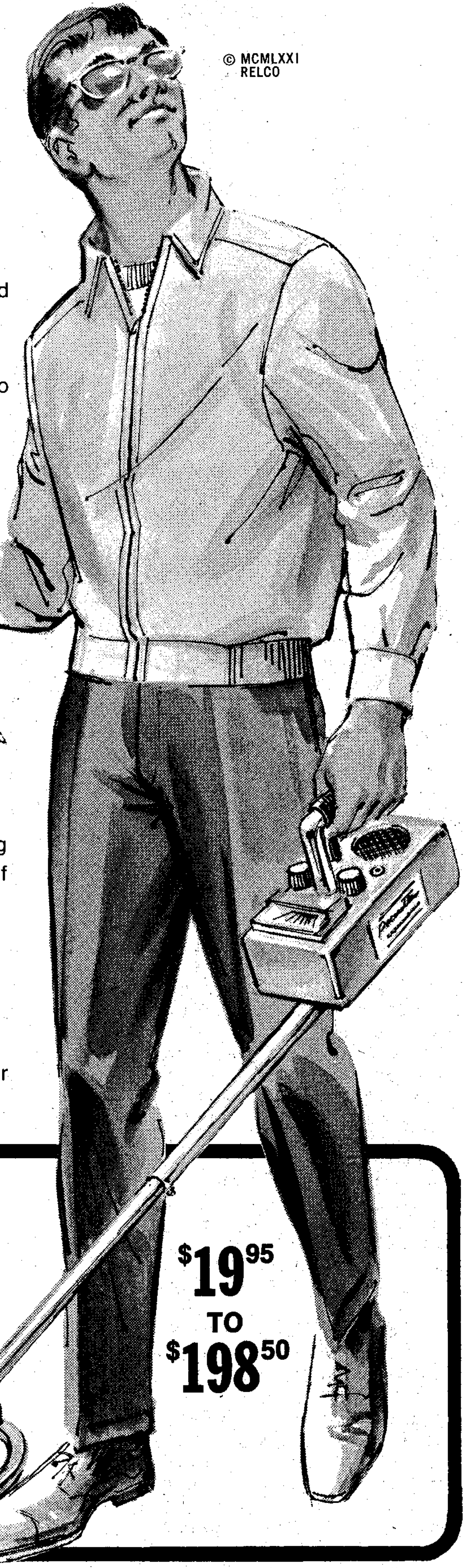

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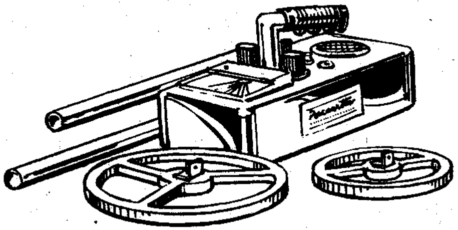

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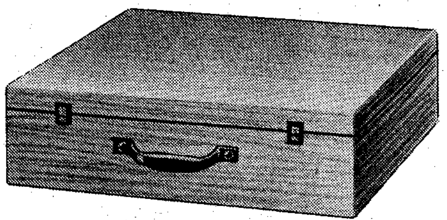

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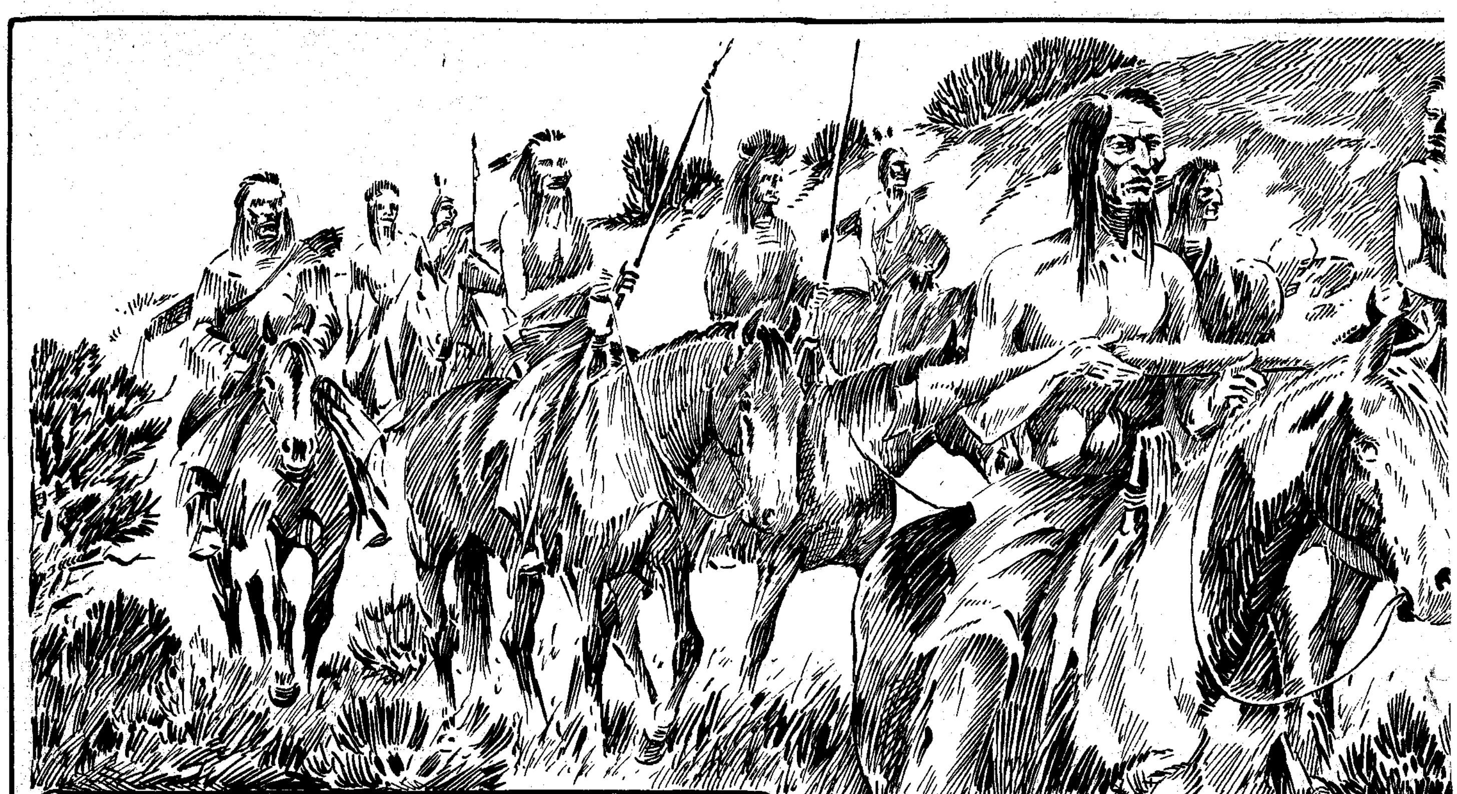
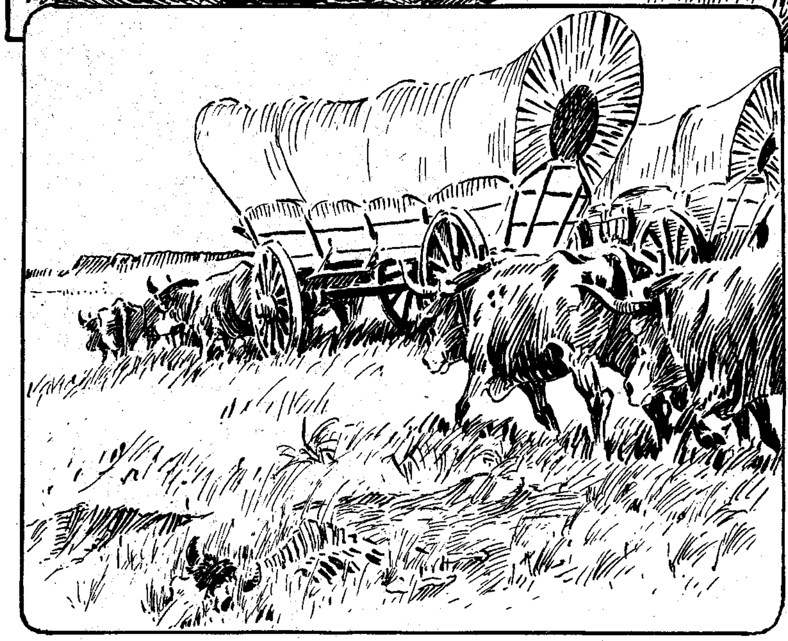




Too bad that a respecte
Volunteers—and a prett
degenerate

HENRY
SECOND IN

By HENRY REIMERS

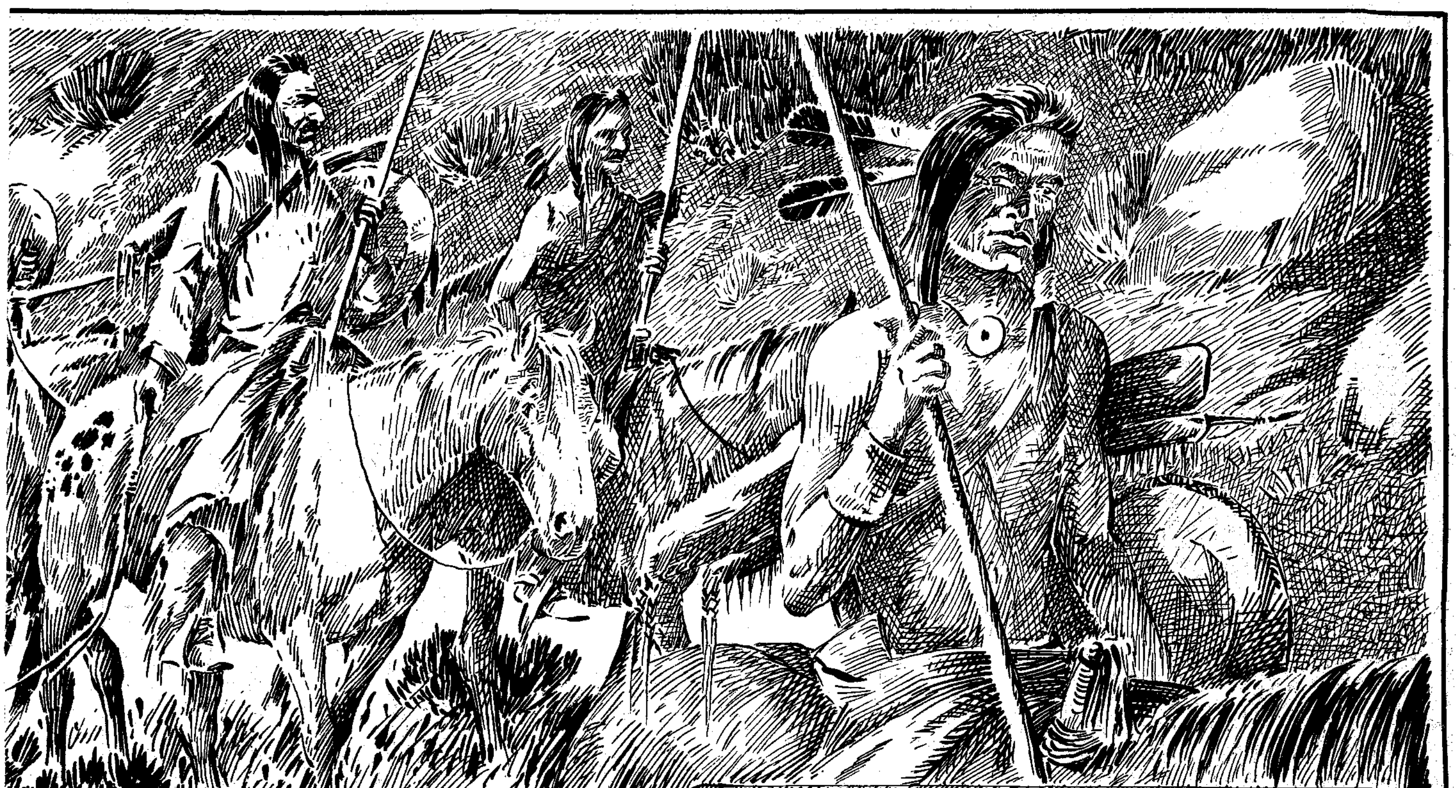
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

BILL BUNTON watched intently as the executioner at Oregon City prepared to launch five Indians into the hereafter. Federal Marshal Joe Meek went about his grim task that June day in 1850 with cool efficiency, checking each rope, carrying on a subdued conversation with the doomed captives. The redmen had been adjudged guilty of the atrocity at Whitman Mission nearly three years earlier and only their deaths could bring relief to the Cayuse Tribe which had been harried unmercifully through the Walla Walla, Palouse and Blue Mountain regions until these five had surrendered and accepted total blame for the massacre. Bill thought the condemned looked rather young to have instigated and committed all the evils involved in the Whitman murders.

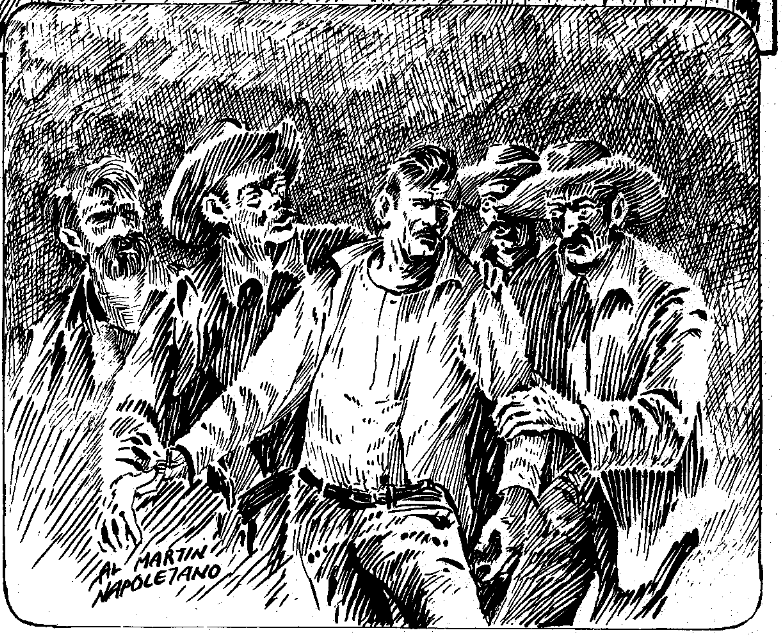
For just an instant he might have mused about his own youthful, profligate years, but the mood wouldn't have lasted. Bunton was not too different from other unattached frontiersmen who were a bare half-step from inviting the attention of law and order forces which an expanding society was developing. Maybe he should become a badge toter himself. It would be safer siding the likes of Ol' Joe Meek than watching over one's shoulder, counting on the support of shifty acquaintances when a man was in a tight.

Bill was born in Ohio about 1826. His brother Sam, who was to aid and abet him in many adventures, joined the family in 1828. Dad Bunton, who had been pictured as rough, drunken, quarrelsome, uneducated but clever, had ample use for two stalwart sons but by the time they had the muscle and know-



member of the Oregon
good old boy—gradually
into

Plummer's Command



how for clearing the harsh farm acres, pioneer restlessness dictated a move to Missouri during 1839. The new home was near a jumping-off point on western trails and in three years the family was stricken with "Oregon Fever."

The Buntons were westward bound in 1842, part of a small covered wagon caravan whose members were certain they could roll their prairie schooners any place that Marcus Whitman had taken his. Perhaps it was just as well they did not know the complete story of the Whitman vehicle, which was reduced to simple running gears before its trek was completed.

The 1842 travelers were bound for the Willamette Valley, a veritable Promised Land, according to report. En route Bill Bunton achieved a man's responsibility and stature.

Arrived at their new valley home Bill helped erect a family shelter and clear a few acres to provide food crops. When neighbors needed a good axe hand, though cash was scarce it was possible to exchange labor for necessities. By the time he was eighteen, sturdy as he would ever be, the youth had earned a suitable mount, a good saddle, and an excellent rifle. It was time to be on his own. Dad Bunton, carefully sizing up the eldest son, posed no objections and hoped young Sam could fill his brother's shoes.

During the next few years Bill, gregarious and self-reliant, made himself well known at Sutter's Fort in the Sacramento Valley. He was there when Elijah Hedding, son the of the famous Walla Walla Chief Peu-peu-mox-mox, was slain in a dispute over a mule. It was a very bad omen for palefaces in the Northwest. Bill was on hand, too, for the first frenzied months of the "gold rush" but despite some prowess as a gambler he acquired very little of the precious wealth. Disgruntled, he returned to the Willamette.

The timing in this case proved ideal, bringing him on the scene to witness the administration of frontier justice to the

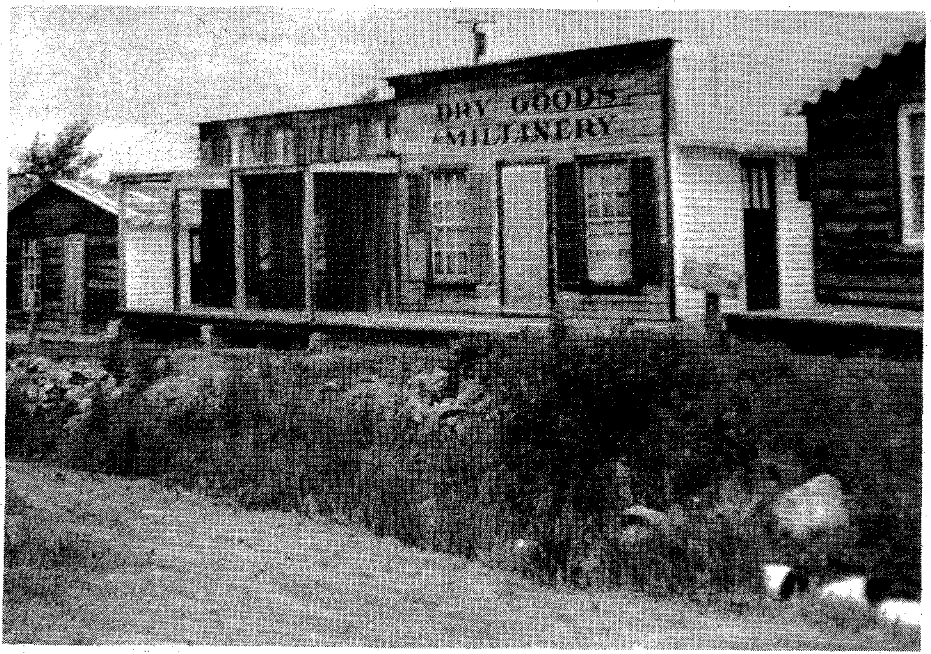
Touchet River, along whose banks the Indians fought and at last retreated from the Oregon Volunteers.

Whitman murderers, an act which created an angry buzz in every Indian encampment. Apprehension and excitement stirred in the isolated settlements as white people looked to their defenses.

IN Washington Territory Governor Isaac I. Stevens promoted various treaties which met with reluctant tribal acceptance. By the fall of 1855 warfare was already raging in the land of the Yakimas, while in the Walla Walla district Chief Peu-peu-mox-mox was rallying his followers to gain revenge for the death of his son and to oust every hated white man from the region.

Federal troops could not cover each trouble spot so the Oregon Volunteers were mustered and dispatched up the Columbia. Bill, seasoned and experienced beyond his years, arrived with them at Fort Walla Walla (Nez Perce) near the mouth of the Walla Walla River. Hudson's Bay Company officials had abandoned the establishment which later was looted by the Indians.

Pushing eastward along the stream the troopers were presently met by wiry, wrinkled old Chief Peu-peu-mox-mox. His garb of native and paleface garments, topped by a battered sombrero, scarcely betokened the warpath—nor did his words. He professed to be a good friend of the whites who, he said, must be hungry and weary after their long march. If they would accompany him they would be shown a campsite where their horses could find ample graze, and beef awaited the soldiers. Colonel James Kelly scented a trap. The chief and his escort were held as hostages and tight security prevailed.



In the foreground is Alder Creek, fount of fabulous gold strikes. This scene provides a back view of many Virginia City, Montana business establishments as they appeared in 1957—almost one hundred years after Bill Bunton's time.

The following morning the Volunteers rode through a gap where rifle pits had been dug on the high ground and every detail for an ambush carefully prepared. The plan had fizzled, but farther on Indians began skirmishing with the troops, a skirmish which soon developed into a full scale battle. The December weather was bitterly cold.

Peu-peu-mox-mox shouted to his warriors, telling them where ranks were thin, urging them on with fiery commands. Indian captives were put under closer guard and the conflict became more fierce as repeated rescue sallies were attempted. When word was bruited about that the prisoners were going to make a break for freedom, all were shot down. The Walla Wallas wailed and shouted, and for a time their fury threatened to turn the tide, but after more than two days of sustained effort in subzero temperature the war fever subsided. Reluctantly giving way the tribesmen withdrew upstream and along the Touchet.

Bill Bunton distinguished himself in the Battle of Walla Walla, but more important, he learned about organizing and handling groups of men. Camp chores, providing fuel, food, shelter, and forage for the horses occupied his time through the next few weeks.

The U.S. Army moved in to build a fort and there was ample work during construction of the base, called Fort Steptoe. Then Bill herded cavalry mounts or the beef animals. It was at this time he met George Ives, who had worked for the military in the same capacity.

Bill passed up a sensational adventure when Col. E. J. Steptoe, having completed the fort named in his honor, elected to display his power by marching into Indian country north of the Snake River. A band of warriors, led by the famous Chief Kamiakin, routed the expedition and all but annihilated it near Rosalia, Washington. The battered troops staggered back to the fort, chastened by the loss of much equipment and humbled by the memory of dead and wounded comrades scattered along the trail. Today towering Steptoe Butte is the monument to a debacle whose only result was to stimulate the native war effort.

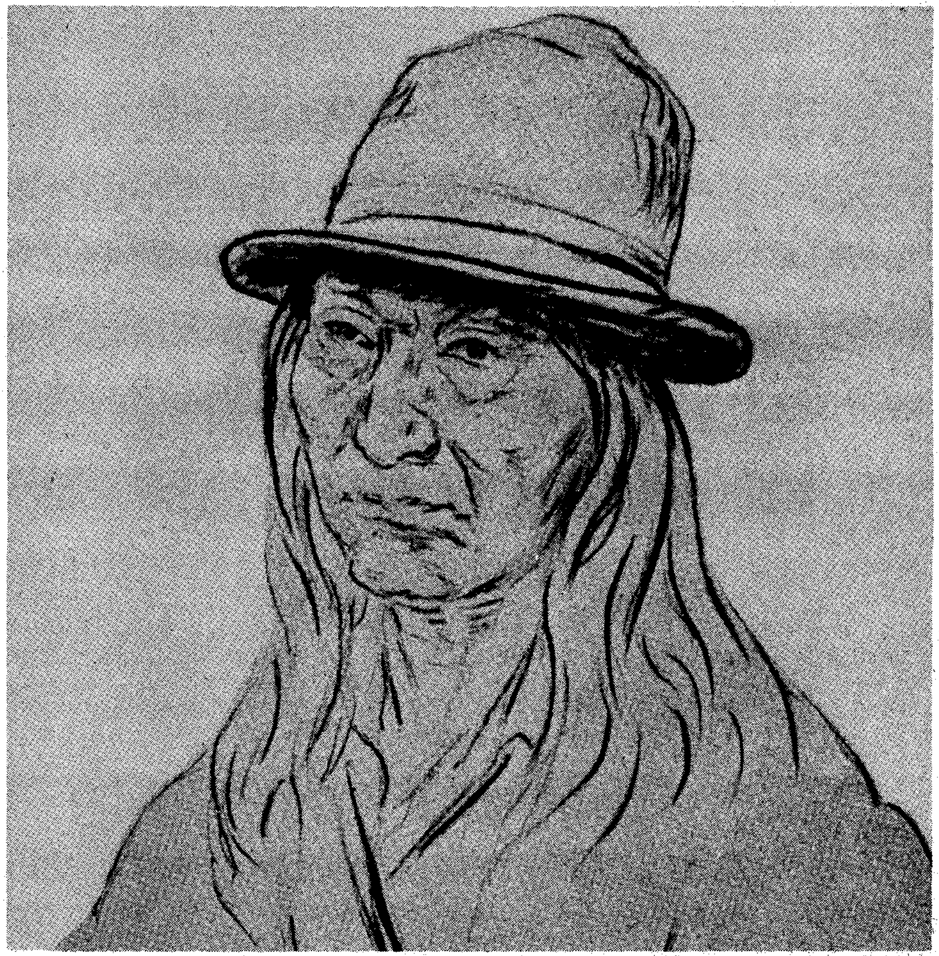
THE FATE of Steptoe's men made no impression on 150 prospectors who were organizing at the fort for a trek to Canada's Cariboo diggings. These headstrong fellows, indifferently armed and poorly supplied for such a venture, relied on the leadership of Dave McLoughlin, son of the famous Hudson's Bay official, Dr. John McLoughlin, to see them through the hazards of the rugged journey. Bill Bunton's job was to make sure the horses were kept in condition, that night guards were posted, that the men stayed together and were on the alert. His Oregon Volunteer experience was bearing fruit.

The band crossed the eastern edge of the Columbia Basin without mishap but on approaching the Grand Coulee one straggler, who had been constantly admonished to rouse up with the others and get going, chose to catch an extra forty winks. He was picked off by Indians who were dogging the expedition in hopes of just such victims.

There were no more losses until the Okanogan Valley was reached. Here the whites were met by a war party of such strength that they were stopped cold. Six of the prospectors died in the first exchange of fire, and Bill Bunton was to chalk up a "good deed"—one of his last. When Jim Lower, a special friend, was hard hit, helpless and exposed to further attack, Bill rushed from cover, picked up the wounded man, and despite a shower of bullets, carried him to shelter. In 1901 a survivor of the McLoughlin party, went on record as saying, "It was an act of bravery such as is seldom witnessed."

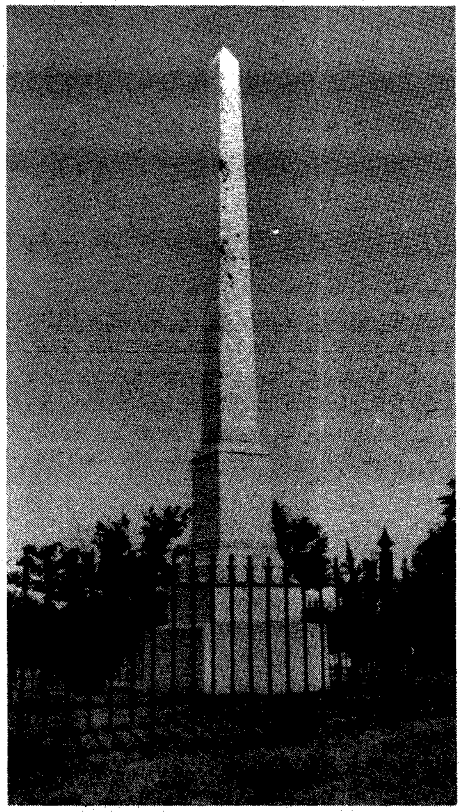
In addition to the dead there were several severely wounded prospectors. The only treatment available was provided by an ex-sailor, Irish veteran of the Crimean War. With a sharp stick he kept the wounds open, applied whiskey liberally to both the interior and exterior, and added crude bandages. Relief came when Major Garnett approached with a strong force, and the gold seekers were able to move on.

The new El Dorado fell short of expectations. Bill soon elected to return to Walla Walla and found the country swarming with Indians riding east to join the victorious Kamiakin. Bill, however, was by then an adept traveler and arrived at the fort unruffled, though impoverished. He might have joined the expedition which Col. George Wright was to lead through the Palouse country and Spokane Valley, soundly drubbing the enemy at Four Lakes and Spokane Plains, and sending Kamiakin into exile; Bill chose instead to recoup his fortune in the local saloons.



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Walla Walla Chief Peu-peu-mox-mox who led his warriors in an attempt to oust the white man and gain revenge for his son's death.



Historical marker in Rosalia, Washington commemorating the 1858 clash between Kamiakin's warriors and the force commanded by Colonel E. J. Steptoe.

Mindful that Oregon Volunteers could expect some reward in the form of land, Bunton squatted on an attractive site along the Hog-eye, a small stream whose waters eventually reached the Columbia by way of the Touchet River. Near the site, which was northeast of Walla Walla, ran an ancient path known as the Nez Perce Trail, along which prospectors, pack-trains and even stagecoaches were then making their precarious way. To this rather normal traffic should be added long files of Chinese with burdens balanced on shoulder yokes, trotting cheerfully along to the accompaniment of a sing-song melody.

This Nez Perce Trail led from Lewiston to Walla Walla by the most practical direct course. Indian fashion it followed the high ground and avoided the brush-cluttered valleys where whites would have preferred to travel and take advantage of water grades. From the heights the Indians could scout for game, detect smoke signals, and admire the beautiful country the Great Spirit had given them and which was now being appropriated by an alien race.

BILL doubtlessly envisioned himself as a rancher, but stocking his land required a stake or a wide loop. A nearby relay station on the stage line offered employment. "Whiskey Bill" Graves was in charge and he needed a hand to herd the spare horses and to locate replacements for those broken down by hard work and a road never intended for wheeled vehicles. Fresh horses were obtained by trade, purchase, or by more dubious means. A bargain could result in a cut for the purchaser if he and the relay boss understood each other, which was often the case.

There was a fine spring near the stage station and today an attractive farmstead occupies the site. Many interesting relics of 1850-60 travel have been turned up by the plow. Strangely enough these same plows have never been able to completely turn the Nez Perce Trail under. Each spring its course can be traced by a light-colored streak through the fields of winter wheat.

Near the station there was also a fine, gurgling stream whose waters flowed sparkling and pure to merge with the

(Continued on page 45)

BOOZE, BETS AND BABES

Gay and gory episodes on Whiskey Row

By R. ROLAND SCHMIDT

Photos Courtesy Author

A BLAZING FURY struck the small mining community of Prescott, Arizona, in the late hours of July 14, 1900. Four volunteer groups of firefighters stood by helplessly without water pressure and watched the flames race virtually unchecked through the center of their town, wiping out every commercial establishment except two in a four-and-a-half square block area. Fifty or sixty homes were lost, plus a dozen hotels, the town's famous red light district, and every saloon along Prescott's notorious Whiskey Row.

Such total devastation would have dealt a death blow to a town with another kind of people. But in Prescott—before the last embers had cooled—saloon operators had erected tents on the courthouse plaza across the street and drinking and gambling were going on as usual while the town's businessmen were making plans to rebuild.

Whiskey Row had had its start in 1864 when enterprising Isaac Goldberg opened Prescott's first bar on the banks of Granite Creek. He named his saloon the "Quartz Rock." It was just a shack with a rough wooden board for a counter, and stocked with only two bottles of whiskey and a single tin cup, but the Quartz Rock was an immediate success. The miners came in bunches.

From time to time, however, Goldberg saw he was losing some of his best and wobbliest customers to the waters of Granite Creek. He decided to move his saloon to Montezuma Street in downtown Prescott where there was no creek to endanger his clientele. This actually was the start of Whiskey Row in its present-day location and by 1874 every business establishment on that block was a saloon. Townspeople soon tagged it with the nickname that has followed it right on through history to today.

The line of saloons ultimately turned the corner at Goodwin Street and continued on another block to Granite, forming an L-shaped affair. Nestled right smack in the innards of the "L" and directly behind the Row, 10′ by 12′ wooden shacks housed more than fifty of the most receptive ladies in the entire Territory. Any hardworking miner who still had a single dollar left in his pocket once he had worked his way from one end of the Row to the other could find congenial companionship just by walking around the corner and knocking on any door.

The Row became notorious as a place where gambling, drinking, prostitution and general hell-raising were allowed to go on unchecked. It was a street which the good ladies of Prescott generally avoided except on New Year's Eve when they could romp with the best of them while remaining incognito behind masks. New Year's Eve was a big night for everyone.

One night each year the saloons held open house. Men were invited to bring the ladies of their households, or their acquaintances, to be entertained along the Row. Saloon owners, trying to show the townspeople how respectable they were, took pains to clean up Montezuma Street for the occasion. For that one night, all habitual drunkards and any suggestion of illegal and immoral activities were taboo. The gambling tables were open, saloon operators hired the best entertainment available, and the finest food that could be prepared was served to their special guests free of charge.

THESE DICE
GUARANTEED—
SQUARE.

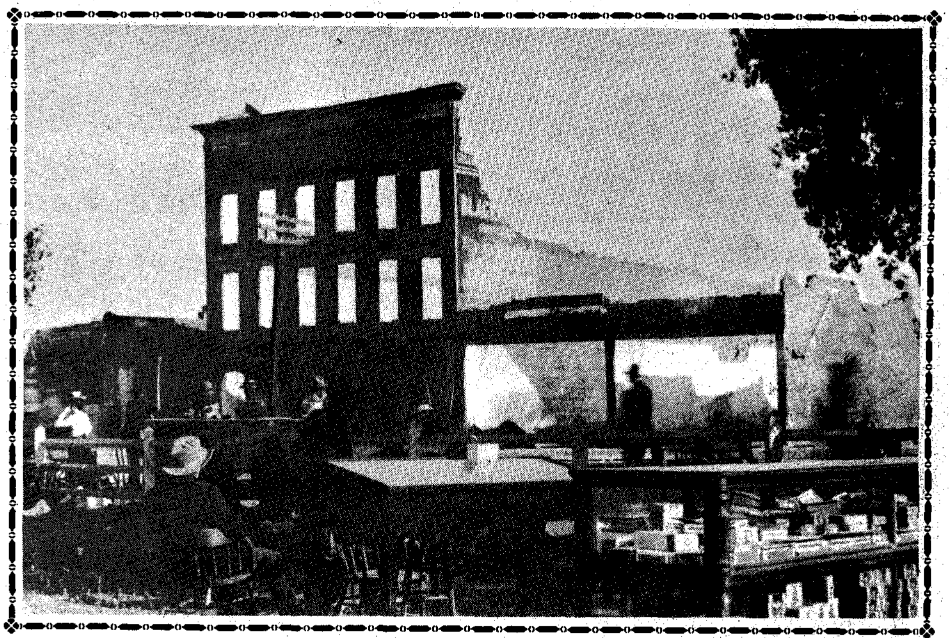
Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum

PRESCOTT was never known as a "bad town" but it had the rightful reputation of being a "wide open" town.

Hard liquor was fifteen cents a shot or two for a quarter at places such as the Wellington, Sazerac, Golden Eagle, Royal, Union, Blue Front and the only one remaining today, the Palace. Some of the bar owners issued special coins to their patrons bearing the name of the saloon on one side and "good for one drink or 12½ cents in trade" on the other. A customer paying for his glass of whiskey with a quarter would have his choice of a dime in change or one of the 12½-cent tokens. Operators of the Wellington had a special chip worth a nickel, which bought either a large glass of beer or a good cigar.

In its day the Row attracted gamblers from all parts of the United States. These were the fellows who would rather bet than eat, and sometimes did, and the lure of Whiskey Row sooner or later brought them all to Prescott to try their luck. Even Little Egypt, the famous belly dancer who introduced her specialty at the Chicago World's Fair, was a visitor to the Palace saloon in the late 1890s, along with other well-known entertainers of the era.

The Row also attracted persons of lesser fame but still people who were important in moulding the character of early-day Prescott—Whistlin' Dick, Dead-Eye Joe, Three-Fingered Jack Shea, Dancin' Sal, and Pearl Hart.



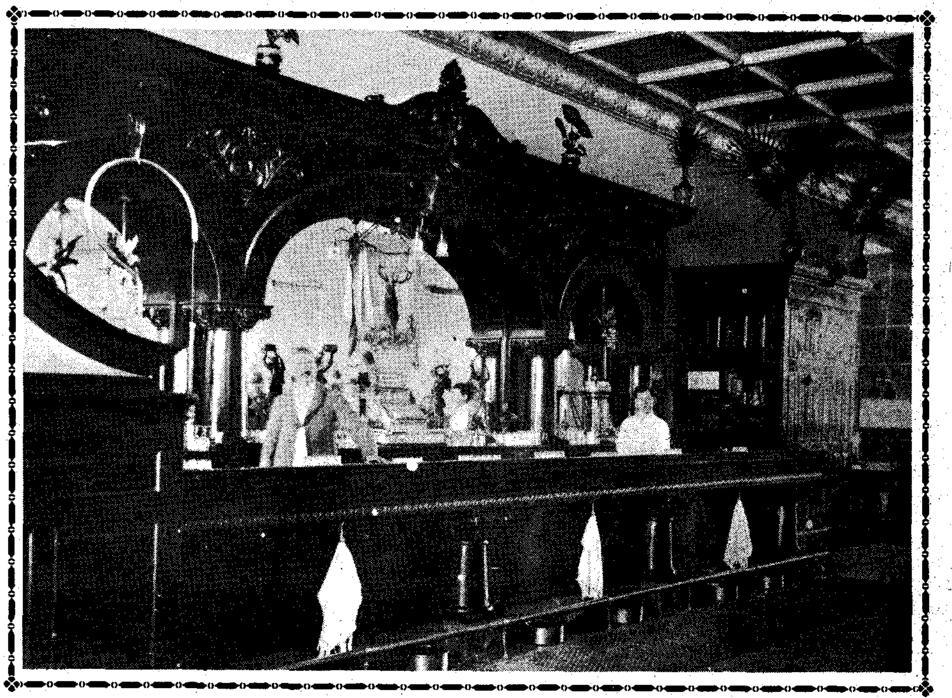
Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum

One old-timer takes a break in the left foreground while others survey the shell of a building following the disastrous July 1900 fire. Everyone was pressed into service to save what he could. Anything that could be snatched up quickly was carried across the street to the courthouse plaza.

Of all the people who ever claimed Prescott as home, no one ever gave the good citizens more frustration or brought their blood to a boil quicker than did Pearl, the female desperado. Every time the law would make a lucky catch and take her out of circulation for a time, Pearl would announce the deep love she had for her home town, Prescott. And, in Prescott, blood pressure readings would shoot up into the danger zone again. Citizens complained loudly that Pearl was not only a horribly lawless woman but was also a very bad liar. Prescott, obviously, did not want to claim her or have anything to do with her. But the more the good people of Prescott stormed, the more allegiance Pearl claimed to the Mile High City.

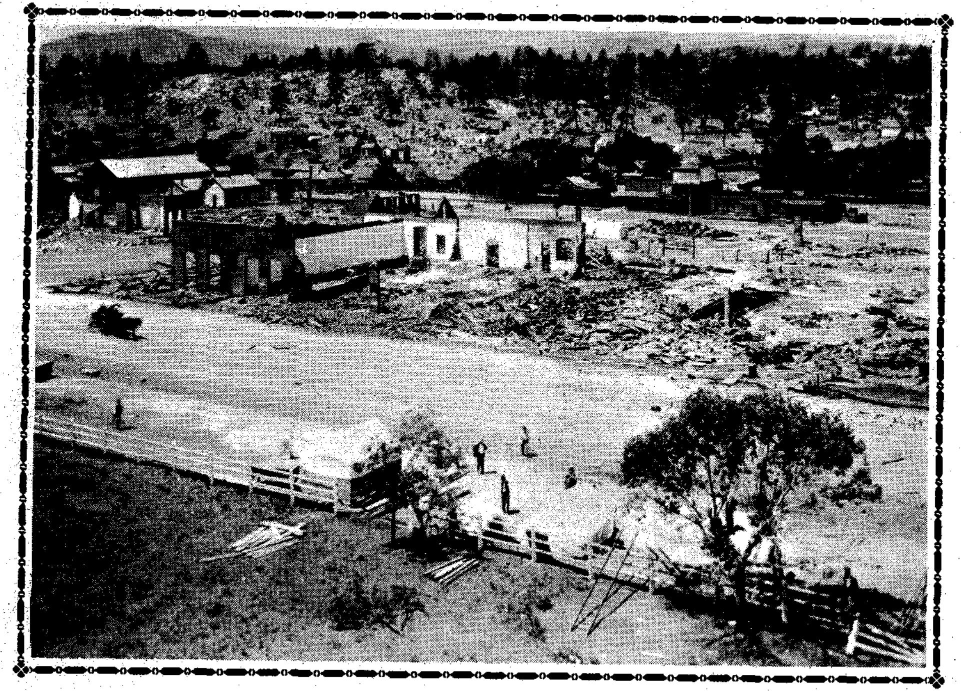
Miners, fresh in from the diggings, did their part to keep things interesting, too. Montezuma Street saw many fistfights, knifings and shootings during its heyday but one of the most violent occurred on June 28, 1896, when a very jealous William Binkley used six sticks

Dice and cards were strictly on the level at the gambling tables in Prescott's Whiskey Row saloons around the turn of the century. The Southwest's most "wide open" city lured gambling notables from all parts of the country.



Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum

The Palace—The Row's most famous saloon, and the only one remaining today—looks much the same as it did back in the '20s when the above picture was taken.



Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum

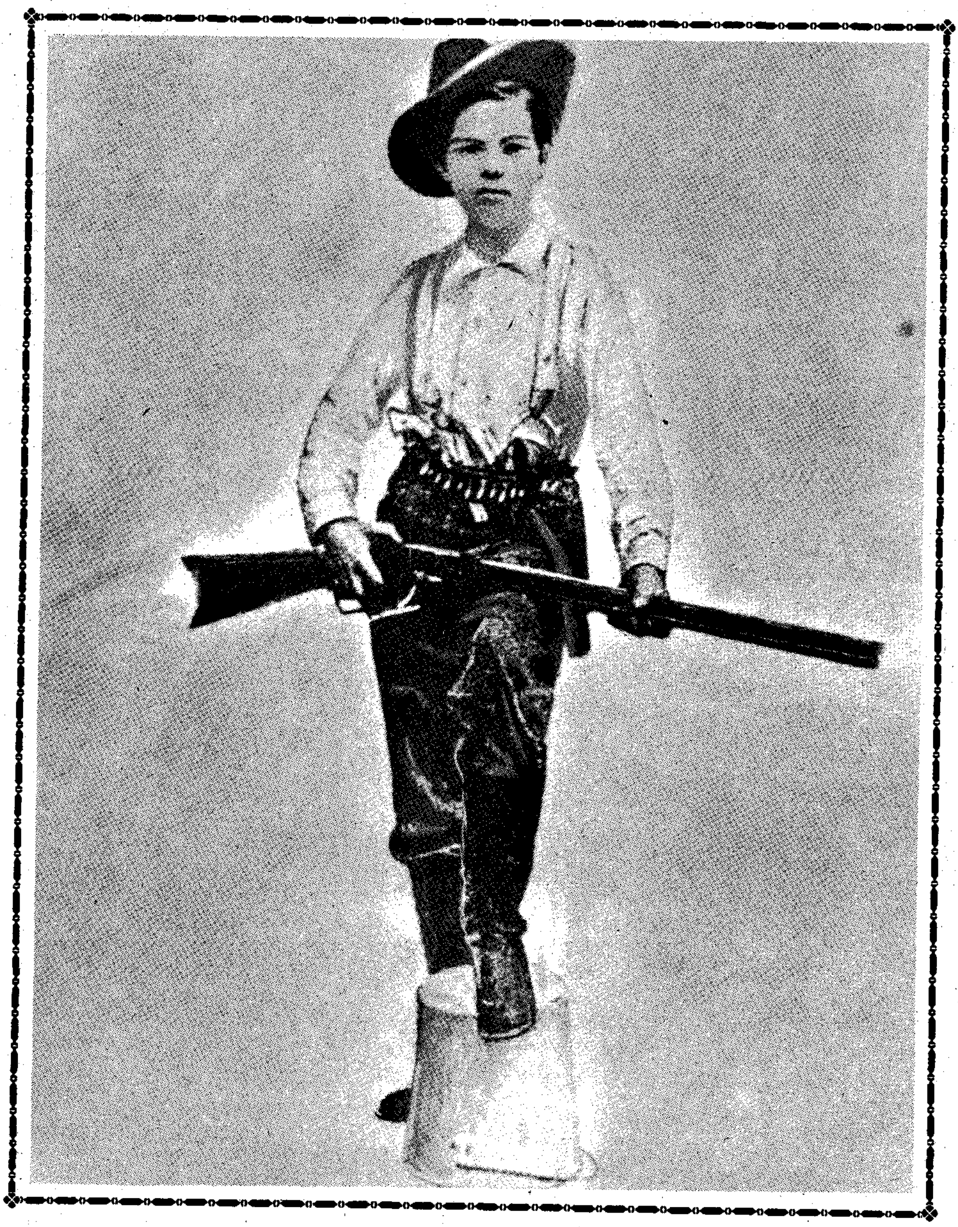
One of Prescott's main streets on the morning after the big fire of July 14, 1900. Little more than rubble and burned fragments remained in more than four square blocks of the downtown area.

of stolen dynamite to blow off the back end of the Cabinet saloon in an effort to kill his dance hall wife, Bertha. The dynamite destroyed about $300 worth of fine imported liquors and upset a 1,000-pound stove but failed to nail Bertha. Binkley spent the next ten years in Yuma prison while Bertha went right on dancing.

One of the liveliest knife-type happenings ever to grace Prescott took place at the Little Diana saloon on January 22, 1884 during a slugging match between D. P. Howell and Billy Henshill. Billy was getting the worst of the scrap when his girl friend, Kitty Purcell, a small but wiry and belligerently loud-mouthed woman, stepped into the fracas with one-half of a pair of large shears and stabbed Howell in the arm and neck. A warrant was issued the next morning for Kitty's arrest but by then she had skipped town with Billy. In spite of losing a large amount of blood, Howell survived.

Later that same year, on June 25, Albert Cook and Phil Reilly decided to mix it up after a dispute over a twenty-cent faro bet. The brawl was short and, when the fighting stopped, the two had a drink together at the bar and other patrons felt the pair had settled their differences. Cook went back to the faro table. Reilly left the saloon. About two hours later a drunken Reilly returned and publicly threatened to kill Cook for cheating him earlier. Cook stepped behind a counter to partially shield himself and picked up two revolvers at about the same instant Reilly's first shot cut a crease in the bar in front of him. Cook's first two shots struck Reilly in the chest. Cook continued to fire even as Reilly staggered backwards toward the door. When the smoke cleared, Cook had also killed one of Prescott's drinking citizens in addition to a corporal from nearby Whipple Army base, and the Sazerac saloon had lost three customers.

Cook surrendered immediately and remained in jail until a coroner's jury and the judge returned the verdict that "Phillip Reilly had met death as a result of gunshot wounds inflicted by Albert Cook." Cook then went back to the Sazerac and the faro tables. No mention was made of the drinking citizen or the soldier who had also died, and it must be assumed that they were considered to be merely slow-moving victims of circumstances.



Pearl Hart, notorious lady bandit, made Prescott's citizens boil by expressing deep love for her home town of Prescott. The city did not want to claim her.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

IN the 1860s a comic opera troupe came to town to present their idea of "HMS Pinafore." The show and the performers were a smashing success. The performance was a sell-out every night. However, unlike present-day shows, the price of admission increased just a little each night and before long a ticket to see the Gilbert and Sullivan masterpiece was costing Prescott's entertainment-hungry populace a healthy chunk of gold. No one seemed to care or notice. The show was held over for an extended stay.

Cob Webb Hall, Prescott's finest bar, was the scene in the 1870s of one of the most dramatic and unusual dice games ever recorded. Owned by Captain Fischer, a retired San Francisco sea captain, the Cob Webb was the most respected bar on the Row. Captain Fischer kept the riffraff out of his place by charging a quarter per drink for hard liquor. He took great pains to maintain the "best-regulated, most orderly and genteel resort in town."

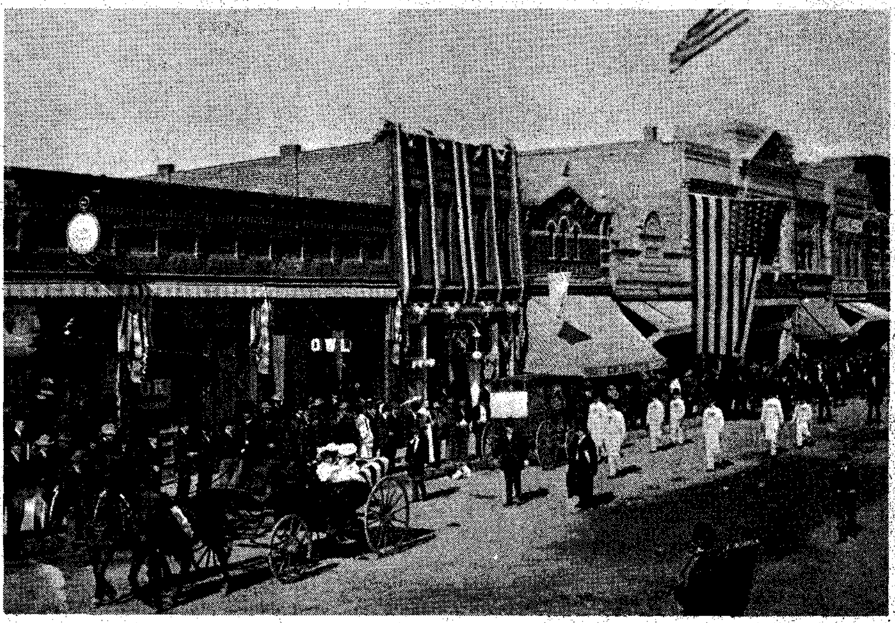
One evening, along about Christmas that year, someone discovered a white, American, infant girl wrapped in a blanket and abandoned at the bar. (Later it was determined that the baby had been left by Aw Fat, leader of one of the two Chinese Tongs operating in Prescott at the time. Aw Fat had found the abandoned child and had decided that Captain Fischer's place would be the safest place to leave her.)

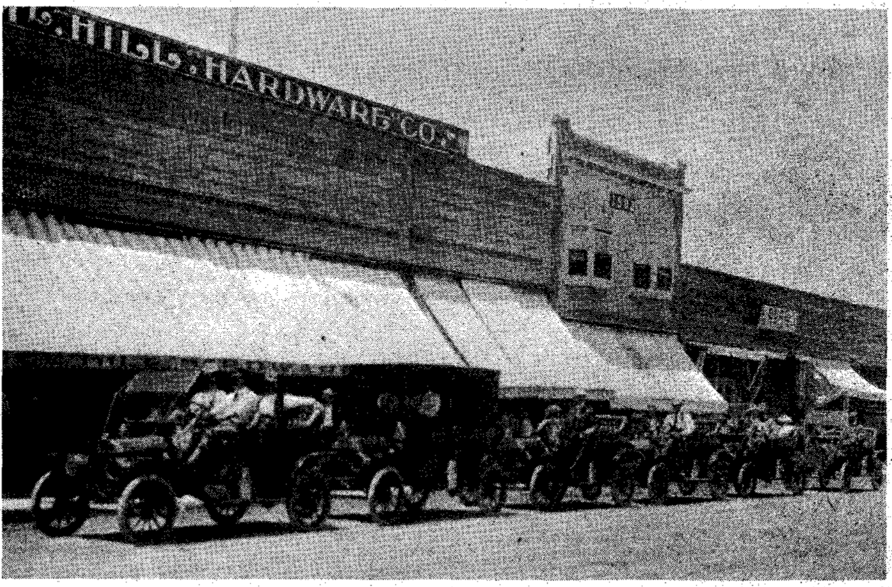
On the night in reference, the saloon was filled with soldiers, businessmen, and the better class of loafers. The question of what to do with the baby soon dominated most of the conversation at the bar. Soon it was decided to find the baby a suitable home—including "righteous upbringing"—by relying on Lady Luck. The ground rules for the contest were immediately devised. Those who were interested would toss a $10 gold piece into a common pot to aid in the expense of caring for the child. Each aspirant would receive one roll of the dice, and high dice would not only win the baby but also the pot of gold pieces.

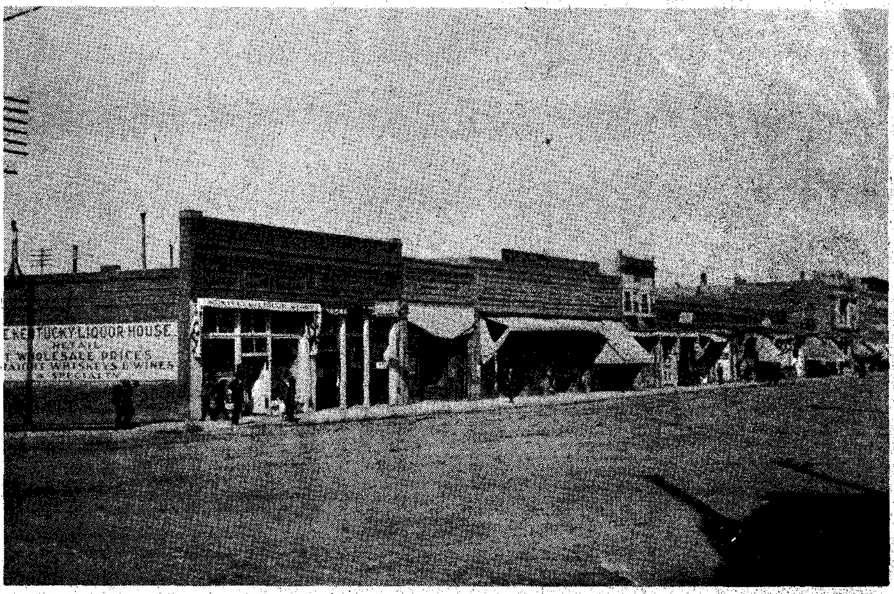
Colonel Bob Groom, a bachelor and the man after whom Groom Creek is named, was the high roller with four fives. He was just ready to claim his prize when Judge Charles Hall stepped up and announced that he, too, would roll the dice. The judge rolled four sixes.

Disappointed, Bob Groom then an-

(Continued on page 69)







The three pictures at right were taken on Montezuma Street in Whiskey Row. They were shot at different times and show the gradual calming down of this boisterous section of town. Upper right was taken on July 4, 1907. This was just three months after organized gambling was shut down in Prescott. Center right was taken in 1909. Things had quietened down some, but the Row still provided its share of excitement. Lower right was taken in 1916, a year after Arizona went dry. Drinking on Montezuma Street went on as usual in spite of the law. Notice the liquor store still obviously in business.

Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum

Bad Water and Bad

Storms, currents and reefs made this area the most hazardous of the Pacific Coast; Indians were last on the list of dangers. Then they became first, and the Royal Navy was in for a full-fledged war . . .

By T. W. PATERSON

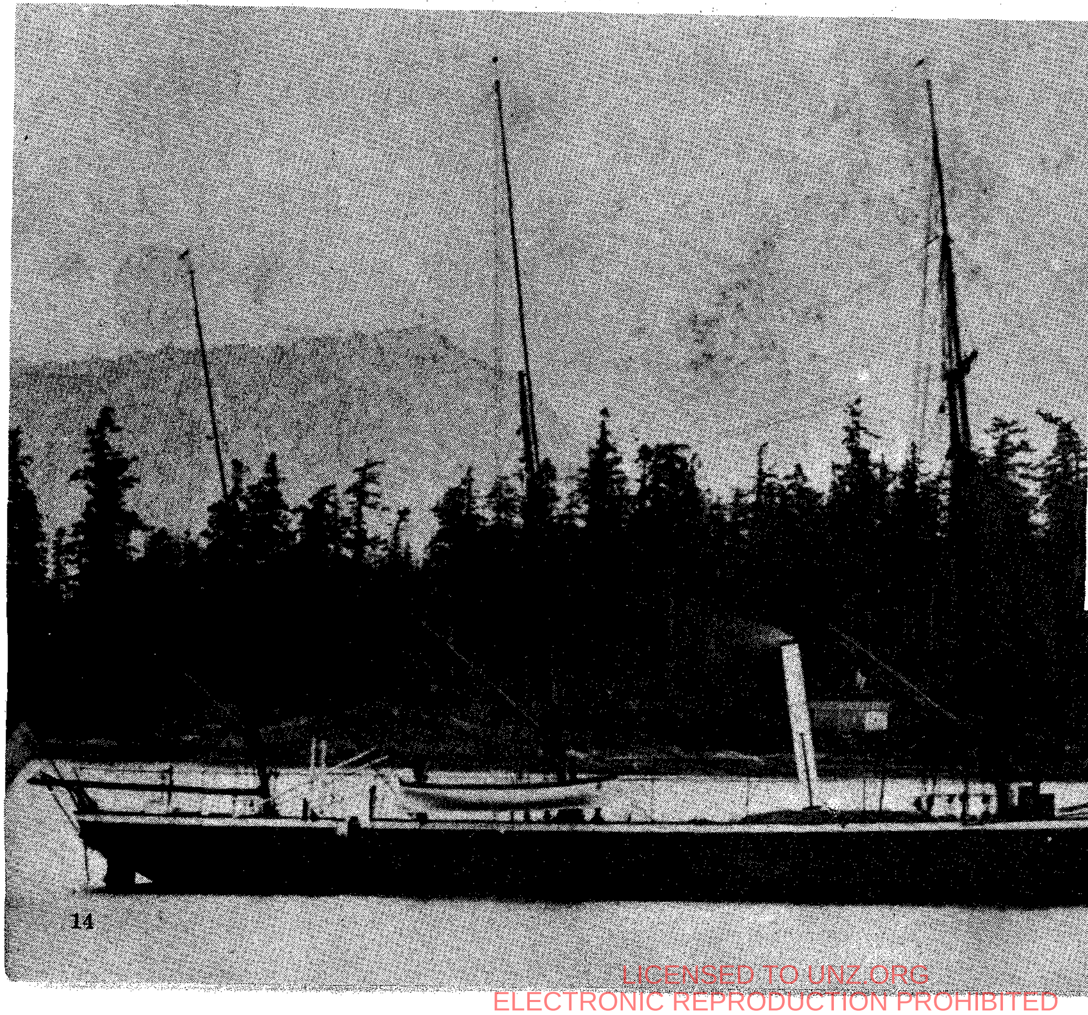
Photos Courtesy Author

SAVAGE STORMS, treacherous currents and hidden reefs took a heavy toll of mariners plying British Columbia's "Graveyard of the Pacific" 100 years ago. But the greatest danger to seaman and settler alike was the unpredictable Indians who lived along the rocky, beautiful shoreline.

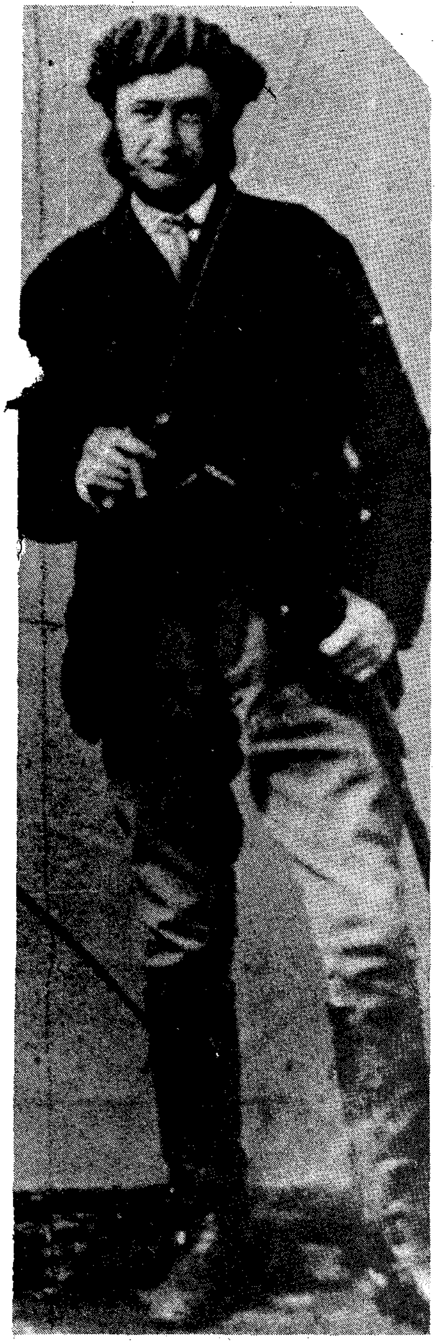
Probably the first victim of Indian attack in the Pacific Northwest was a

HMS *Forward* (below) fought hostile Indians for almost ten years.

Courtesy British Columbia Provincial Archives

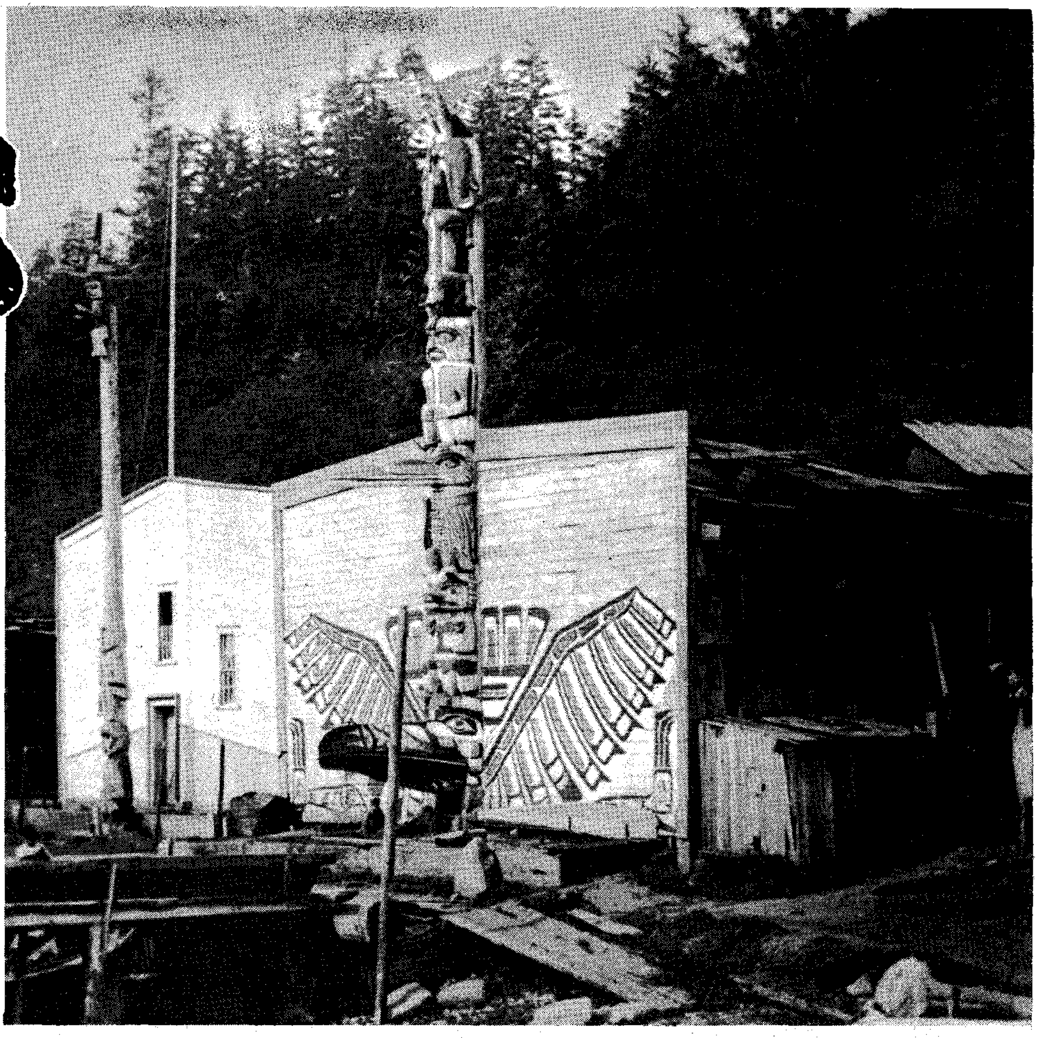


Indians



Courtesy British Columbia Provincial Archives

In photo above are Lieutenants Charles Robson (left) and H. Lascelles (right); each commanded the *HMS Forward* during the campaign against the coastal tribes.



Courtesy British Columbia Provincial Archives

Alert Bay, B.C. Indian village—perhaps these Indians knew the true fate of steamer *George S. Wright*.

Courtesy British Columbia Provincial Archives

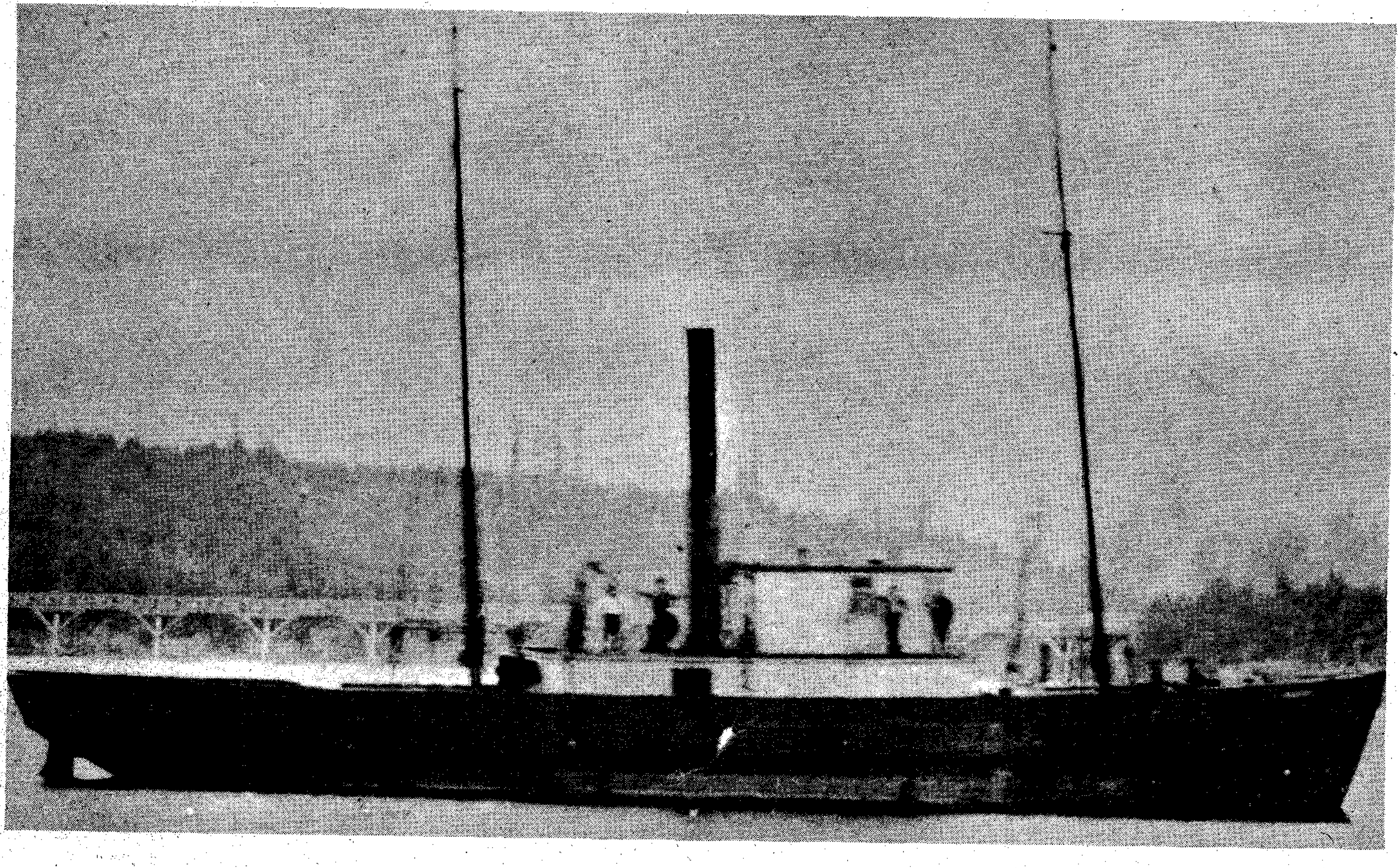
A Cowichan Indian.

crew from the British trading ship *Imperial Eagle,* attacked and killed to a man when they landed in search of water. The site, situated off the Washington coast, was named Destruction Island after the tragedy.

Then in July 1794, Haida Indians murdered all but one man of the crew of the Boston schooner *Resolution* at Cumshewa Inlet on the east coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The ship was looted and burned; its sole survivor was enslaved but was freed the following year by another trading vessel.

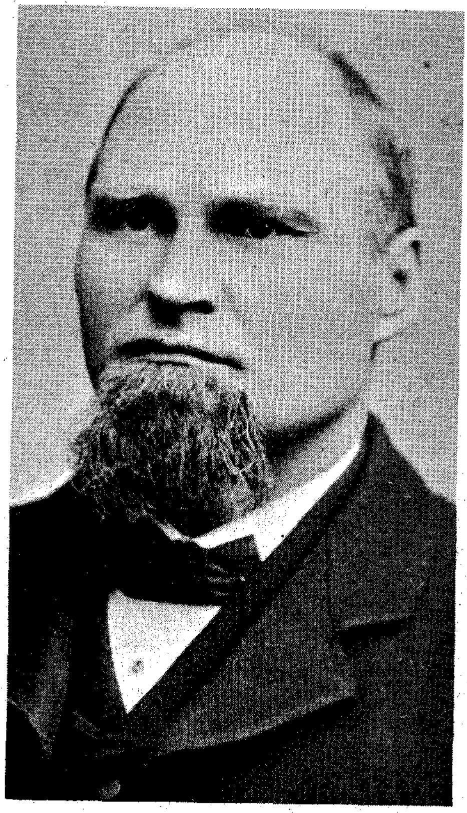
Shortly after the sinking of the *Resolution,* the Haidas killed a sailor in an attack on the trading ship *Phoenix.* Captain Hugh Moore and his crew drove the marauders off and, maneuvering close to shore, opened fire with cannon. To Moore's amazement the Haidas retaliated with cannon fire, forcing Moore to discontinue the action. He surmised their guns had been stripped from the ill-fated *Resolution.*

Nine years later the Nootkas massacred the crew of the trading ship *Boston,* with the exception of two men who were kept as slaves. Apparently the *Boston's* Captain Slater had insulted Chief Maquinna and the proud Nootka exacted a



Courtesy British Columbia Provincial Archives

HM Gunboat *Grappler* was one of the ships driven off by Indian gunfire.



Courtesy British Columbia Provincial Archives

Captain J. D. Warren. Only his Henry repeating rifle saved his ship and crew.

brutal revenge. The *Boston* was burned and sunk.

In 1805 the Boston ship *Atahualpa*, anchored in Sturgis Cove, was fired upon but managed to escape after her captain and ten crewmen had been killed.

Present day skin-divers still search for the seven brass cannon known to have been aboard the scuttled Boston trader *Tonquin*. Her only survivor was an Indian interpreter. According to his story, the *Tonquin's* Captain Thorn had insulted the natives. In retaliation, they attacked the vessel, slaying all but five on board. After dark, four of the five slipped away in a small boat and were never seen again. The fifth, who had been too badly wounded to accompany them, planned a gallant reprisal. When the Indians boarded the vessel the next morning a horrifying explosion threw scattered debris and dying Indians all over the bay. The interpreter, who had been ashore, believed the wounded crewman had touched off the powder magazine.

Soon the Royal Navy was called in to capture and punish the "criminals." A warship, anchored off an offending tribe's village, would order the surrender of all guilty persons. In many cases the Indians were obdurate and the Navy killed and wounded guilty and innocent alike in the ensuing bombardments.

IN 1850 a white man was murdered at the coal mining settlement of Fort Rupert and *HMS Daedalus* sped to the scene and landed a party which burned the nearby Indian village to the ground. As a result of this fiasco, Governor Richard Blanshard and Dr. John Helmcken, the Fort Rupert magistrate, resigned. One year later, Sir James Douglas, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, assumed full control as governor of the entire Pacific Northwest.

The following Christmas Eve, the Company brig *Una* was wrecked in Neah Bay, Washington. Local Indians swept down on the helpless survivors and stole everything of value, including clothing. The harrassed survivors owed their salvation to the timely arrival of an armed American schooner.

Enraged, Governor Douglas armed the company schooner *Cadboro* and ordered her to Neah Bay, apparently overlooking the fact that the crime had been committed in U. S. Territory. Douglas must have awed the Indians, for he influenced them to punish the criminals themselves. They shot ten pirates and burned alive the arsonist who had fired the *Una*. Douglas, of course, mantained later that he had neither demanded nor approved of these "barbarous acts."

About one year afterward, Douglas, backed by more than 130 naval officers, seamen and marines in five vessels, arrived off the mouth of the Cowichan River and sent an ultimatum to several villages upstream to come to parley or be burned out.

Taking up position on high ground the

Courtesy British Columbia Provincial Archives

Lieutenant Governor Frederick Seymour.

Courtesy British Columbia Provincial Archives

An Indian shack. Notice totem pole at right.

following morning, Douglas sat down to wait. An officer of the party recorded the sequence of events that followed.

"Soon rolling down the river came the melancholy boom of the war drums, and far off cries resolved themselves into war songs, as a fleet of large canoes, lashed together in triplets, paddled furiously 'round the bend and headed for our position at full speed. The strange and fascinating sight is present with me still . . . I see . . . over 200 tall warriors, their height exaggerated with head plumes, faces terrifyingly painted with red ochre, decked with loin ropes of shells which met their deer-skin leggings and clattered with every movement as they leaped from the canoes."

While most of the braves took up positions flanking Douglas' party, a chief and his bodyguard approached the governor. Without waiting for introductions, Douglas berated them in their own tongue and again threatened to burn their villages if they did not hand over the two fugitives. The chief rejected Douglas' order and motioned his men to advance. But suddenly an argument broke out among the Indians. After several hours, one of the murderers was thrust forward by his own father. Douglas was told that the second criminal had escaped to Nanaimo.

Douglas sailed to Nanaimo and issued another ultimatum. By a stroke of good fortune, a naval party managed to seize some hostages. Douglas waited two days to see if holding them would force the tribe to parley. On the third day, the wanted man was brought within sight of the ship but he broke away and disappeared into the dense woods before any of the sailors could capture him.

Douglas moved his force upriver and stormed the first Indian stockade he came to. The following day he captured a larger settlement, including the Indians' entire winter food supply. Faced with possible starvation, the natives gave up. Hours later a party of halfbreed trackers captured the second fugitive.

During their trial aboard the Company steamer *Beaver*, both men confessed their guilt and were executed on a hastily-erected gallows on Protection Island. The site since has been named Gallows Point.

IN 1854, a trader named Barney was murdered by Kyuquot braves. His sloop *Trader* was stripped and burned. His sole crewman, an Indian youth, was also killed. Authorities at Victoria did not learn of the tragedy until ten years later, when another sea-going merchant reported that tribes on Vancouver Island's west coast had boasted about the double killing.

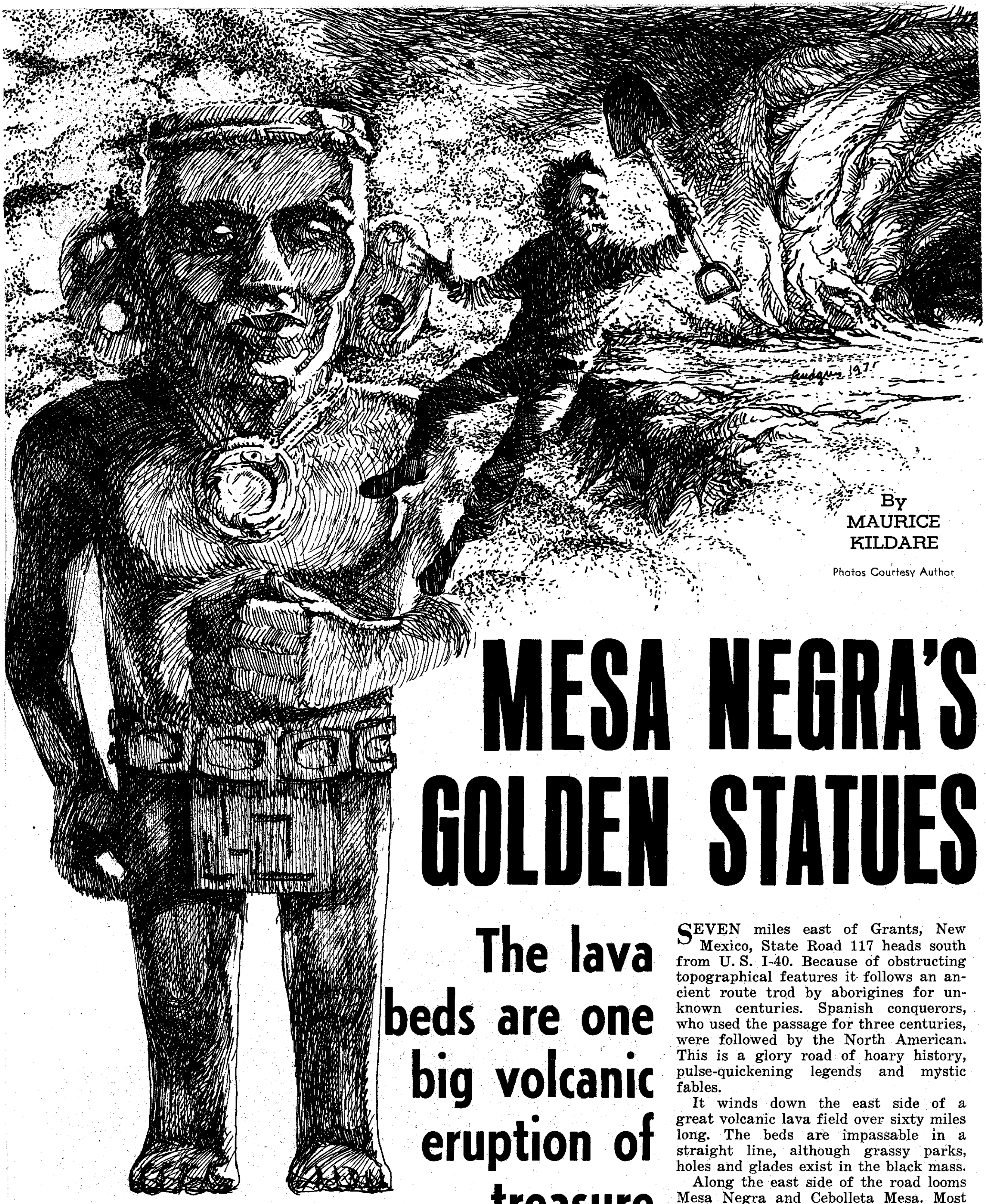
When Cowichans attacked a settler in 1856, *HMS Trincomalee* answered the call, Governor Douglas once more in command. Douglas' landing party was attacked by a group of well-armed braves led by the wanted criminal. During the struggle, the *Trincomalee's* Captain managed to grab the fugitive. Seeing their leader captured, the other Indians retreated. Their attitude was described as "angry disapproval," when they saw him hanged by Douglas' sailors.

Five years later the brig *Swiss Boy*, en route to San Francisco, put into Barkley Sound for repairs. Without warning, Indians descended upon the helpless ship, herded the captain and crew together, and proceeded to strip the vessel down to her masts and rigging. They fired her

(Continued on page 43)

Courtesy British Columbia Provincial Archives

These Indians and sailors are at peace.



MESA NEGRA'S GOLDEN STATUES

By
MAURICE
KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

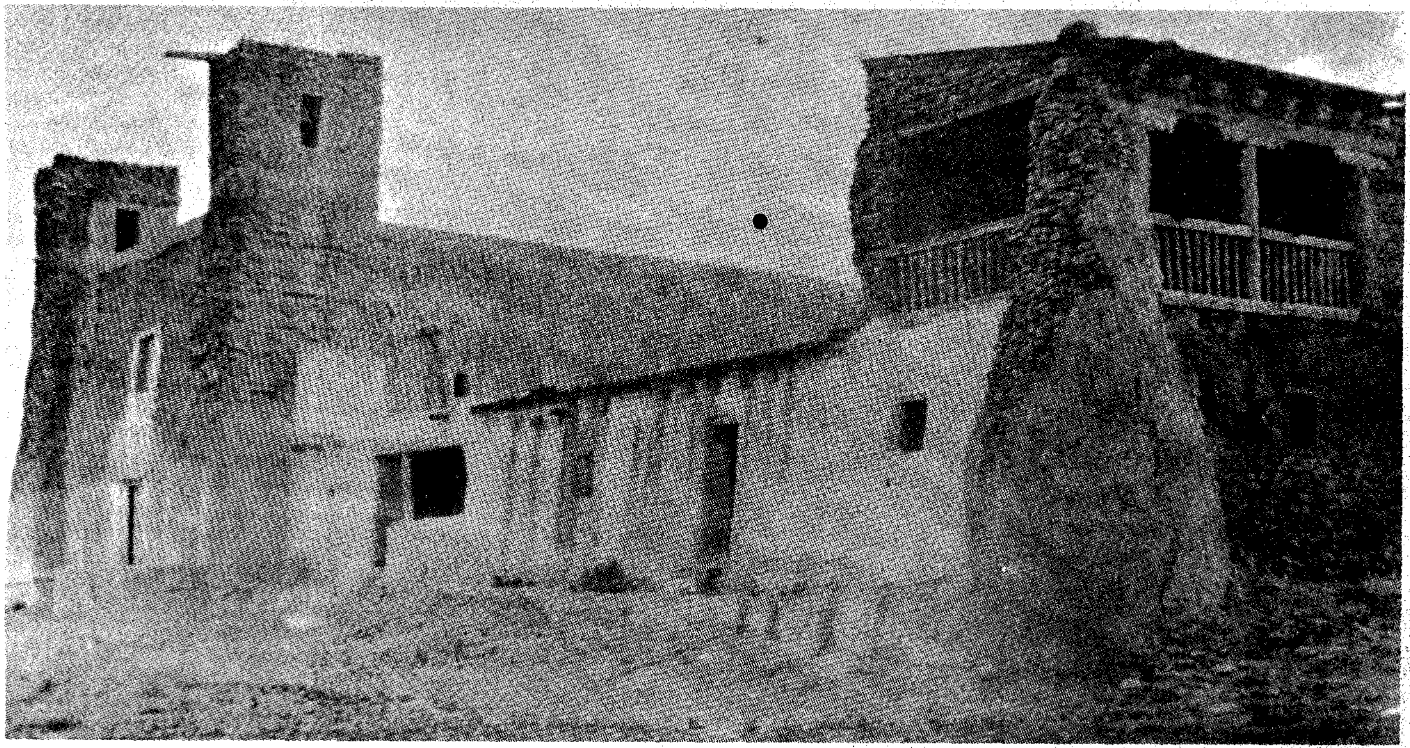
The lava beds are one big volcanic eruption of treasure tales!

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

SEVEN miles east of Grants, New Mexico, State Road 117 heads south from U. S. I-40. Because of obstructing topographical features it follows an ancient route trod by aborigines for unknown centuries. Spanish conquerors, who used the passage for three centuries, were followed by the North American. This is a glory road of hoary history, pulse-quickening legends and mystic fables.

It winds down the east side of a great volcanic lava field over sixty miles long. The beds are impassable in a straight line, although grassy parks, holes and glades exist in the black mass.

Along the east side of the road looms Mesa Negra and Cebolleta Mesa. Most of their surface lies within the Acoma Indian Reservation. The mesa walls have eroded into giant natural monuments, some of which have broken free to stand alone. The vari-colored cliff faces and the lava fields are full of contrast and



The Acomas rose up and murdered Fray Lucas Maldonato who was in charge of the mission above. They took the gold and silver items and partially destroyed the mission. It was repaired and enlarged after the reconquest. Most of the treasure was never recovered.

form one of the most beautiful panoramas in the world.

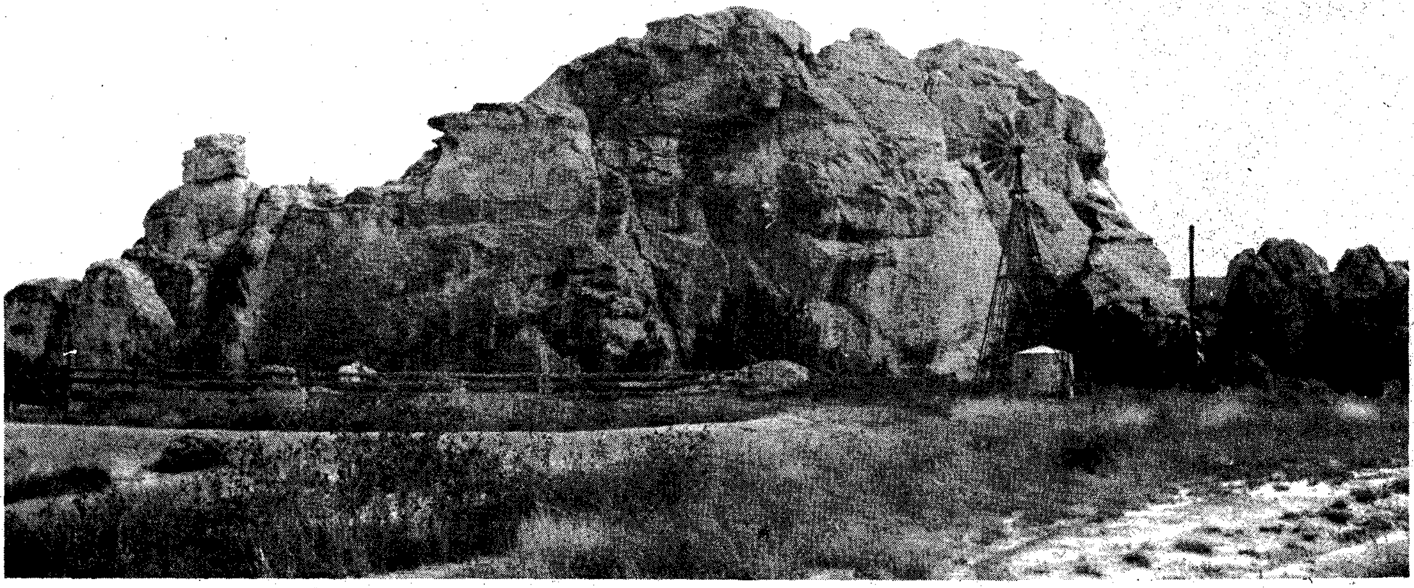
A juncture where the wall of Mesa Negra and the lava bed come close together is fittingly named The Narrows. Here, from prehistoric times down to the end of U. S.-Indian wars in the Southwest, existed a perfect ambush trap.

The lava field is a frozen black sea, cut by canyons, uplifted in massive ridges, and holed by literally thousands of caves. For many centuries Indians found refuge in them and built homes. The caves became repositories for stores of food and stone-age weapons they did not want to fall into enemy hands. In turn and on a vaster scale, Spaniards used the caves for their own purposes. Then came the Apaches and other warring tribes who concealed in them their valuables—especially minerals coveted by the white man. Later the American outlaw cached his loot in the area.

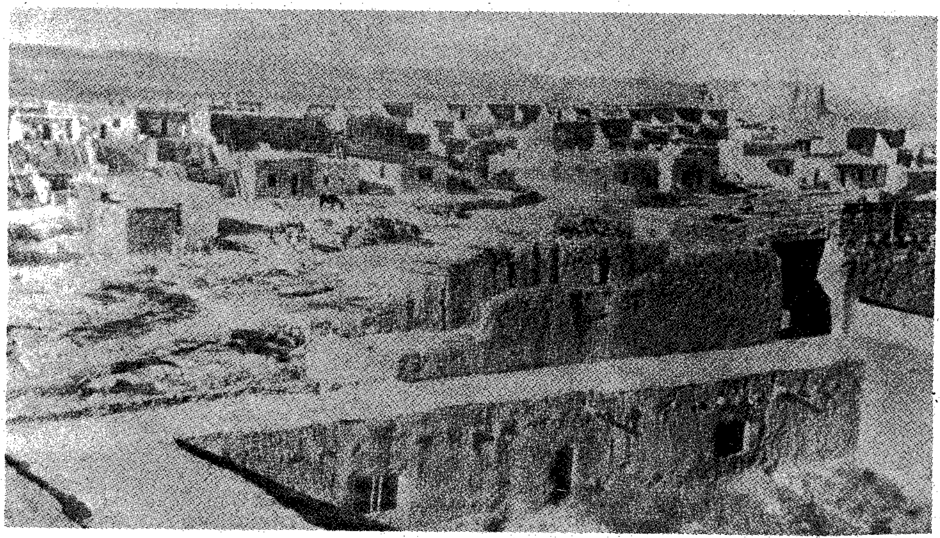
THERE are many stories of lost mines in the lava beds. At one time many prospectors believed the Lost Adams Diggings was there and a few still do. Seemingly there is not one acre in the entire volcano field which doesn't boast a lost mine or treasure story. This seems incredible but it is true.

Directly east of The Narrows—fourteen airline miles—Acoma pueblo crowns a 357-foot high, solid stone mesa. The Acomas took part in the great rebellion of 1680 against the Spaniards. The population of 1,500 rose up and murdered Fray Lucas Maldonato who was in charge of the mission that had been esablished there in 1629.

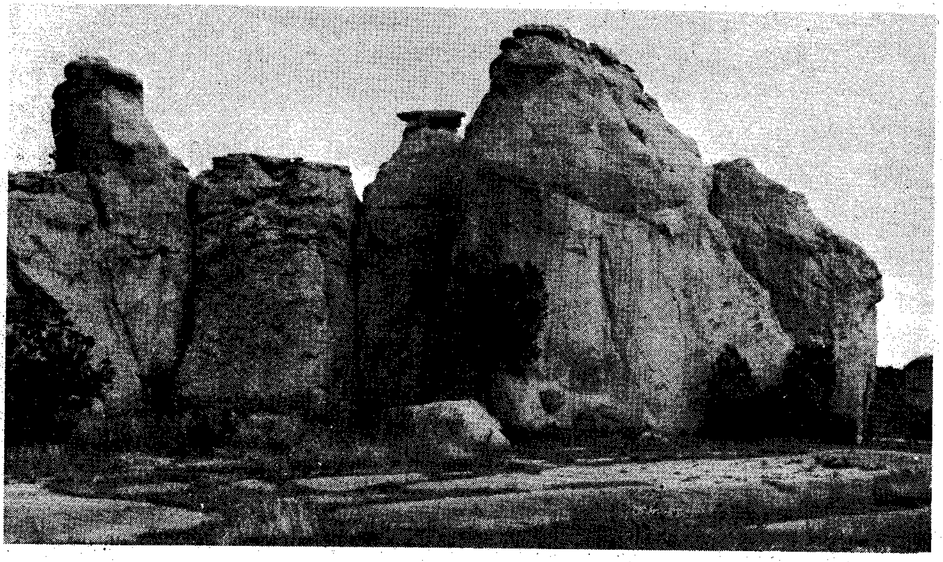
When the question arose as to what to do about the church the decision was



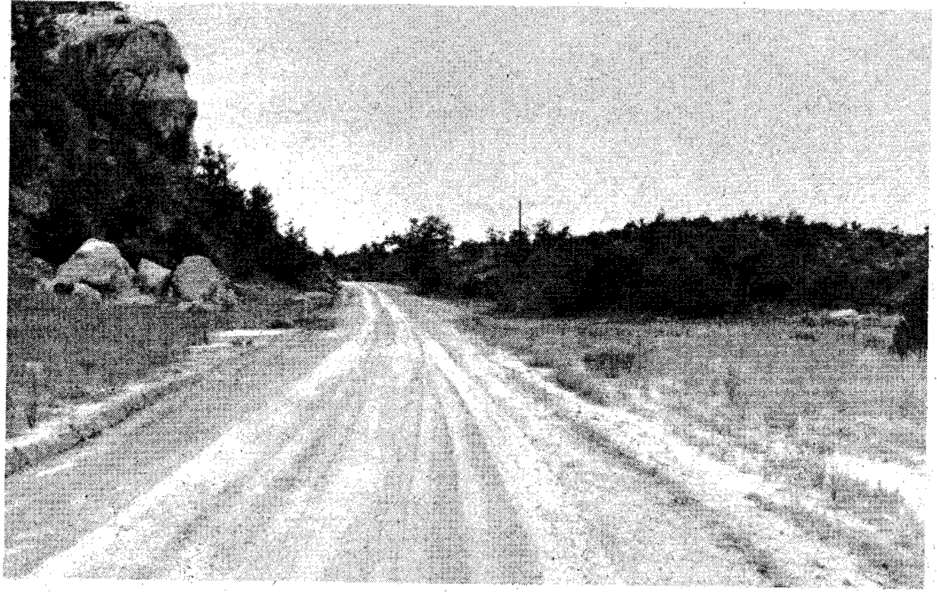
The windmill occupies the approximate site of John Warren's camp in 1888.



Acoma Pueblo in the 1880s.



Great rocks in the Narrows tower above the passage.



This road, entering the Narrows from the north, follows the trail trod by Indians, Spaniards and Americans.

made quickly to destroy this symbol of the white man. All flammable material in it was burned. The big wooden beams were partly consumed but the building was not damaged to the extent that it couldn't be repaired to serve again after the re-conquest. The church altar vessels, candlestick holders, and other items were of gold. Statues also had been molded from gold. They ranged from small ones of the saints, Mother Mary, religious tokens and medals, to a six-foot statue of Christ on the Cross.

It was decided to hide all of this treasure, plus the few silver objects. The legend among the Indians of how this was done relates that thirty-two mule loads were packed west and hidden in the lava beds.

A Spanish mule was (and is) about the same size of the burros used today by sheepherders to transport their camp equipment from bedground to bedground. Therefore the gold and silver could not be as enormously valuable as some hunters of lost treasures assume. In addition, very seldom could the crude smeltering of those times produce gold more than sixty-percent "pure."

Nevertheless, the statue of Christ on the Cross alone would be worth an immense fortune. According to the legend it was too heavy to be transported except on two wooden wheels pulled slowly by men. How it was taken off the mesa and into the rugged masses of black lava is not explained. With this treasure were bells from the church tower which had been cast in the 16th century. That the location of the buried treasure was known for at least fifty years following the re-conquest is proven to some extent. Two of the bells were restored to the church. Getting them returned required not a little persuasion by the padres.

The Spaniards tried unceasingly to find the rest of this great treasure and failed. After American occupation of the Southwest, many an Anglo has taken a turn at it.

Some golden church vessels and candlesticks have been found, but others besides the Acomas used the great field of lava as a repository for the same reason at the same time. One of the larger pueblos doing so was Zuni. Their church loot was first cached on Thunder Mountain but later was moved west into the lava beds.

Considerable excitement occurred in 1947 about this treasure. Highway construction crews blasting a roadbed through the extreme northern tip of the volcanic field uncovered a cache. The find consisted of a dozen church vessels, candlestick holders, and at least two small statues, all of them gold. After the find was first reported and raised endless wild rumors, the whole affair was hushed up. Probably the working crew hoped they would uncover more of the same treasure in the area.

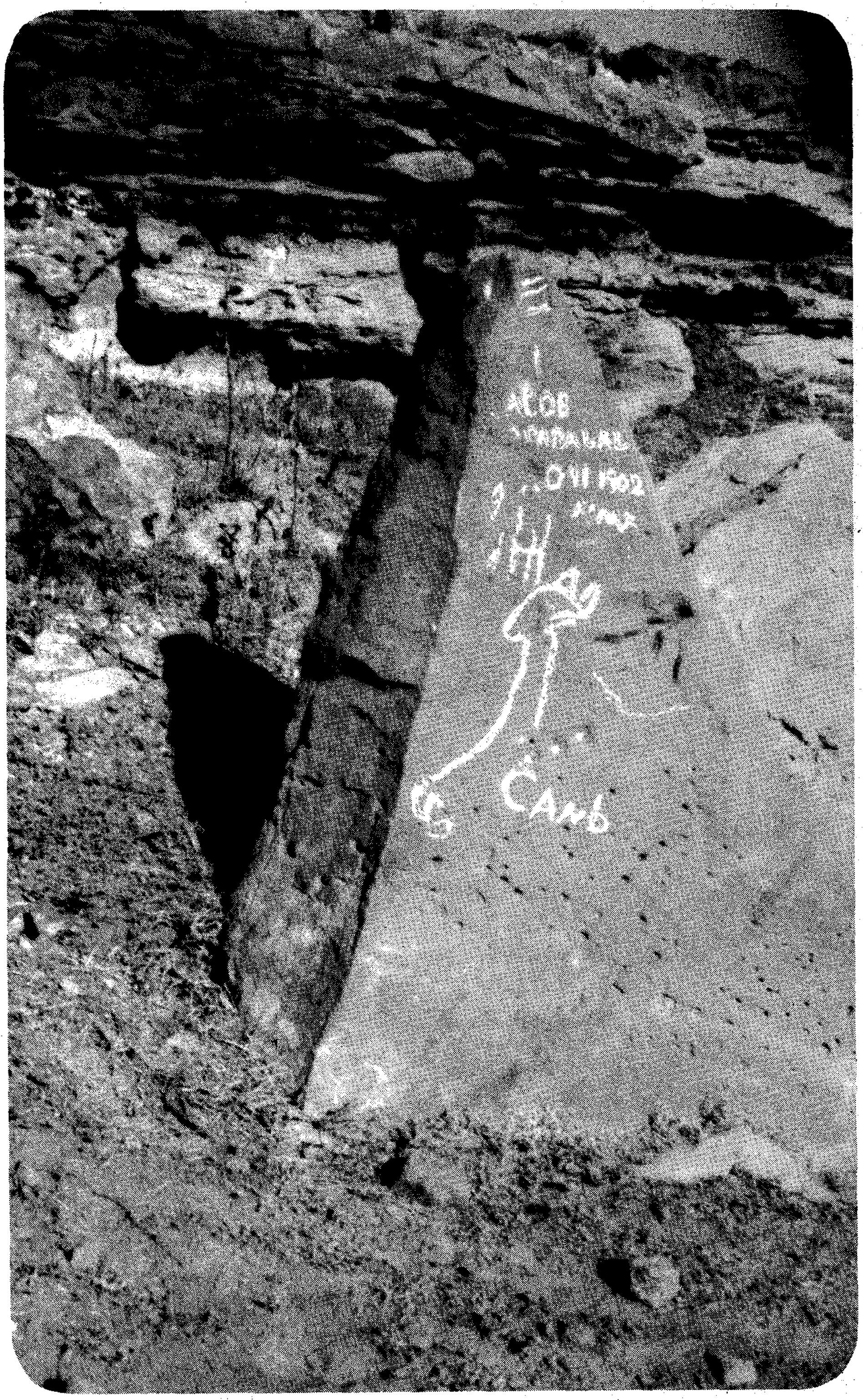
In many quarters it was believed that these relics represented part of the Acoma church loot. However, the more practical hunters concluded that it could not have been. The Acomas did not need

(Continued on page 41)

CAMEL DRIVER IN COLORADO?

Jacob Acabajal's gravestone is a puzzle. What is it trying to tell?

Does this pyramid-shaped stone mark the grave of a camel driver?



By IKE OSTEEN

Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS 15° below zero in Springfield, Colorado on January 3, 1971. I received a phone call from Doctor Lentini at Fort Lyons, and he asked, "Ike, are you coming?"

I said, "Are you going through with it?"

"Oh, yes. We all live here in town, so there's no reason why we can't make it."

"Well, if you can make it, I'll be there."

The next afternoon, with the thermometer hovering around zero, my wife and I headed north toward the Arkansas River and Las Animas, eighty-six miles away. I was to put on a program for the Bent County Historical Society meeting, and Doctor Lentini was the program chairman.

After the meeting a man walked up and asked me if I had ever heard of Jacob Acabajal. My first thought was that Acabajal was probably a distant relative of mine and this man had helped hang him and wondered if I was satisfied with the treatment they had given him. When I told him I didn't even know who *he* was, let alone Jacob Acabajal, he laughed and introduced himself as LeRoy Boyd. He had good reasons to believe Acabajal had been a camel driver for the army back around 1856. I then gave him my undivided attention and told him I had some notes in my files about the army experiment with camels, and when I got home I would see if I could come up with his particurlar driver. I couldn't.

I have found a man in Lamar, Colorado who owns the jawbone of a camel. He found the bone not twenty miles from the grave of Jacob Acabajal, but to my knowledge he does not know about the grave. LeRoy Boyd has done the research on this project and here is his version.

The grave is located forty-four miles southeast of Las Animas. Its sandstone marker is deteriorating from the buffeting of nature and in a few years the lettering will be entirely illegible. Local legend calls it "The Camel Driver's Grave" and holds that the one who sleeps there drove camels for the U.S. Army before the Civil War and died many thousands of miles from his native home.

That this could be true can be inferred from the fact that the headstone is

(Continued on page 64)

THE BLUE ROAN MANKILLER

Cowboys—and Death—perched atop the corral to witness a fight to the finish!

By DALE VINCENT

Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS a long time ago, when Joe and I were breaking out harness horses for the Jim Little ranch on Lost River near Howe, Idaho, that I got tangled up with the Blue Roan, an outlaw horse that had already killed two men and crippled a lot more.

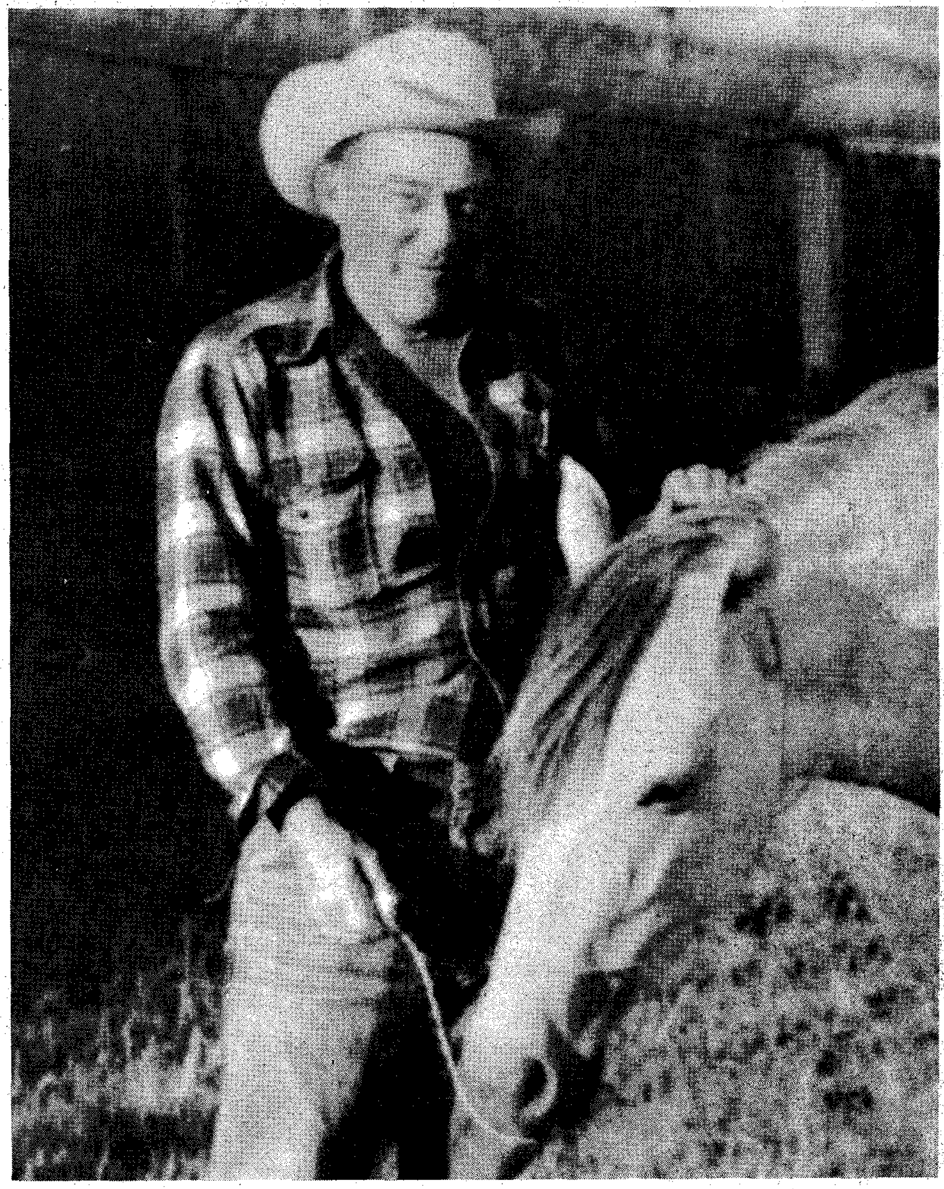
Our outfit needed lots of horse power for Little's far-flung ranching operations—heavy teams for hauling wood and supplies, lighter teams for commissary and chuckwagons, teams for the extensive haying operations.

Big Jim, our boss, always traveled between his ranches with fast trotters pulling a buckboard. He sat on the spring seat, and stowed behind were an ample bedroll, valise, small grub box, and a keg of water. Jim was a hard, fast driver, and he had just told us to pick out and break some more fast teams for his buckboard.

Joe told him, "We're culled down purty close to the bottom of the herd on good geldings. Not much left but the brood mares."

"I just bought forty more horses from the Myrup horse ranch," Jim answered, "and they're all geldings. They'll be in here day after tomorrow. Break out the ones that will make good buckboard teams for me. Make saddle stock out of the rest. See you in about two weeks." And he was gone.

It was hot the day the new bunch of horses was to come in. The twenty-man crew was out in the fields putting up hay. No one was around the headquarters buildings and corrals except the three



Above left is Jim Little's headquarters ranch, showing the round corral where the author rode the blue roan outlaw. Above is the author a few years ago with one of his Arabian brood mares on his Oregon ranch.

women cooks, the big red-headed Irish blacksmith, Joe, and me.

Around two o'clock in the afternoon we saw a dust cloud up on the hills about a mile to the west of the ranch. It was the new horses—coming like the wind straight down the hill toward the ranch. Man, oh man! What a sight! Their manes were flying and their tails streamed out behind. They were being pushed by two hard-riding buckaroos.

We ran and opened wide the gate that led into the wagon yard. Then we jumped into the wagon shed to keep from spooking the wild ones. The leaders entered on a dead run, and the herd thundered through. Right on their heels came the buckaroos. We closed the big gate, and while the horses circled the wagon yard the two riders swung off their lathered horses and walked over to Joe and me.

"Well, there's your forty head," he said, "with one extra throwed in—free of charge."

"Which one?" I asked. "What's the joke?"

"He's the Blue Roan and he's sure no joke. You'll know him when you see him. He's all scarred up and mean as a mountain lion."

"What'd you bring him for?" Joe asked.

"The boss was glad to get rid of him. He said if you don't want him—shoot him!"

THE RIDERS said they'd had nothing to eat since early morning, so Joe went in to talk to the cooks, and I showed them where the wash bench was. Then we all sat down at the oil-clothed table to eat and visit.

"What'd your boss mean," I asked, "when he said to shoot 'im?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said one. "That blue devil is a ten-year-old outlaw. He's already killed two men, and mangled a few others."

Joe came in and stood listening. The bad news resumed. "He kicks, bites, and strikes. He'll kick the spurs off your boots. He'll reach around and grab your leg in his teeth, pull you out of the saddle and stomp you to death." The buckaroo swallowed a mouthful of beans and continued, "On top of that he's a sunfisher. Nobody has ridden him yet. Last man he throwed he jumped right in his middle and pounded him into mincemeat before we could stop him."

"Sounds like he might be a little mean," said Joe. "Come on, Shorty," he turned to me and we walked out to look at the horses. They all shied around us as we walked through them.

(Continued on page 62)

MORMONS VERSUS NAVAJOS

Pipe Spring would be the prize of the victor—100,000 gallons of water daily in a land that rain forgot!

By JAMES A. LONG

Photos Courtesy Author

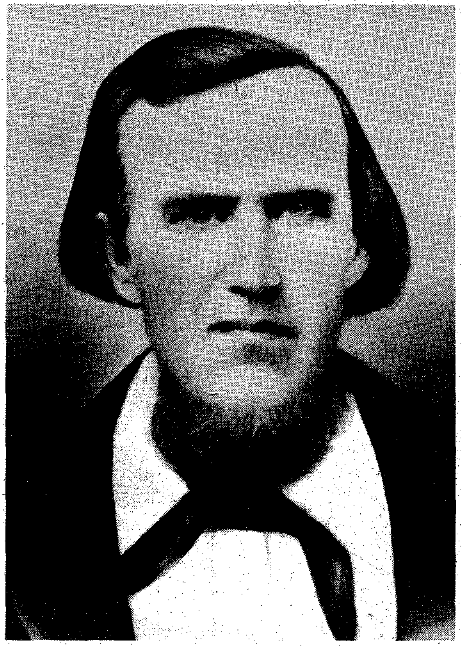
PIPE SPRING National Monument presents a look into the fascinating history of the Arizona Strip and the mighty spring which made possible the settling of this 5,000 square-mile belt of northern Arizona land.

Seldom mentioned by southwestern historians, Pipe Spring lies some ten miles west of Kanab Creek, equidistant south of the Utah border, and was for years the main gateway for introduction of Mormon culture into the stubborn wilderness between the Colorado River and St. George, Utah. Water from northern mountains is collected by sandstone in the Sevier Fault, flows south and breaks forth in copious flow at Pipe Spring and nearby Moccasin Spring, creating the only water for a radius of sixty miles. Ancient ruins and artifacts found nearby prove that Indians used the spring as a regular camping ground for untold ages. Probably the first white men to view the spring were members of the Antonio Armijo party when that New Mexican merchant trekked to California in 1830.

The first Mormons to discover the spring (called Yellow Rock Spring by the Indians) were missionaries led by Jacob Hamblin, "Apostle to the Lamanites." In 1858 Hamblin and his party journeyed south into Arizona hoping to convert the Indians to Mormonism. William Hamblin, Jacob's brother (called Gunlock Bill, because of his skill as a gunsmith), was a member of the party.

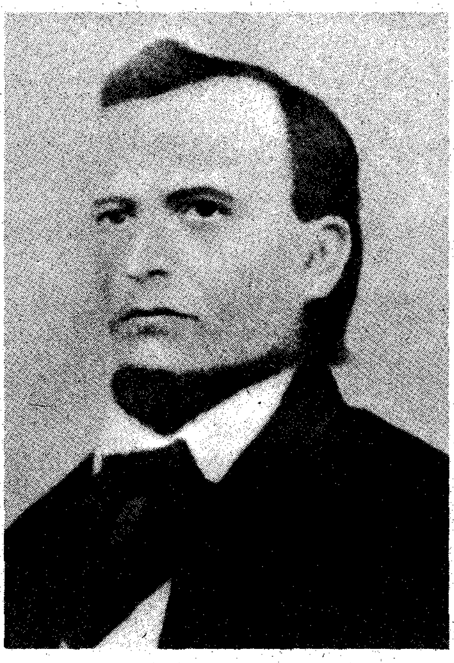
Gunlock was also an expert marksman and often bragged of his ability with a rifle. Two of his companions, Ammon Tenny and Dudley Leavitt, decided to play a trick on him, using his pride as bait. They hung up a silk handkerchief and bet Gunlock he couldn't shoot through it. He accepted, raised his piece, and blazed away. When they examined the target—no hole. Slightly irritated, Hamblin fired again. Same results. Now really riled and suspecting he was somehow being put on, Gunlock reloaded his rifle. Turning to Leavitt he said, "Dud, you know I kin shoot; hold still an' I'll take the bottom outen yore pipe!"

The challenge was a little too much for Dud, so he stepped off fifty paces and wedged the pipe between two rocks. Hamblin leveled his long rifle and, apparently without aiming, fired. The bullet took the bottom out of the pipe without touching the sides! In this dramatic manner, according to legend, Pipe Spring got its name.



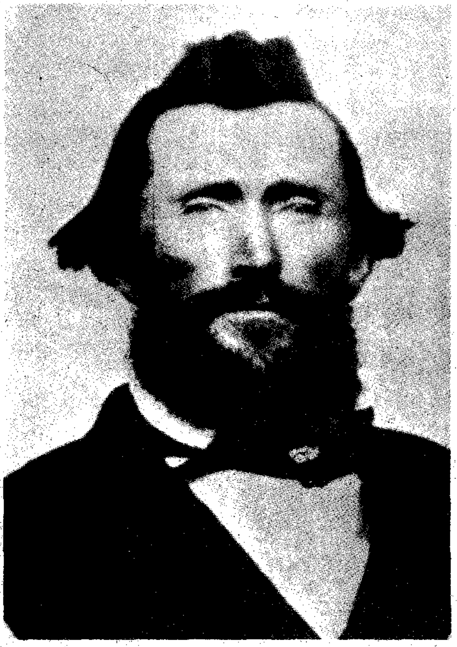
Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

Jacob Hamblin, Apostle to the Lamanites (as the Indians were called).



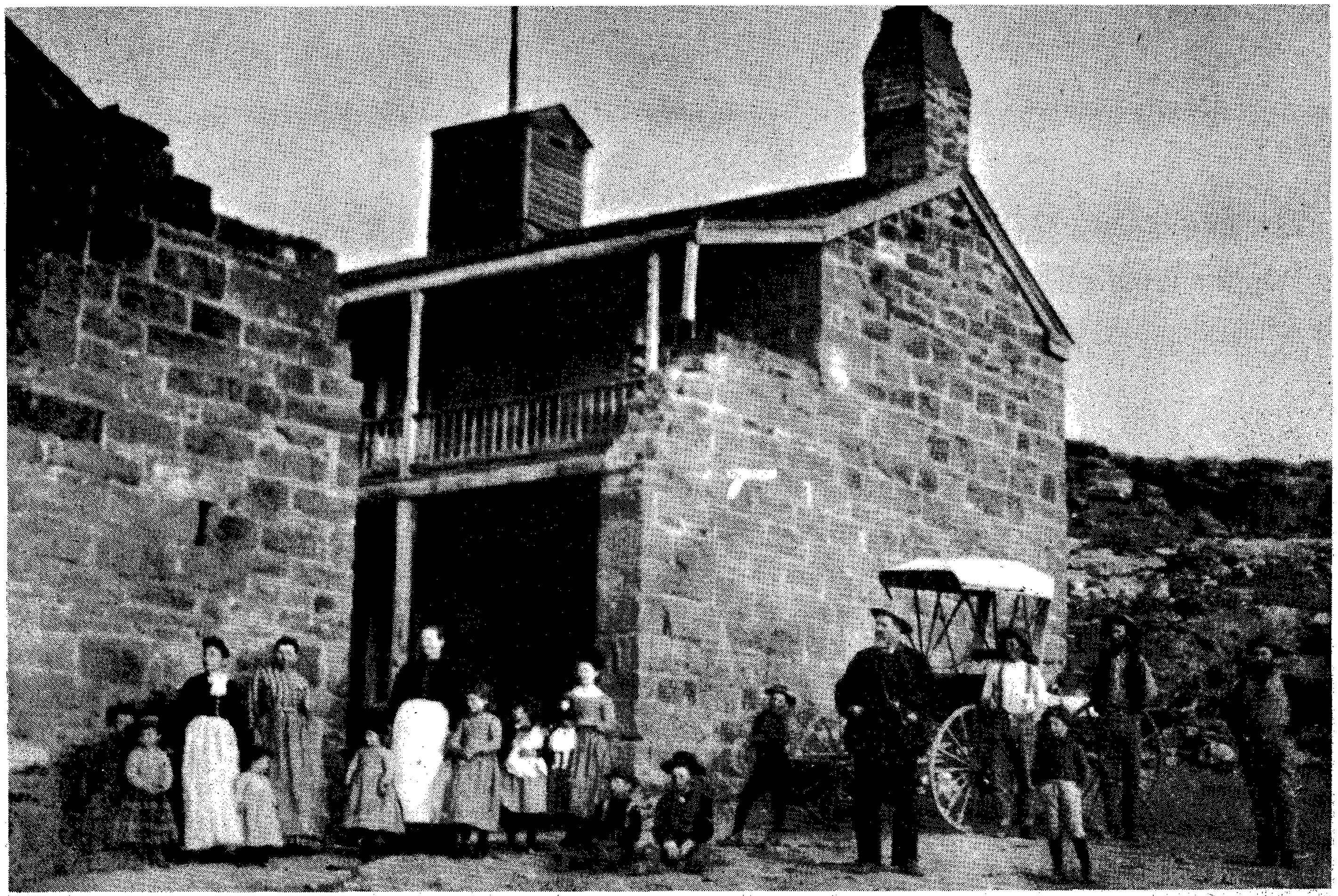
Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

William Hamblin (Gunlock Bill) who shot the bottom out of Dud Leavitt's pipe to give Pipe Spring its name.



National Park Service Photo

Dr. James M. Whitmore, rancher and first owner of Pipe Spring, was killed by Navajo raiders.



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

Windsor Castle about 1887, without its original heavy gates. At this time Pipe Spring was probably a "sealed village" in which polygamists attempted to evade territorial authorities.

Five years later, in 1863, Dr. James Whitmore and his brother-in-law, Robert McIntyre, herded their cattle and sheep to Pipe Spring, started a ranch, and became the area's first permanent settlers. For a home, they pitched in and built a rude but large hillside dugout, timbering it with juniper logs. Around their dugout they erected a strong stake and rider fence, commonly called "rip gut" by early cowboys.

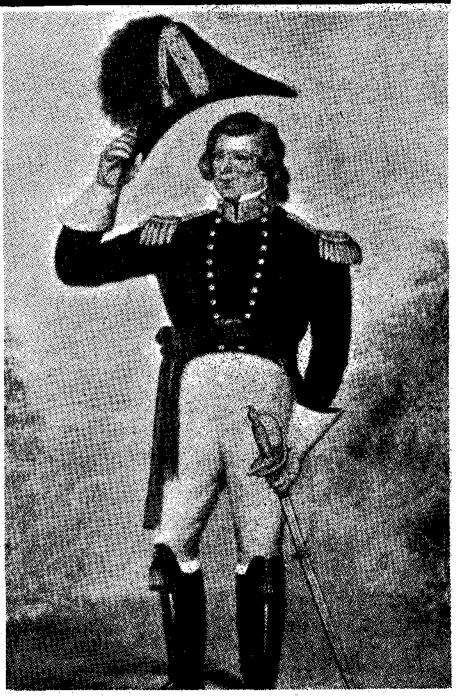
The same year saw a general influx of settlers from Utah. Whitmore's ranch and the settlement of Pipe Spring were but a part of the Mormon plan. Major William D. Maxwell settled on Short Creek, twenty-five miles west of Pipe Spring, and established his famous Maxwell's Ranch; Joseph Berry and his family settled a few miles north of Maxwell's and established Berryville. Kanab, twenty miles east, and Moccasin Spring, four miles north of Pipe Spring, were also settled at this time.

MEANWHILE settlers, Mormon and Gentile, flocked into different parts of northern Arizona. With distrust and ill-concealed hostility, the Navajo Indians stood by and watched this invasion of their territory. They were held in check, however, by strategically located bodies of U. S. Cavalry, until withdrawal of the latter at the outbreak of the Civil War. Almost immediately, the Navajos began to raid east and south of their villages.

Numbering more than 10,000, the Navajos were the strongest, wealthiest, and most stable of all mountain Indian tribes. They cultivated thousands of acres and owned great herds of horses, cattle and sheep. Now, with the white soldiers of North and South engaged in fratricide, they believed their time had come. In large, well-equipped bands they rolled down from the hills to strike efficiently and often. Ranches, farms, stores and villages in northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona were systematically looted and burned. Settlers could do but little to protect their families, and those escaping with their lives were fortunate. Flushed with success and determined to eject the whites from their country, the Navajos contemptuously spurned peace proposals and murdered a three-man delegation sent to negotiate with them. Something had to be done, and Colonel Kit Carson was ordered to campaign against them.

Carson took the field on June 19, 1863. His strategy was to use the "scorched earth" policy, later employed so effectively by General W. T. Sherman in his

(Continued on page 59)



Courtesy Museum, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers

Lieutenant General Brigham Young of the Mormon Militia—1844.

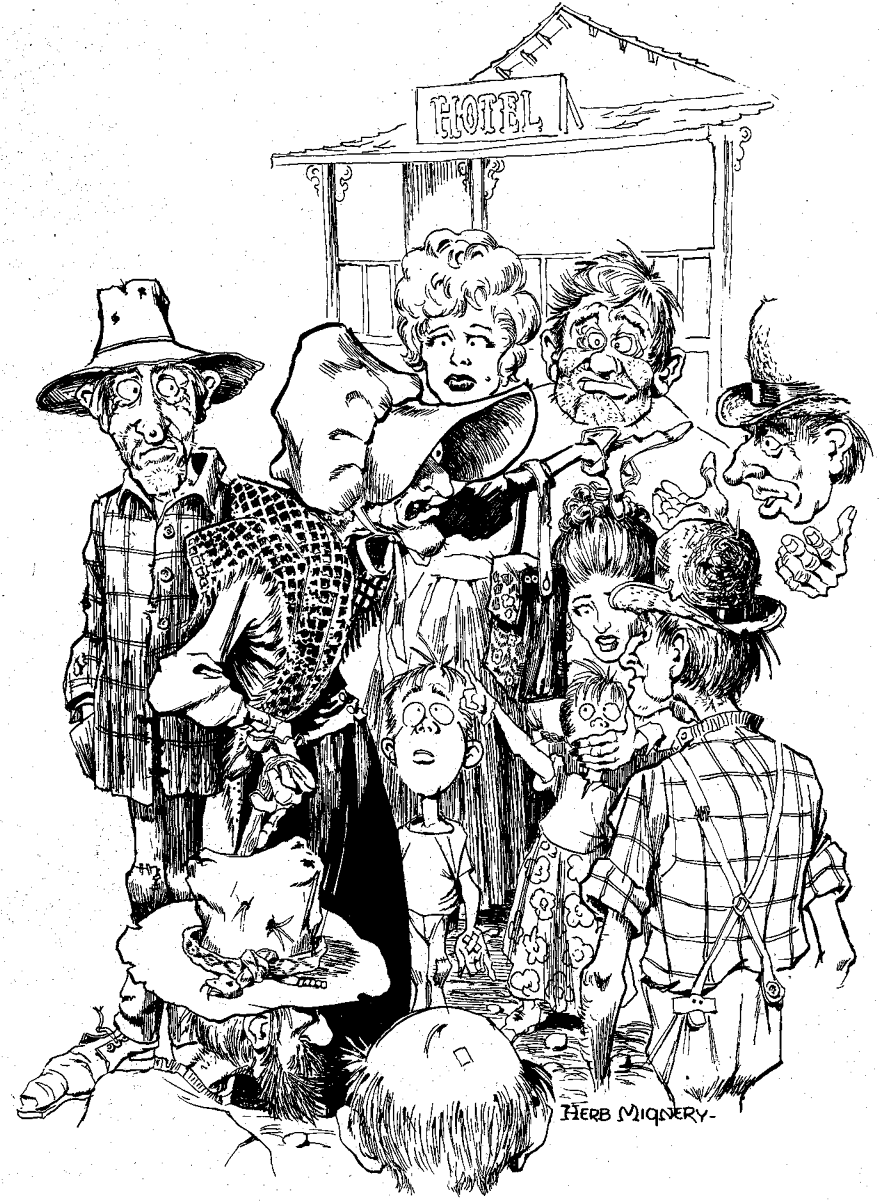
The *Mysterious* Old

She chose the right time to make her appearance—a summer day in a little town with everybody for miles around congregated to do their Saturday shopping and visiting . . .

By GRACE HAYES JONES

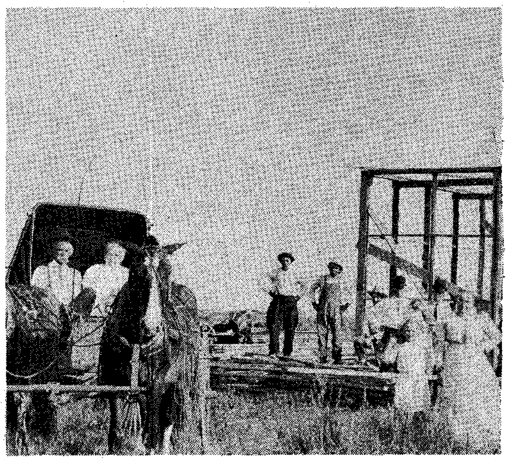
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Herb Mignery



DURING pioneer days in the Midwest, whether the trading center was a small town or merely a country store, you were sure to see a crowd there on Saturday afternoon. People looked forward to these get-togethers.

One of the early-day shopping centers in northwestern Oklahoma was the little town of Gate. There had been more than one older town by that name in "No Man's Land," as the Oklahoma Panhandle was once called. The first one, an old sod town, had been located near a gate in a drift fence that extended across the prairie when cattlemen held sway in that area. The place, thus, received its name.

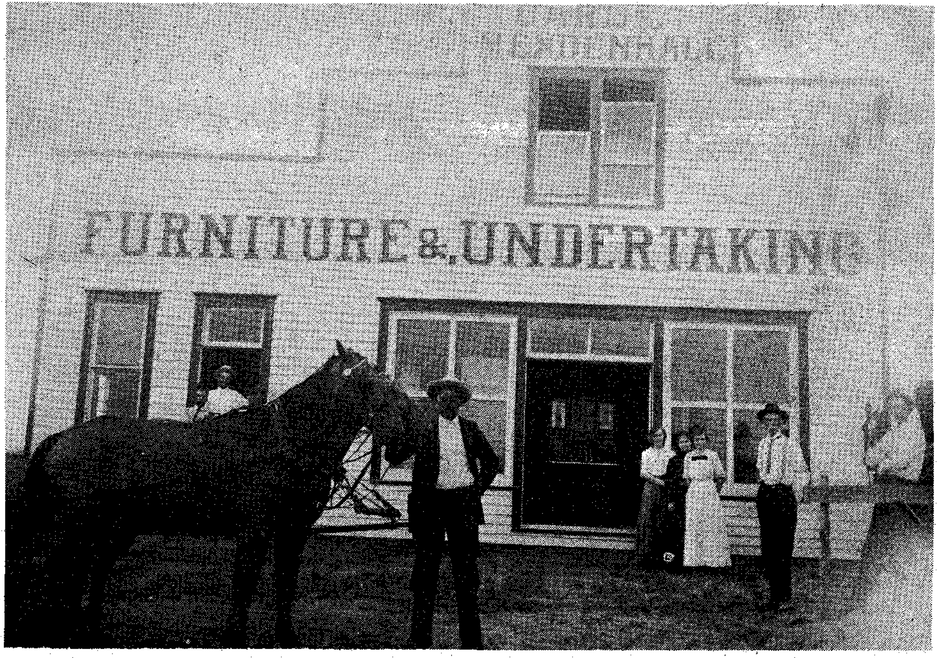


When my family moved to Oklahoma Territory in 1902 "Old Gate," as we later called it, was down on a wide flat. A long time after that, during several rainy years, water collected and formed a small lake near where the old settlement had been. It was known as Gate Lake and since waterfowl congregated there it became quite a hunting site. Unfortunately in the "Dust Bowl" years the lake dried up and has never reappeared.

In 1912, when the Wichita Falls and Northwestern Railroad was built across the Panhandle to Forgan, the townsite was relocated a mile or more up the hill to the southwest.

Although Gate never became much of a place, it was an important trading center. Every Saturday, people came from along the Cimarron River, six miles to the

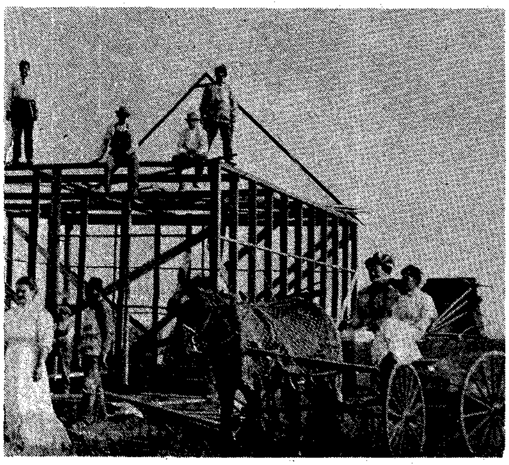
Woman



Early business establishment in Gate. Left to right are, (in doorway) unidentified, Mr. McLeod, unidentified, John Card with horses, woman unidentified, Orpha Mendenhall, Ruth Cox, Grandpa Cox and O. O. Mendenhall.

north, and from down along the North Canadian (at that time called Beaver River) which was about the same distance to the south. Some of them were old-timers—cattle ranchers who had settled in the valleys back in the '70s and '80s. Some were new settlers, for right after 1900 they began flocking in to take up land. In a few years, where it had been open range, every quarter-section on the upland was homesteaded.

The new families built homes (at first they lived mostly in dugouts or sod houses) and made other necessary improvements. They began to farm but very few had any money to speak of; it was extremely difficult living for most of them. The elements often hindered their efforts—destructive downpours, droughts, hot winds, dust storms, and prairie fires. Tornadoes were feared in the spring and summer. There was little protection from them, especially if you lived in a tent as we did for the first few weeks. In winter, icy breezes or blinding snowstorms plagued the settlers, who were poorly prepared for such weather.



The raising of the Methodist Church in Gate. It was dedicated in the spring of 1914. Rev. Virgil Hayes was the pastor.

There had been little social life in the Panhandle. A Mrs. Mott had a dance hall in Old Gate—a long, low sod building. Those who believed in dancing came from miles around on Saturday nights. In some communities dancers gathered in one of the homes but "religious folks" disapproved and tried to keep their young people from attending such affairs. Schools had been widely scattered but with the influx of settlers, white frame buildings began to dot the prairie. During the winter an occasional box supper or pie supper would be held. The money raised was sometimes used to buy an organ. In some places literary societies were organized.

Sunday Schools were held in most of the schoolhouses, and on certain Sundays of the month a circuit rider would fill his appointment at one or the other. A minister served at Gate, Oklahoma Territory, as early as 1894. Rev. D. J. M. Jones, a pioneer preacher, served for three years but I feel sure he was a missionary for a wide area—perhaps all of the Panhandle. After that, the pastor at Englewood, just across the line in Kansas, drove down to Gate and Berends Schoolhouse on the Cimarron on alternate Sunday afternoons. My father, Rev. Grant L. Hayes, who was also a pioneer circuit rider, helped in revival meetings at both places. My brother, Virgil M. Hayes, began his regular ministry in the new town of Gate, and the Methodist Church there was dedicated during his pastorate.

GOING shopping on Saturday was a regular weekly event for everybody. In the afternoon the main street of any village or town was crowded with teams hitched to buggies, hacks, or lumber wagons. There were saddle horses, too, and every hitch-rack was full. Folks milled about, inside the stores and out in front on the wooden platforms. They visited and laughed and joked. It was the one day in the week they were able to

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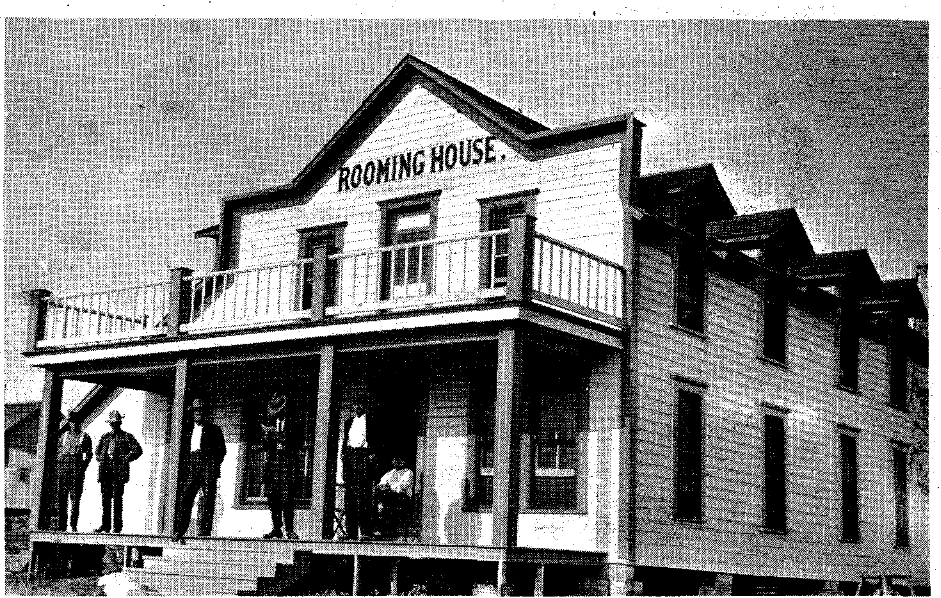
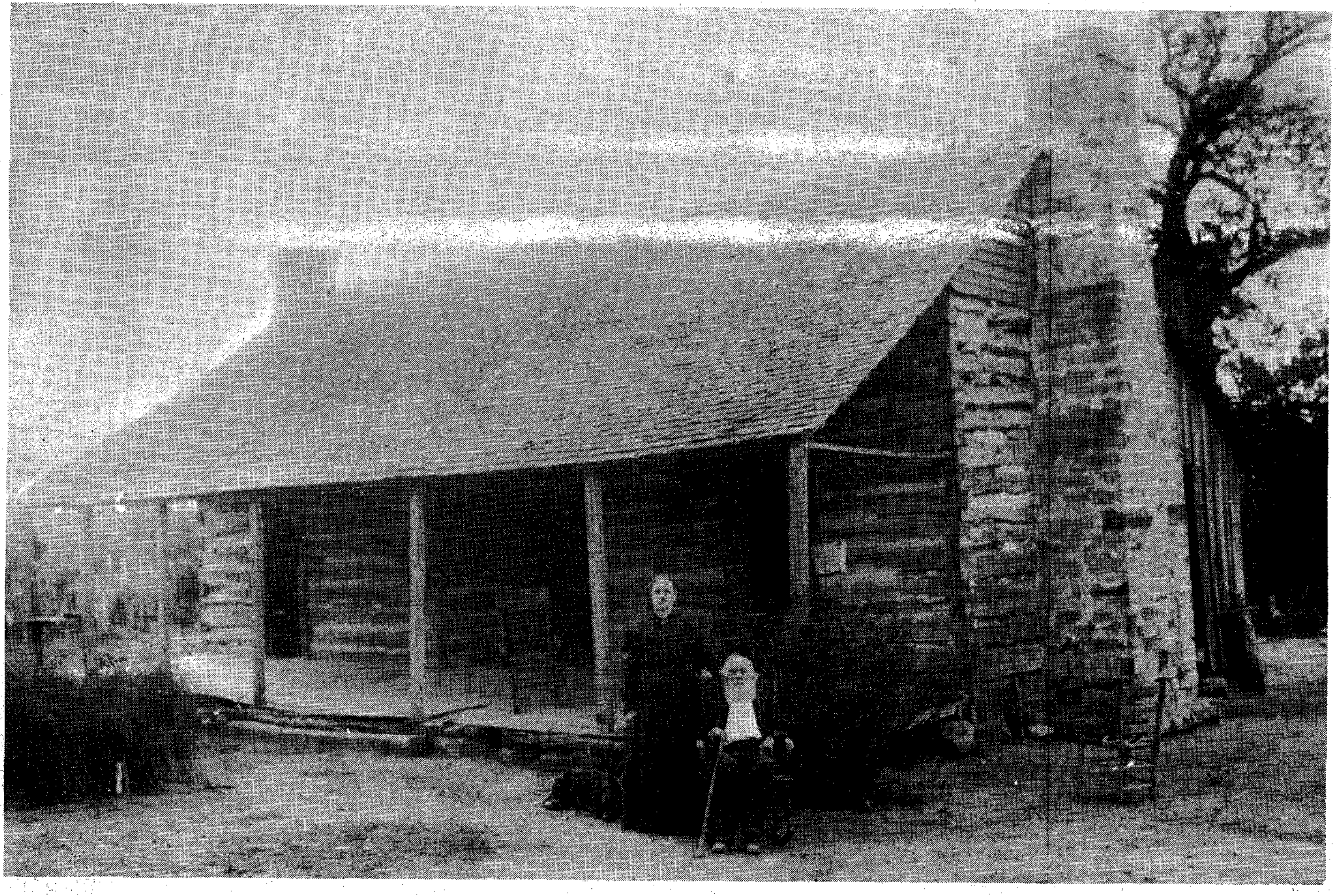


Cook's Rooming House was one of the first buildings in the new town of Gate, established in 1912 after the railroad came through.



Cade home where Will Deal lived while searching for the men who killed his parents. Pictured are Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cade. Their son Andrew and young Deal were murdered for getting too close to the truth. This picture was taken in August 1911 at the first Cade family reunion.

LEGEND OF COYOTE PEAK

A victim returns to the scene of the crime—and once more becomes a victim!

By BERNICE TUNE

Photos Courtesy Author

A lonely grave on a hillside, the unavenged murder of two men, a story of truths and half-truths about buried gold—together these became a legend. Like all legends, it was based on truth, embellished with imagination and nurtured by frequent telling. It was in fact the frequent telling of the story of the grave on the side of Coyote Peak, Eastland County, Texas which clouded the real events, and had it not been for the exceptional memory of my aunt, a niece of one of the victims, this story would probably remain clouded forever. My aunt, Mrs. Waurene Tune, gave the story to me as it was told to her by her grandfather, J. L. Cade. He was there.

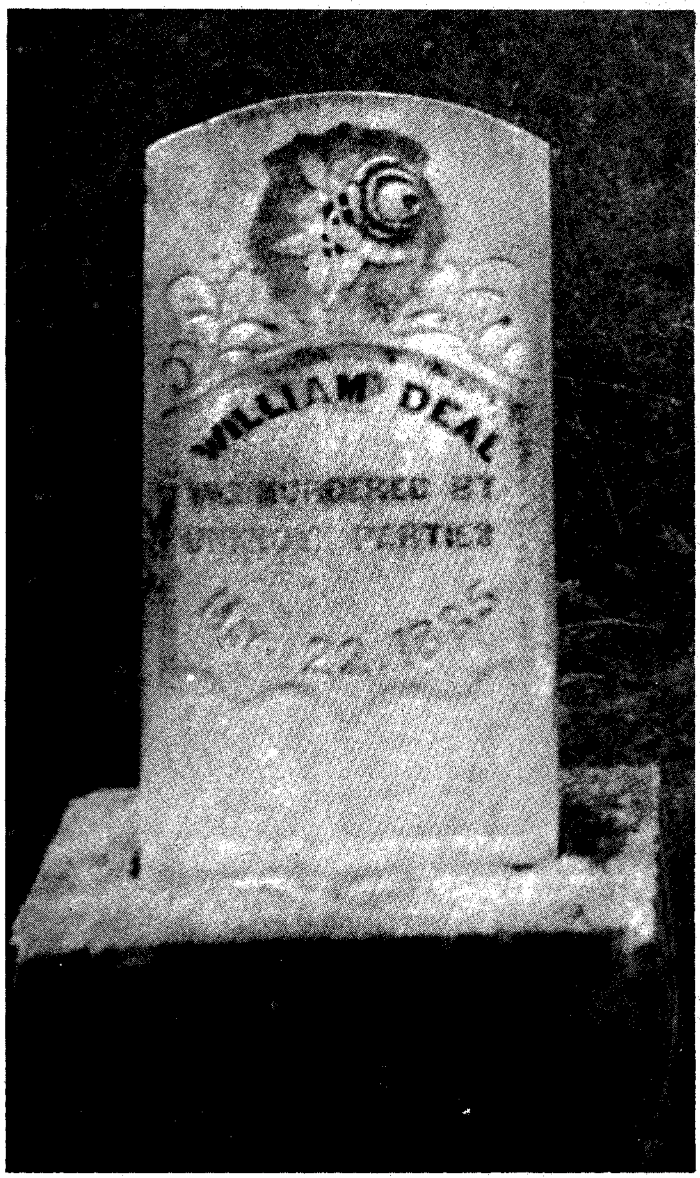
In late summer, 1872, a wagontrain made dry camp in the southern part of Eastland County. The travelers hoped to reach Fort Belknap the next day. This was not an ideal spot for camp, but the day had been hot and the trip grueling. Everyone was bone tired and the stock badly needed rest. There was good shade from the trees, but the undergrowth of brambles had to be dug away to make spaces for bed rolls. The men circled the wagons close. They had heard rumors that both renegade Indians and a group known as "The Mob" were attacking small wagontrains such as theirs. These people had been prospecting for gold in California and were now returning home to Alabama. After all they had been through to obtain their meager stake, they wanted to assure its safety. The men got together and discussed burying the gold.

William Deal, a twelve-year-old boy, and his parents had a scanty meal of beans and cold biscuits and prepared for bed. Will, as he was called, took his blanket roll outside the circle of wagons and bedded down near a tree, shielded from sight by undergrowth. He liked the feeling of being alone and grown-up. The fires were banked, and all was quiet. Will wondered briefly if the gold had been buried. He had been sent to clear out brambles and gather wood for the fires, and did not know what the men had decided; then he slept. It seemed that he had been asleep only a short time when horses, ridden fast, descended upon the camp. From the screeches it appeared the attackers were Indians but they were masked. Will crawled deeper into the protection of the bushes. The brambles scratched his face and hands, tore at his clothes, but it was better than being scalped by Indians.

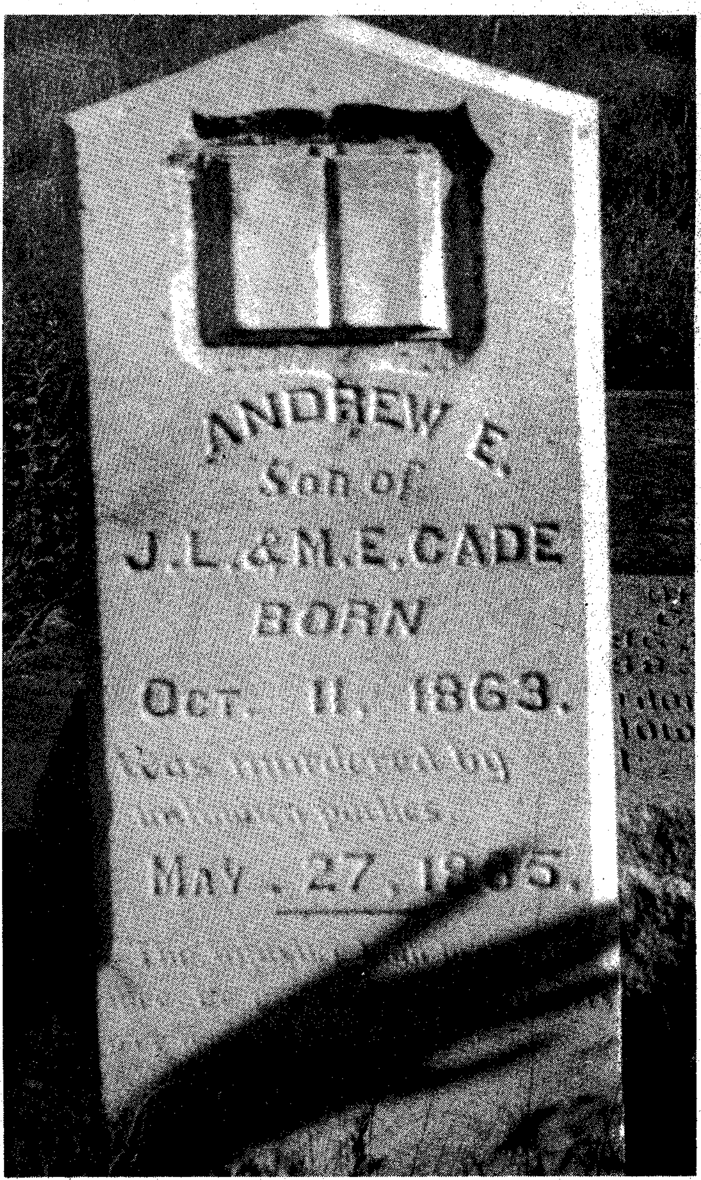
The moon was high and bright and Will feared he would be discovered. He could see everything from his hiding place. The riders shot women in the back as they ran, screaming, for cover; the children were too petrified with fear to move and were clubbed to death. The men who fought back were shot and clubbed and their weapons taken from them. Will saw both his mother and father fall under the guns of the riders. When the raiders had slaughtered everyone who moved, they removed their masks. They were white men. Will saw the face of one man clearly; he had small beady eyes and a thin face. Will knew he would know the man if he ever saw him again.

The boy watched as the men ransacked each wagon, then set fire to it. He observed one who was minus a finger on his right hand; this man too, could be identified by Will Deal. After the riders had left with their loot, taking all of the horses with them, the boy lay in the bramble bushes and sobbed with grief and fear. The smell of death hung in the air.

SHORTLY after daybreak two men came riding up. They were surprised to find anyone alive. Will poured out his story to them and asked them to take him to Fort Belknap or Fort Griffin to get help. He told them he could identify two of the murderers. They warned him against going for help, saying it would only bring trouble to him. They reminded him that he was the only witness and that



The grave of William Deal rests on a slope on the west side of Coyote Peak, Eastland County, Texas. His body was so badly mutilated that he was cut down and buried under the tree from which he was hanged. The tree has long since died and been removed.



Grave of Andrew Cade. The monument was erected over the new site after the body was moved to Salt Tank Cemetery, Eastland County in 1916. Through some mistake, the date on the new stone was given as the 27th instead of the 22nd.

he was understandably hysterical. The men were on their way to Sipe Springs (pronounced "Seep" Springs) and advised Will to take the stage there and go to relatives in Alabama. They assured him it was best, and promised to pay his fare.

Could these men be a part of the night riders? Could they have a reason for sending him on his way? Had it been the gold they were after? Did they get it? Or had the men of the train had time to carry out their plan to bury it? Were these men members of The Mob that was feared so much? Will did not know the answer to any of these questions. There was no one to turn to, and he did not know whom to trust. He allowed himself to be put on the stage for Alabama, but he promised himself that one day he would return. He would avenge the deaths of his parents and the wanton slaying of the rest of the train.

The hands of the few law enforcement officers were tied, and nothing was done about the wagontrain tragedy. Only one person lived who saw enough to know that white men and not Indians had engineered the massacre, and he was on his way to Alabama. The Mob had no desire to be branded outlaws; for the most part they were local farmers and merchants who settled back into neighborhood life, after each escapade and they guarded their secrets well. When a neighbor—or even a member of The Mob—got out of hand, he was "dealt with."

One case in point was when a man by the name of Whitehead was murdered. Although no one was ever brought to trial, the murderer left a clue. He had crawled on his hands and knees through the brambles and underbrush lining the field in which Whitehead was plowing. When he was close enough, he shot Whitehead and left the body there. In crawling up to gun range of his victim, he had left unmistakable tracks—the murderer was minus a finger on his right hand.

This road over rugged terrain leads up to the peak and is typical of the road that Andrew Cade and Will Deal traveled to their death.

WILLIAM DEAL

Another view of the grave of Will Deal showing the lonely country around it.

The Mob was a group of men who wore masks and rode down on unsuspecting travelers to rob and steal. Rarely was anyone left to tell about it. They attacked and killed any local residents who dared to oppose them. They operated in Eastland, Comanche, Erath and Brown Counties and were universally feared; at this time law enforcement was almost nil in Texas. The State Police, or Minute Men, were inadequate in number and could only serve ten days a month. There were thousands of miles of frontier to cover. By the time they reached a trouble area nothing was left that could supply a clue to murder, and no one left to identify stolen property.

TALL, slender Will Deal returned to Eastland County, Texas after twelve years. The young man looked carefully around the countryside through deep blue eyes. He was looking for familiar landmarks to tell him he was reaching his destination. He still did not know whom to trust; he would have to be careful.

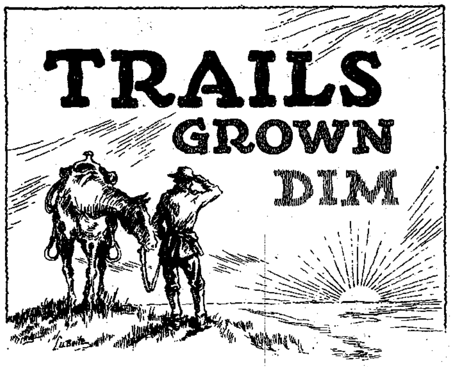
Deal had a crude map. With this he hoped to locate the site of his parents' graves; he also intended to find the people responsible for the slaughter of those on the wagontrain. In order to have an excuse for talking to local residents, asking questions and collecting information, Will Deal posed as a cattle buyer.

Shortly after his arrival, he met Andrew Cade and the young men became close friends. Andrew was very different from Will; he weighed at least twenty pounds more and was a little shorter. He was always solemn, but his sleepy blue eyes observed well and he remembered what he saw and heard. They made a good pair—Will with his ready smile and amiable chatter drawing people out and getting them to talk, and Andrew recording each statement and expression in his memory for further study.

Andrew Cade took his new friend home with him to meet the family. Deal found them to be warm and friendly. J. L. Cade, father and patriarch of the clan, was honest and hard-working, a sensitive man with a deep insight into the problems of others. He was a large man, over six feet in height with strong massive shoulders, but his heart was soft and tender with those he loved. Soon Mr. Cade won the confidence of young Will and was told the young man's reason for returning to Eastland County.

The Cade home and the Cade family were typical of pioneer living. Mrs. Elizabeth Cade was a frail looking woman, but had boundless energy and strength. She was barely five feet in height and moved about her work as if each day were the last to get her many chores done. She had a large family but she would not consider Will's living any place but there,

(Continued on page 38)



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Crowe

I would like information on Pat Crowe of western Iowa. At the turn of the century he was a famous diamond thief and kidnapped the heir of the Cudahy Meat Packing Company in St. Louis. Crowe was so popular he was acquitted. He later wrote two books and went on speaking tours across the country.—Richard T. Crowe, 5613 South Keeler, Chicago, Illinois 60629

Morrison

Would like to locate Cleve Morrison or any close kin. If Cleve is living he would be in his nineties. Cleve's brother is George N. Morrison, Sr. The family was last heard of in South Dakota in 1902. Cleve is the uncle of Nelly Grace Morrison Botkin Powell.—Gene Powell, Box 330, Skamania, Washington 98646

Bias-Crenshow

I would like to locate Burt Bias. He had two boys, Cherster and Shibley Bias, my father's brothers. My mother was Mary Crenshow, born in Arkansas. She and my father, Edward, moved to Oklahoma.—Mrs. Shirley Lee, 105 N. W. 3rd, Portland, Oregon 97209

Whitehead

I am looking for a complete account of the Whitehead party of 1877 to South Dakota. My grandmother's younger brother was in it.—Owen L. Hall, 5031—16 Avenue N.E., Seattle, Washington 98105

Tunes (Tunis)-Heltzel-Bryan-McDonald

Would like to have information on Elsie Tunes (Tunis), born in 1852 in Bloomington, Illinois. She married Henry Billingsley in 1874 and they had four children, Ernest Burton, Lewis, Odesa and Arta.

Would also appreciate information on ancestors of Joseph Heltzel, born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. One of his sons, William, married Mary Gossett and they had twelve children.

Also, I want information on descendants of Peter Bryan, born September 19, 1812, and his wife, Rozena, born December 25, 1823; and ancestors of Walter F. McDonald who married Lodema Etta Bryan on March 20, 1897.—Mrs. Bertha McDonald, Route #1, Florence, Montana 59833

Tullis-Blalock

I would like to hear from some of my mother's people. Her father was Moses Tullis, 1779-1844. His wife was Polly Blalock, born 1783. They were married December 24, 1800. Twenty children were born to them: John Blalock Tullis, October 27, 1801; Moses Tullis, June 9, 1804; Elizabeth Tullis, October 22, 1808; Elijah Tullis, August 25, 1810; Gibson Tullis, March 10, 1813; Catherine Tullis, November 8, 1815; Thomas Jefferson Tullis, August 3, 1818; James Monroe Tullis, June 22, —; Martha (my grandmother), March 8, 1824; Newel Hill Tullis (the fourteenth son and twentieth child), March 4, 1828.

All names were not listed in the Tullis Bible. Gibson Tullis married Penelopy Mayo August 11, 1835. Catherine Tullis married Benjamin Langford December 10, 1835. We think they owned a large plantation near Macon, Georgia. We would like to know which country they came from and when. My grandmother married Edmond McGlaun and moved to Bienville Parish, Louisiana. They remained there several years and came to Robertson County, Texas when my mother was a baby. She married David Henry McMahon and raised five children. Both are deceased.

The Tullis family was Primitive Baptist. We heard that Moses Tullis was born at Edgefield District, South Carolina. Would also like to hear from relatives of Polly Blalock.—Mrs. Robert M. Scott, 1506 North Market Loop, Baytown, Texas 77520

Wright

My mother was born Betty Jane Pinkerton, daughter of Andrew "Andy" Pinkerton, in 1903 in or around Arkinda, Arkansas. She married John Wright and they had two daughters, May [Mae] and Ivy.

I would like information about these girls. They would be fifty to fifty-five years old and were last heard of around Victoria or Del Rio, Texas. Mr. Wright had a brother in one of these towns also.—Mrs. Ada Kegley, Box 1174, Denver City, Texas 79323

Stoner

My grandmother, a full-blooded Indian, often spoke of her desire to come to California. She never made it, but my youngest brother, Leland Francis Stoner, left home saying he was "going to California for Grandma." That was in 1966 and I have not heard from him since. Leland was born August 26, 1926. I would appreciate any information about him.—Miss Miriam M. Stoner, Chandler Hotel, 834 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California 90014

McWilliams-Hoerner

I am looking for information on my father's people. I think my father was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania around 1874. I knew him as William McWilliams but heard his name may have been Hoerner. I do not know my grandfather's name. Dad's father died and his mother remarried when he was young. He had some half-sisters and brothers—Charles, Frank, Orpha, and Flora. One old letter mentions Kittanning, Pennsylvania, Armstrong County and May 21, 1894. He went to Nebraska and worked in the cornfields near Wisner and Pilger, Nebraska about 1899.

He married Carrie Peterson in 1900. He was a plumber in Omaha, Nebraska from 1900 until his death in 1933. He had one sister, Anna, who married George Reynolds. They lived in Perris, California and had one girl named Vada. They also had some sons, one of whom was named Leeman. The girl married a man named Staines and lived in Los Angeles in 1933. They had a boy and girl, Robbie and Sonny.—Mrs. Hazel McWilliams Caywood, 4512 Mariposa, Riverside, California 92503

Gazaway

I am searching for information on my father's family. His parents, who died young, were John R. Gazaway and Lucy [Louisa] Schloane [Sloan]. The father, two sisters, Clarissa Ann Gazaway, Jane Gazaway Danks (widowed), and her three children came to California by ox cart caravan about 1868 via Dallas, from Grayson County, Texas.

My grandfather went back to Texas, possibly Dallas or Fort Worth, and there I lose track of him. My father was born May 14, 1884 but we don't know where. After his parents died, Clarissa Gazaway Mulkins went somewhere in Texas and brought him to California and raised him. I'd like to know where he was born and if there were other children. They would be my aunts or uncles. My father's name was Andrew Jackson Gazaway, later changed to Mulkins.—Paralee M. Goss, Route 2, Box 1685, Escondido, California 92025

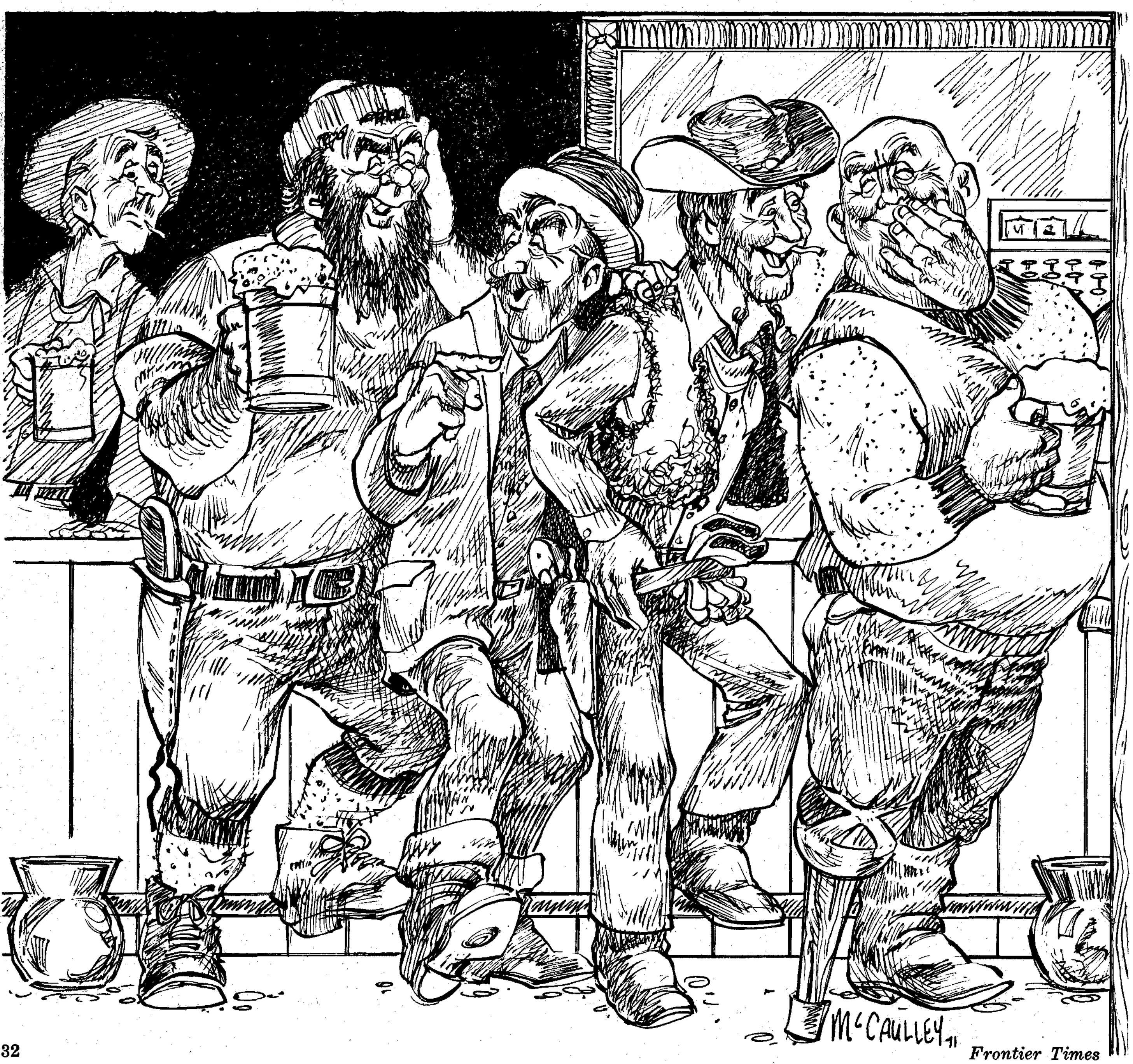
Schaal

My great-uncle, August William Schaal, was born October 10, 1843 in Prussia and was definitely in Wisconsin until 1851. At this time his parents died and he was placed in the home of a neighbor. I would judge that he went out on his own when he was about fourteen, about 1857. He was robbed and killed by some men dressed as Indians while taking the payroll from a Texas ranch, where he worked, to camp. In view of the fact he had the responsibility of paymaster, it would seem that he would have been at least nineteen. Another thing leads me to believe that he was a young man when he was killed—our family did not have much contact with this member. If he had lived very long, it does seem that he would have kept in touch with his brothers and sisters as did my grandfather, August William's brother. I would appreciate hearing from

(Continued on page 64)

FRONTIER FR

Their world was a hairpin curve, a bank-high river, a steep grade in mud and ice. Their world was also a ratio of eight saloons per thousand men, women, kids, dogs and drifters--instant solace at the end of the haul!



EIGHTER

By LESLIE A. CLEMENTS

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

MY FATHER, Bert Clements, was one of the first jerkline freighters in the Big Horn Basin. He and my mother, Sarah, bought 160 acres on the Big Horn River. In 1895 Wyoming was a wild and woolly frontier with very little in the way of transportation. The Union Pacific had laid its first rails in the Territory in 1869, but due to the mountain terrain branch lines had not been built to serve the areas at a distance from the main line. The only means for transporting freight was by wagon.

Most of the settlers got along all right, though, if they could withstand horse thieves, cattle thieves, rattlesnakes, wolves and the bitter cold of winter.

In the early days there were three kinds of freight outfits—the oxen which were very slow, the mules, and the horses. Each one had its value.

The ground was frozen very deep in winter, but when it began to thaw in the spring, it was terrible on man and animals. Oxen were most dependable in mud. Next were the horse teams, while the mules with their much smaller feet found it heavy going. When the roads were dry

the horses took the lead, followed by the mules and oxen.

My father made his living with his string team, which consisted of sixteen horses, three wagons, and a sheep wagon where he slept and cooked his meals. He drove all sixteen horses with a jerkline, a small rope running from the wheelhorse to the left lead horse's bridle bit. A small iron bar was fastened on the jerkline horse's right hame, and to the right horse's bridle bit. One jerk of the line made the horses go left; two jerks made

Typical freight teams.

Courtesy Evelyn Brunner

them go right. The rest of the horses were tied to the chain and had to follow the lead team. The fourth team was called the swing team.

There were hairpin turns in some of the narrow dirt roads. In order to make a right-hand turn, the leaders were swung to the right, sometimes way up on a hillside. The swing team jumped the chain and kept the wagons on the road around the turn. Occasionally the roads were so bad they had to "drop trail" and take one wagon at a time.

MY FATHER hauled freight between Billings, Montana and Thermopolis, Wyoming for Martin McGrath who had a general store in Thermopolis. The average weight hauled was 1,000 pounds to each horse, and the freight consisted of everything from clothing to cut plug.

He always had five to six green or unbroken horses in the freight team. When camp was made at the end of a long day, he dropped the harness on the singletree, right behind each horse. The tugs were always left fastened to the singletrees; the collar and bridle were left in front. He turned the horses loose at night to graze on grass and forage which were always plentiful. The horses also had their ration of grain three times a day, which was placed in nose bags hooked behind the horse's heads with a strap. Burlap bags were sometimes used when canvas bags were not available. Unbroken horses were necked to a gentle horse; otherwise they were hard to catch the next day.

My father kept a saddle horse tied to the wagon at night to wrangle the horses in the morning. When he drove them in, all the gentle horses knew their places, and it took only a few minutes to harness them. They were tied to a long chain, all but the wheelers and the lead team. The wheelers had the same lines as any ordinary team; the leaders were driven with the jerk line. A stock saddle was on the left wheel horse. Sometimes the teamster rode him, walked alongside, or rode the "lazy board," which was hooked on the side of the wagon.

It was a hard and dangerous life, driving sixteen head of horses with a jerk line and pulling heavily loaded wagons over all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather. In the mountains or hills, freighters had to depend on the wagon brakes. If the hills were too steep, they used rough locks. A chain was anchored on the front axle of the wagon and back to the rough chain. This chain, which had very heavy links, was wrapped around the hind wheel next to the ground and acted as a sort of plow.

Wagons had to be strong to haul the heavy loads, so hardwood was used because of its durability. Canvas tarpaulins were lashed over the cargoes to protect them from the rain, snow and wind.

Life on a frontier ranch can get monotonous, so one time my mother decided to follow Dad along on a trip to Casper. Her team was a pair of young horses, full of life and not too well broken. Mother was good with horses so Dad told her it was all right if she thought she could handle them on the road, as he wouldn't be much help if anything went wrong. She rounded up my two sisters and me and we set out in an old white-topped surrey.

The second day out, a windstorm came up. Mother had her hands full trying to control a team of broncs and three scared kids. To make matters worse, the tarp blew loose from one of the freight wagons and father was yelling at her to come help him get it anchored.

Then it started to hail. The frightened horses bolted and we bounced over those flats with the surrey threatening to tip over at any moment. We passed Dad and the wagons (he was having troubles of his own with sixteen horses to handle), and were a couple of miles ahead of him before she could stop the winded team. We kids were wet, cold, scared and shiver-

(Continued on page 52)

Courtesy Evelyn Brunner

The author as a young man (center) with his parents, Bert and Sarah Clements.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

GREAT INDIAN BOOKS

Chief Bowles and the Texas Cherokees (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) by Mary Whatley Clarke, Texas historian and wife of a Fort Worth banker, Joe Clarke, presents a vivid account of a pioneer Indian incident that never made the history books. Bowles and tribesmen arrived in East Texas in 1819 after having been routed from their home base on the Tennessee River. After a brief stop-over in Missouri and Arkansas they moved to the Texas piney woods. Their new quarters lay between the Sabine River and the San Antonio Road to Nacogdoches from north to south, and between the Angelina River on the east and Neches on the west. The Mexicans and later the Provisional Government of Texas recognized the Cherokee land claim. As usual, white settlers eyed the Indian lands and moved in. Altercations followed and a volunteer Texas army engaged the Indians. Bowles and many warriors were killed and the remaining Cherokees escaped to Indian Territory and Arkansas, never to return. Very good.

Those who go for Indian books will be delighted with the spectacular photographic essay *Pueblo Architecture of the Southwest* (Texas University Press, $12.50) with photographs by William Current and text by Vincent Scully. The volume was published for the Amon Carter Musem of Western Art, Fort Worth, Texas. The large black and white photographs portraying magnificent detail are the works of art. Among the numerous pueblos pictured are Chaco Canyon and Aztec National Monument in New Mexico; Canyon de Chelly, Kayenta, Navajo National Monument, and Canyon del Muerto in Arizona; and Mesa Verde in Colorado. Excellent.

Out of the Silence (Outerbridge and Dienstfrey for the Amon Carter Museum, $7.95) with photographs by Adelaide de Menil and text by William Reid is a strikingly beautiful combination of elegant black and white photographs and eloquent words showing and telling about the magnificent totem carving of the Northwest coast Indians. These seafaring Indians were artists whose forests of carved poles contained the spirits and history of the individuals and the essence of the whole people. "While the people lived, the poles lived, and long after their culture died, the poles continued to radiate a terrible vitality that only decay and destruction could end." The photographs, by de Menil, were taken in 1966-68. Some of the carvings have since ceased to exist. Though brief, the narrative tells much of a people, their art, and the quality of the cedar tree they transformed. But the people have left or are gone, and their carvings "in a scene subdued by a magnificent moss covering return to the forest that gave them birth."

SHIPWRECKS!

Disaster Log of Ships (Superior, $12.95) by Jim Gibbs is a pictorial account of shipwrecks, California to Alaska. The book summarizes 100 years of Pacific Coast disasters which include wrecks of cargo and passenger liners, schooners under steam and sail, stern and side-wheelers, tankers, tenders and trollers. Over 300 dramatic photographs give the reader realistic views of shipwreck horrors. Hidden rocks, buffeting winter winds, blinding fog, and fire are the instruments of destiny that too often send ships and crews to watery graves along the North American Pacific Coast. The author, "Shipwreck" Jim Gibbs, of Seattle has long been editor of the *Marine Digest*, a weekly maritime trade journal dealing with the Pacific Coast shipping industry. Gibbs has written several seafaring books including *Pacific Graveyard.*

CLAY TO THE RESCUE

Foreign capital supported the development of many pioneer ranching enterprises in the Great Plains after the military had placed Indians on reservations and hide-men had nearly exterminated the American Buffalo. *The Swan Land and Cattle Company, LTD* (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95) by Harman Ross Mothershead is a good bookkeeping account of the experiences of a firm of Scot bankers which financed a large ranching syndicate near Laramie, Wyoming from 1882 to 1950. Alexander H. Swan assembled the original ranches and cattle that became the Swan Land & Cattle Company. He captivated a squad of Edinburgh bankers eager to finance a booming western livestock program that promised lavish returns on investments. Swan remained a major stockholder and was appointed ranch manager. A better salesman than manager, he overloaded his ranges and lost thousands of cattle in a sweeping blizzard in 1886-87 which killed livestock and ruined fortunes of many Northern Great Plains ranchers. Swan lost his equity in the company and was replaced as manager by John Clay who slowly stabilized operations. From 1882 until the ranch property was disposed of in 1950, stockholders received a little over 2% per year on their investment, far short of the promised largess. While the ranch arithmetic is well covered, the author skimmed over an important part of the story such as the lives of Alexander Swan and other owners and workers, as well as ranch management and lethal book counts. Range speculator Alex Swan ended up in Ogden, Utah where he died, a broken disoriented old man.

RAIL TALES

Workin' on the Railroad; Reminiscences from the Age of Steam (American West Publishing Co., $8.95) edited and with commentary by Richard Reinhardt is yet another book, and a good one, on railroads. As if to top the many previous railroad books, *Workin' on the Railroad* is a collection of forty top stories from previous works to tell the whole story of the iron horse and the people who made it run. The men of the railroad were many and varied—the professional surveyors and civil engineers and lawyers—the lowly laborer—Chinese and Irish, brakemen and conductors. But the brave engineer was king of the road. The record is set straight about "the Wreck of the Old Ninety-Seven" or nearly so. This book follows American West's *Out West on the Overland Train*, also by Reinhardt; *Westward to Promontory* by Barry Combs and featuring the photos of A. J. Russell; and *High Road to Promontory* by George Kraus. Any railroad buff will just naturally have to complete the set. One could only hope that interest in railroads of yesterday could shape renewed interest and accomplishment in railroads of tomorrow.

The 7th and the Sioux

In the Valley of the Little Big Horn, The 7th and the Sioux, June 25-26, 1876 (Robert C. Kain, Route 30, Newfane, Vermont 05345, $5.20) was privately printed for the author and currently is available by direct mail from him. Mr. Kane is a firearms engraver and planned to engrave each of 263 Colt Revolvers, Single Action Army .45, Model 1873, with the name and statistics of one (other than Custer) of the men who lost his life at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. At this point the author ran into trouble—two official lists of the reported dead did not agree and the research to determine the actual list of dead led to the Archives, the official army records and the records of the Reno court of inquiry. It also led to writing of this book—a by-product of the attempt to identify those killed in the battle. The account is as factual as the official records—the only "ifs" are those in the testimony given at the court of inquiry (1879). Your reviewer is no expert on the Battle of the Little Big Horn but this straightforward narrative seems to be "on target." And the author does list by name, rank and organization the dead. There is a brief chapter on the Colt and a number of illustrations including one by the well known artist, William R. Leigh. A must for Indian Wars buffs.

NUGGETS

YOSEMITE FIFTY YEARS AGO

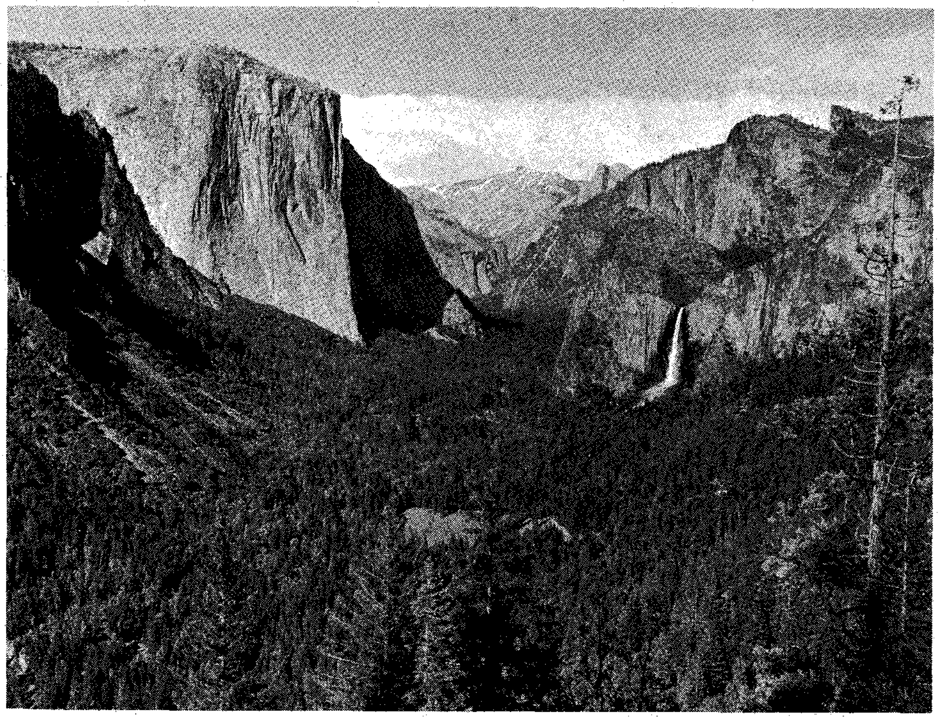
By C. O. Peterson

SOME time back, while searching for old records, I dug down into the contents of a trunk that has been stored away for forty-odd years. Among other things, I turned up a long forgotten packet of snapshots, a diary and a few old letters. Some of the pictures were taken in Yosemite Valley during the summer of 1919, others during 1921; but my memories of the Valley are not those of a Ranger or visiting tourist but as a laborer in the National Park Service and later with the Yosemite Park Company.

Back in New England in 1918 I was just out of high-school. I had missed the last World War I draft by a few months. Anyway, I went to work as a carpenter's helper and, in about a year had saved up a fair stake. What better goal in those days than to go west?

In early August of 1919 I bought a railroad ticket to California—destination Yosemite Valley where a relative worked in the recently established National Park Service. I arrived on a Saturday afternoon, August 17, and was met by my cousin. On Monday morning I went to work. My job was just plain, hard, rough manual labor but to an eighteen-year-old, skinny, work-hardened kid it was all one great adventure. I know I did my best to hold down whatever job I was assigned to. You "cut the mustard" or you didn't last long—there were plenty of others looking for employment.

Our quarters were in the Lost Arrow office of Government Camp and we ate in the Government mess-hall. My pay, after quarters-and-meals deduction, was $4.05 a day, very good wages. Our gathering place for the day's job assignment was in front of the old harness-maker's shop, just north of where the present Park Service Headquarters now stands.



Photos Courtesy Author

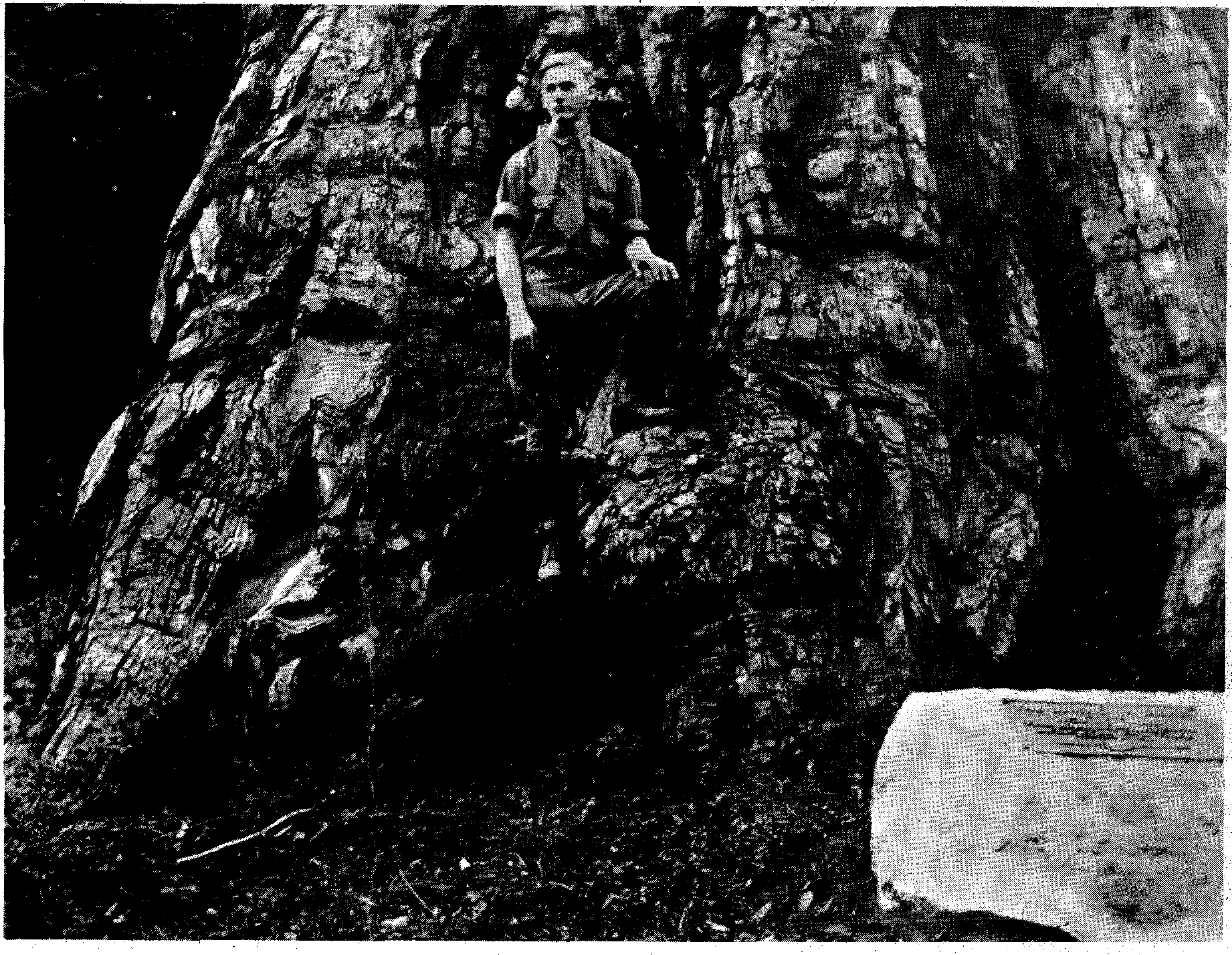
Yosemite Valley and Bridal Veil Falls as seen from Wawona Road.

The roads were dirt, narrow and dusty, but were kept well graded during the summer season. In the village of Kennyville at the south side of the Valley, the Sentinel Hotel, just below the bridge, was the biggest building. The Park Service Headquarters and Chief Ranger Townsley's office were in a building just west of the hotel. The next building to the west was a photo studio and John Degnan's store. There was a residence a half-mile or more farther west. Across the street was the telephone office, another photo studio and a number of rental cottages. West of the village, near the foot of the four-mile trail, was the Ahwahnee Lodge, if I remember correctly.

Camp Curry was in operation about a mile southeast under Glacier Point. At the north side of the Valley, beyond the meadows and just west of Yosemite Creek, was a hospital and Yosemite Lodge; and west from the lodge, about a quarter-mile, was "Soapsuds Row"—the family residences of Government employees. Just east of Yosemite Creek was the home of "Dad" Sovulewski, supervisor and general foreman of maintenance for the Park Service, and a cabin occupied by the family of foreman Frank Ewing. Beyond these, under the Lost Arrow, were the old Cavalry Headquarters of Government Camp, and the maintenance shops.

Below the Arches was Indian Village. The stables and pack-station, managed by Jim Helm, were located about midway of the Valley between the Arches and Camp Curry. A new concrete bridge was under construction across the Merced River. Tent camps were in operation along the river but were seldom full up.

THE first project I was assigned to was the building of Mirror Lake Road beginning at what is now the Happy Isles junction. The work was all hand-and-horse, and after swinging a shovel for a few days with the grading crew I was given the job of hand-sawing great logs into lengths to be dragged out of the Tenaya Creek channel and later sawed into firewood. My partner was a husky Indian boy named Johnson. We got along famously and finished that job in about two weeks.



The author at Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, September 1921, just after the ceremony dedicating the tree to the unknown dead of World War I. The boulder with plaque which caused him so much trouble is seen in lower right corner of picture.

I was next assigned as swamper on the powderwagon and wood-hauling truck. Lawrence Sovulewski was the driver and the truck was one of those strange developments of World War I, a "Nash-Quad." I believe it was one of the first four-wheel-drive vehicles. It was without a cab of any sort and the big steering wheel stuck straight up from the floor. It had solid rubber tires and I remember the steering gear got out of alignment several times from hitting rocks and stumps. The darn truck traveled sort of crab-wise. Good for laughs but not much progress.

The powder-hauling job made me rather nervous. We hauled war surplus T-N-T in fifty-pound boxes from the powderhouse below the Arches to the road's end where it was transferred to a horse-drawn wagon. An old-timer named Sullivan realized that I wasn't too comfortable during those trips and gave me sage advice. "Taint nothin' to worry about, Slim. If she goes up you won't know nothin' about it." Strangely, that advice was a very effective cure for nervousness.

I had been on the job only a few days when we got an unplanned demonstration of the power of T-N-T. The stuff was granular and was scooped out of the box with a wooden paddle and carried to the job in a ten-quart bucket. A cupful was used for the average shot to break up the big granite boulders.

Powderman John Mahoney had had a spell of smoke-sickness and an ex-hard-rock miner was given his job, temporarily. The substitute powderman loaded a couple of shots on the basis of his experience with regular blasting powder, which is rather puny stuff compared to T-N-T. He used a half-bucketful for each of the two shots. After the usual warning, he lit the fuses and stepped behind a tree about a hundreds yards away. The first shot was a dilly! That terrific blast at the foot of Halfdome shook the canyon, and the echo bounced back and forth off the rock walls. The concussion lifted a layer of dust three feet off the ground. We were working a fourth-mile away, supposedly safe, but bits of rock rained down and before they quit falling, the second blast went off. Two teams of horses broke loose and headed back to the stables on the run—and we were ready to follow them!

Shortly after the echoes quit banging back and forth and we were wondering what had happened, Sovulewski came racing up the road on his big grey horse and asked if the powder cache had blown up. I later learned that the dudes at the Lodge, three miles away, were shaken up by that double-barreled blast. The powderman was dazed but unhurt—and his temporary job was *very* temporary. For the rest of the job the ex-miner ex-powderman was called "Two-shot."

Many of the Park Service laborers in the Valley were ex-cavalrymen, survivors of the Indian wars of Arizona and New Mexico, and of the Yosemite Valley policing period. There wasn't much of a pension system and these old-timers had job preference. Supervisory and skilled labor jobs were mostly filled by war veterans.

Bill Grenfell was trail foreman; Sam Crookson was telephone foreman; Jack Emmert was boss electrician. Al Kottner was in charge of the machine shop. And there was Tim Sullivan, hostler, and Miller, blacksmith and farrier, and a harness-maker whose name I have forgotten.

The Park Rangers made up another

(Continued on page 50)

The Mysterious Old Woman

(Continued from page 27)

have fun, combined with the duty of buying necessities—trading butter and eggs for groceries when they could.

That's the way it was one Saturday afternoon in Gate. It was the summer of 1913 and the town was crowded with people. The weather was pleasant—a bit warm but not really uncomfortable. It seemed as if everybody for miles around had driven in. By that time a few people had cars, mostly Fords, but the majority still used horses or mules.

All at once an old woman mingled with the crowd. A long, black skirt with a dust ruffle swept the ground, but proved her modesty. No elderly woman would permit a glimpse of her ankles and this one had her feet well covered. Her black sunbonnet was pulled over her face, ostensibly to keep out the sun.

A woman's complexion was always guarded from tanning by a covering of some kind, usually a sunbonnet. It not only afforded shade but protected one's face from harsh winds. Bonnets were a part of any woman's wardrobe, especially women who rode in wagons or open buggies. This old woman also wore a short cape.

She was evidently in trouble and those near her were interested in trying to help. Her high, cackling voice and "scrooched-up" face showed the concern she felt. It was presumed she had come down from Englewood which was at the end of the Santa Fe branch from Wichita. However, no one seemed to know how she got to Gate. She said she had relatives out in the country but was not sure of the direction or how far it was. In her dilemma she gestured with her black-gloved hand and waved a worn, old handbag as if greatly agitated. "Can't somebody help me?" she demanded. "I expected my folks to meet me—said they'd be here today sure."

The crowd pressed more closely about her. "Yes, yes, we'll help you." . . . "Don't you fret—we'll find some way for you to get out there." . . . "What did you say the name is?" . . . "Where do they live?" . . . "You just be patient—we'll find a ride for you." These were some of the utterances made by the people nearest her. They felt sorry for the woman.

Then above the din, a child's voice piped up, "It's Uncle Dal—it's Uncle Dal!"

"Hush, Doris!" A mother impatiently put her hand over her little girl's mouth.

"But, Mama, it's Uncle Dal—I know it is—it's Uncle Dal!" The child raised her voice in protest to be heard above the hubbub.

"Doris I told you to be quiet! You'll embarrass the poor soul," and Mrs. Mendenhall shook the little girl vigorously.

Suddenly someone asked, "Where is she?"

Others in the crowd looked around searchingly "Where is she? Where is she?" Evidently the child's voice had diverted their attention momentarily. When Doris Mendenhall had called out, "It's Uncle Dal!" they had glanced down at her but did not understand what she meant. Her mother didn't either. But the old woman had suddenly disappeared. They looked and looked for her—she was nowhere about. It was a mystery and all the rest of that day some of the people kept an eye out for her—and wondered.

In a little while Dallas Cox, one of the leading citizens of Gate, came sauntering along the street. Someone asked him, "Did you see the old woman—the one who was looking for a ride out to her folks in the country?"

Mr. Cox glanced around with a quizzical look on his face. "Why, no, I don't believe I did. Where is she?" He paused for a bit, then asked, "Did she find a ride?"

Months later—Thanksgiving Day, to be exact—Dallas Cox and his family were having dinner with his sister and family, the Mendenhalls. During the meal they got to talking of jokes that had been played from time to time through the years. Oren Mendenhall and his brother-in-law had always loved to play tricks on each other—still did whenever an opportunity arose. Sometimes they teamed up to fool some of their friends. They enjoyed talking about these escapades, some of which had been perpetrated when they were youngsters, growing up together.

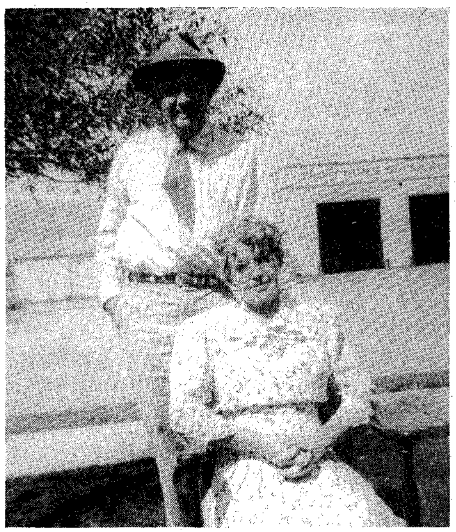
At the close of the meal, as they still sat at the table, Dallas solemnly asked, "Say, do you folks remember the old lady who appeared on Main Street one afternoon last summer?"

"Oh, yes," his sister took it up. "She was trying to find a ride out to where some of her relatives live—out in the country, some place. All of a sudden, she disappeared."

"Aw, Uncle Dal, that was you," little Doris spoke up, and her eyes glistened in merriment. "I knew all the time it was you."

"Then why didn't you say so?" her mother asked. However, right away, a knowing look spread over her face. She looked at her brother—he was grinning. Mrs. Mendenhall recalled the incident—she remembered how she had hushed the child's insistent cries.

Several years later I was a teacher in the little town of Gate. Mrs. Mendenhall became one of my best friends there. One day when I stopped in at her house, as I often did, she told me of this occurrence. "But," she laughingly concluded, "I don't believe many of the folks ever did learn it was my brother Dallas impersonating an old woman. I guess it always remained a mystery to most of the people who were in Gate that Saturday afternoon."



Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Cox in 1955.

Legend of Coyote Peak

(Continued from page 30)

where he was among friends. Other than Andrew there were three boys and two girls. The Cade home had two large rooms on each side of a dog run, an open hallway that was often used for storing saddles, harvested food products, and very often ended up being sleeping quarters, too.

Will and Andrew were together constantly. Andrew traveled with him, helped him in buying cattle and asking questions, and introduced him to many of the local people. They covered a large area, hoping to hear a name or find a clue that would lead to the identity of at least one of the guilty men. Each lead seemed to become a dead end. They were getting nowhere. Will was constantly looking for the thin-faced man and a right hand that was minus a finger, but never found them.

Members of The Mob must have felt that they were getting too close because the boys began to get warnings to leave the country. At first the warnings were simply notes fastened to the saddle horn; no one ever saw who put them there or was afraid to say. One warning reached a more desperate overtone when, during the night, the family was wakened by a volley of shots fired in the direction of the house, followed by the anguished howls of the three dogs belonging to the Cades. All had been shot. A note was tacked to a tree in the front yard that read, "This could be you. Get Will Deal out of the country."

The Cades were stubborn people, and Will Deal was their friend; they were not the type to turn their backs on him through fear. J. L. Cade, however, would not force a decision of this gravity on his family, so they discussed the situation. The decision was that Will should stay and complete the job he had started.

Because he feared for the safety of his friends, Will decided to go back to Alabama for a visit and return at a later date. He told several people that he planned to leave for home as soon as he wound up some deals. The Mob did not believe this, but thought it was a ruse and in reality he was going for the Texas Rangers. They feared an investigation, not only because of the wagontrain incident but because of other, more recent killings.

The southern part of Eastland County was mostly scrub oak with briars tangled around and under the trees so thick that travel was impossible except by the cow trail and wagon roads. In the midst of this area was a small hill called Coyote Peak. To the northwest of the peak was the farm of J. L. Cade and to the southeast was a mercantile store at the

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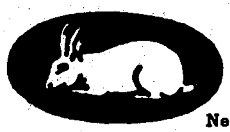

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present site of the town of Rising Star. The nearest post office was at Sipe Springs about thirty miles east of the peak.

Legend says that the wagontrain headed for Alabama was camped here and its members buried their gold here. If gold was buried by these unfortunate travelers it was never found. Because of the legend however, many people have dug around the peak with no way of knowing where to start. The road at that time led over the peak from Sipe Springs to the Cade farm, and the campsite was an isolated and lonely place.

Just before Will Deal was to make his departure, he and Andrew went to Sipe Springs to pick up the mail and some supplies for Mrs. Cade. They promised they would return home that night. The boys left for town at daybreak on a clear morning near the end of May 1885. They visited with several farmers along the way, arriving in Sipe Springs at mid-afternoon. Will was to go to the saloon; Andrew would pick up the mail and supplies and meet him for a drink before starting home. The owner of the general store and post office overheard someone tell Andrew that he had better not leave Sipe Springs with Deal or he would be in real trouble. Andrew replied that he had come to town with him and would leave with him. The man at the general store was never required to identify the man who made the threat.

Will and Andrew left town for home, following the road that would take them by the mercantile store at the "Star," and on across Coyote Peak where they would turn north to the Cade farm. Just when the boys realized they were being followed, or if The Mob simply lay in wait for them, is not known. But the two were captured on the road leading over the peak and were carried about 200 yards south of the road. It was there on Coyote Peak that Will Deal and Andrew Cade were hanged.

Late that night Mr. Cade awoke, gripped by fear. Instinctively he went around silently checking his family. Will and Andrew had not returned. J. L. Cade got his shotgun and sat in his rocker on the porch the remainder of the night. Occasionally he walked into the trees that surrounded the house and listened. He tried to convince himself that the boys were on their way or that they were only delayed or had stayed over with a neighbor. In his heart, however, he knew this was not true. They had promised to return that night and they were both good as their word. His brow furrowed with worry, Andrew's father scanned the road leading to the house but saw nothing. At daybreak, they still had not returned. Mr. Cade woke the rest of the boys and prepared to ride out in search for the missing pair.

The family worked in a zig-zag pattern, stopping at every farm house around to inquire if anyone had seen either of the boys. They were southwest of the peak about six miles when they stopped at the Curry farm. "Grandpa" Curry, as he was known, said he had not seen them. He then got his spy glasses and looked to see if he could see anything from his house. His gaze swept around the country then he let his glasses come to rest in the direction of the peak. He spoke slowly, telling Mr. Cade it seemed to him that he could see two men hanging in a tree over on Coyote Peak. Mr. Cade was so upset he did not stop to think that even with spy glasses, it would be impossible to see men on the peak from that distance. Only someone who knew they were there could have directed the searchers so accurately. The Cade men rode as fast as they could to the spot indicated by Curry.

WILL DEAL and Andrew Cade were hanging from an oak tree. Either Will put up a terrific fight for his life or a terrible vengeance was taken by The Mob. His body was so badly mutilated that the men simply dug a grave below the tree and buried him.

J. L. Cade cut down the body of his son and put him on his own horse to take him home. He was so badly shaken by this experience that his wife, Elizabeth, put him to bed and left a neighbor to care for him. Then she hitched up the buckboard and drove twelve miles to the mercantile store at the Star to have a coffin made for her son. Elizabeth Cade was a true pioneer. It was not a chore, however sad, that she wanted to trust to anyone else. She drove through hard rain and it was past mid-afternoon when she reached the store. She then settled down to wait for the coffin to be built, even though it meant driving home at night alone. Elizabeth was grieved but not frightened—and she rode home unmolested over the same road Andrew and Will had taken to their death.

The Cades puzzled over the reason Andrew's body was not mutilated the same as Will's. Surely the lynchers had been interrupted by someone or something as they were perpetrating this awful crime. The couple feared to bury their son at the cemetery lest his body would still be desecrated, so Andrew was buried under a tree in the yard near the Cade house so the grave could be guarded. Mr. Cade ordered tombstones for both boys and the one for Will Deal remains on the side of the peak to this day. The epitaphs on both tombstones read the same, "Murdered by Unknown Parties." The date reads May 22, 1885.

A man by the name of John Dill came to Mr. Cade the day of Andrew's funeral and offered his condolences. He also questioned Mr. Cade as to what he intended to do about the hanging. Dill was never a friendly man and it was unusual for him to be so concerned about his neighbor's bereavement. Also he had never been a man to ask personal questions or to answer them; he kept very much alone. Mr. Cade told him flatly that he had already sent for the Rangers and would see every man involved hanged by legal authority. John Dill appeared sympathetic but suggested that it might be unwise to bring in outsiders to do the work that neighbors should do. Mr. Cade replied that never before had neighbors done anything to protect innocent people from attack by The Mob, and he didn't think they would now. It was time for the

Rangers, and if those lawmen could not find the ones responsible he would personally hire some investigators to do so. It is strongly believed that this information was passed on to the guilty parties.

Several families moved away suddenly and violence abruptly ceased; it seemed an indication of their guilt. Members of The Mob who remained, settled down to living respectable lives. They must have been truly frightened and remorseful over the hanging of a neighbor and friend, a well respected young man. From the warning he received that day, it is believed that Andrew was not meant to be a victim. The Rangers' investigation did not turn up enough evidence to take to court, but law enforcement was coming to Eastland County.

Mr. Cade died in 1916 at the age of ninety-eight. He was buried at the Salt Tank Cemetery and Andrew's body was moved and placed beside that of his father. A new marker with the same epitaph was put up, but through some error the date on the new stone read May 27, 1885 instead of May 22.

John Dill lived on in the area, and some thirty years later confessed to two different parties to his part in the crime. Since my mother accidentally overheard one confession, and the other was given directly to my uncle and his bride of a few weeks (a niece of Andrew Cade), the two confessions were fundamentally the same.

His explanation was as follows: "My brother had traveled with The Mob for some time. One night I happened upon a meeting held in our barn and found out who most of The Mob members were and what they planned to do. This meeting had nothing to do with the hanging on the peak but was a long time before Will Deal came back to this country. When they found out I had heard, they forced me to go along with them. I was afraid not to. They threatened me if I told anyone. The night the Deal boy and Andrew were hung, all I did was to hold the horses. I had nothing to do with the hanging. I did not want to go along but was afraid not to. I knew they would kill me if I didn't go." Members were afraid of other members; guilt and fear were riding together.

When John Dill told his story, old-timers recalled the families who had moved away so suddenly. Now it was more strongly believed that they were the guilty ones. But thirty years is a long time. Most of the men were probably dead; all of the evidence was gone. There was no longer any purpose in a trial by law.

Those who participated in this and other crimes remained in the country and finished out their days. How they were punished, only God knows, but they surely were.

And still, poignant and lonely, the gravestone of Will Deal is a symbol of all the untold heartache that was part of the settling of this country. His epitaph, as does that of Andrew Cade, tells a sad ending to their own and many other short lives in the West—"Murdered by Unknown Parties."

Mesa Negra's Golden Statues

(Continued from page 20)

to take the treasure so far north to hide it. Their ancestors had lived in the lava beds until they were strong enough to occupy Acoma and defend it against raiding Plains Indians. From ancient times a wide, regular trail had led west across Mesa Negra to the field. Traces of it can still be found. Therefore it was only natural that they would cache a treasure in the easiest place to reach, where it could remain under their watchful guard.

WHERE did the gold come from which was cast into these altar vessels and statues? There were no mines close by Acoma.

For sure, the gold used in the statues and other items belonged to the padres. Otherwise it would have been hoarded solely for the benefit of governors and other officials. This happened throughout Spanish-controlled territory long before the Spanish crown declared in 1767 that all gold, silver and other valuable minerals were their property.

Some of the gold used could have come from the lava beds. (I saw a small sack of nuggets recovered by a prospector from a glade.) Or the gold could have been brought in by Indians from elsewhere. Or the statues and other items could have been cast and transported there from distant places. This last is the most likely.

Evidence is very conclusive that this treasure in vessels and statues had been acquired by the Acoma mission by 1680. Regardless of where it came from, the valuable objects were there.

The Acomas buried the wealth of the church, and kept the secret except in the case of the two bells. Chances are that not more than twenty Acomas knew exactly where the cache was made. Less than a hundred years later not one of them would have been alive But the fact that the treasure is real has long been supported by ancient Spanish documents and by the legends of pueblo historians. In the latter case the account was handed down verbally at the annual narration of tribal history to young boys reaching a certain age—usually eight years.

Among the earliest Anglo searchers was John Warren, who had been given a first-hand account of the treasure by Solomon Bibo in 1888. Bibo managed to establish a trading post at Acoma in 1882. He had also been taken into the complete confidence of the Acomas through their influential pueblo governor, Martin Balle.

Bibo himself secretly sought the treasure at various times. In this he had been aided by his several brothers. Later they were all kicked off Indian reservations by government agents. In the beginning Bibo, who appears to have been a pretty good sort, wrote down fragmentary references which Acomas had made about the treasure. From these pieces of information he eventually was able to construct a map; but surely by

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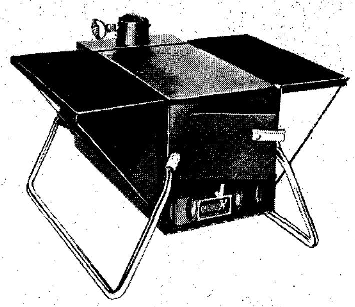

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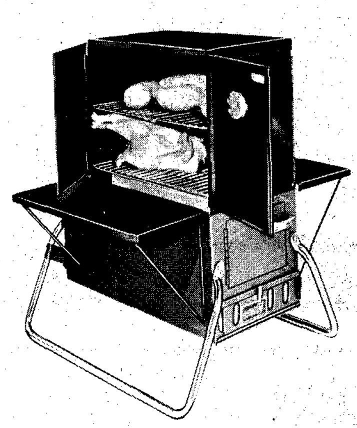

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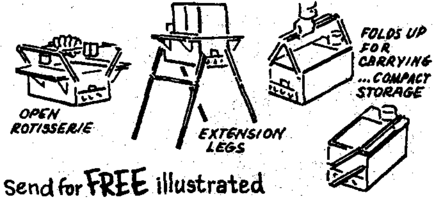
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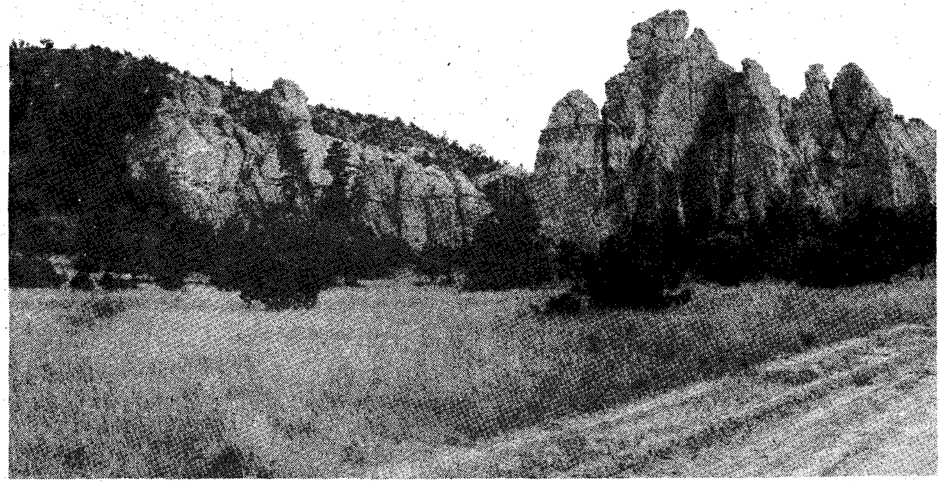

Detached natural monuments off Cebolleta Mesa.

that time information from living Acomas was hardly worth much.

Bibo gave Warren a traced copy of this map in Albuquerque. The agreement was that he would receive forty per cent of anything found. In addition Bibo apprised Warren of facts from translated documents which he had acquired in Santa Fe.

Bibo was stern in his warning, "At no time ever let an Acoma know what you are doing in there. If you find them watching you, pull out. You will be close to the treasure and they will kill you. Sneak back in without their knowledge." This statement indicates that Bibo believed the Acomas still knew the location of the cache.

WARREN never doubted the authenticity of the information given him. Equipped with the map, he proceeded to pack a string of burros to the volcanic field. In The Narrows, about where a cattle outfit windmill stands today, he pitched camp. A methodical man, Warren was in no hurry. First of all he studied the country, the landmarks and the lava beds individually, attempting to correlate them with those indicated on the map.

When he began entering the field afoot, he secretly marked a main route in. Then diverging, he cut small signs on the black lava. Most often this lava is referred to as malpais, but it is Kana-a, the type found at Sunset Crater, Arizona. Real malpais is reddish black and hard as iron, which it resembles and which it is, in part. Very little of this malpais appears in the New Mexico volcanic field south of Grants.

Kana-a, when disintegrating, produces black sand. It was a pocket of black sand containing a large cave with a shallow entrance that Warren searched for. It had been described as having been dug into and then covered over by Acomas.

Unfortunately for him and treasure hunters afterwards, the glades, or pockets pitted deep into the field, abound by the hundreds. Most all of them contain caves. They vary from a few feet in area to the great Perpetual Ice Cave at the southwest corner. Wherever the overcrust hardened rapidly during the flow, the hot lava below ran out, forming a "cave."

Another clue Warren sought was evidence of a particular ancient trail. The Acomas who hid the treasure had not gone far off it. This trail led on deeper into the field to the site of ruins their ancestors had once inhabited. The old dwellings had stood on sandstone that had not been covered during the hot lava flow. There was soil in which a few trees grew, ground vegetation, and a running spring.

Several such places are found in the volcanic field, large areas which are covered with a mere film of lava. In other instances there were small eruptions in the flow known as fumeroles, or spatter cones, in addition to squeeze-ups.

Many islands in the big flow have been found. Several of them contain the ruined dwellings of aborigines. But so far the right one has not come to light. While searching for old trails Warren found several. He ascended high ridges, or rollups, and descended along them but came upon nothing. Every day he returned to camp before sundown.

After he had been there more than a month he discovered Indians watching him from the rim of the mesa. He described them as "black eyes." Instead of pulling out as Bibo had told him to do should spies appear, Warren moved into the lava field under cover of darkness. The next day he went on with his burros into a spring-watered pocket deep inside the black wastelands.

Then to his astonishment when he arose the second morning and started cooking breakfast, three bullets whined over his head. Warren grabbed a carbine and threw a few hunks of lead into the spot on the low ridge above, but there was no return. He packed up and came out.

Entering the Laguna and Acoma country to the northeast where there were a few scattered trading posts, Warren loitered a while and asked around if anybody remembered a band of outlaws entering the lava beds following a train robbery at Belen. He posed as a prospector temporarily interested in hunting outlaw loot.

Most of the people Warren talked to were Mexicans and Indians in the small posts—and the trader in each place. His conversation was plausible; the train robbery had occurred a couple of years before, and a good many searchers for the loot had gone into the field.

WHEN Warren had wasted enough time to be certain the Acomas had heard the planted story, he went to Grants. From there he traveled slowly south through old San Rafael to where the lava field shoulders west toward El Morro (Inscription Rock). From there he moved at night to within sight of Quemado and then around to the east side. About two miles below where he had searched before, Warren managed to get inside the field some distance. Further searching led him into a spring-fed pocket with enough browse to keep his three burros.

From this camp he worked northward, again making secret marks so as not to lose his own trail. A ridge slanting to the northwest contained a depression on the west side. Following it he crossed over above the lava uplift into an area where the Kana-a was hardly eight feet thick. Here he found one section of an ancient trail which could be traced for a quarter mile. Picking it up farther on, he dropped off into a park, one of the islands, two days later. On a low point overlooking a waterhole where grass and some shrubs grew, was a pile of rocks from the walls of an old eight-room one-story pueblo. In the north wall of lava forming a ridge was the mouth of a cave. A little excited over the find, Warren began a systematic search. Pottery shards came to light in the yellow sand. Only around the edges of the pocket had the black sand crept in.

Estimating that the park was four miles from his camp Warren concluded to move there instead of wasting time traveling back and forth every day. After considerable maneuvering and trail making he managed to get the packed burros to the island.

Candles were used in the cave, which widened out to cavern proportions. The floor was black sand. Perhaps Warren moved several tons of it with his short-handled shovel before concluding that the cave floor had never been disturbed before.

Working along the face of the black ridge he found another cave, much smaller than the other. A little digging uncovered the remains of aborigines buried with several pieces of pottery.

Resting over a day he trenched and rodded the loose soil in the park. One afternoon the rod struck something hard a foot below the surface. As it was cleared of dirt, an unmistakable dull yellow reflected sunlight. For a moment Warren stared in disbelief and then grabbed it quickly. The ten-inch statue was solid gold!

But his jubilation that he had found part of the Acoma treasure soon died. The statue resembled an Aztec image, with bowl-like ears, enormous head, and short legs. The outside surface was very rough and crudely cast.

For the next several days Warren searched along all the lava face but found nothing more. He next made extended treks from the park, wearing out his shoes climbing over the broken surface. Again he found a short length of an old trail. In places it had been cleared, the pieces of Kana-a piled to one side. Its steep ascents had been hammered flat to afford better footing.

Inch by inch he traced the trail into another park. This one, however, was more like a pocket. The lava reached twenty feet overhead and the floor was all black sand where nothing grew. But there was a cave in the north wall. It was late in the day when he returned to camp.

The following morning Warren went back with two candles to set in the wall. This cave extended thirty feet and varied in width from four feet at the mouth to twenty in the center. Somewhere he heard the sound of running water. In trying to locate it he moved slowly away from the lighted candles. Suddenly the floor gave way and Warren fell some twenty feet amid a cloud of choking dust before landing solid. Badly shaken up and with a sprained right ankle, he waited until the air cleared to make his next move.

A louder sound of water came from directly beneath him, and cool air seeped around where he lay. Moving gingerly, fearing another break through all the way down to a deep underground cavern, Warren ascertained that a jump-off existed a few feet beyond. Crawling cautiously back to where faint light showed from above, he was disappointed to see that the face of the lava was vertical. He could not reach the rim overhead.

In that awful situation Warren did not give way to panic. Sitting down, he considered the dilemma in which he found himself. He would have to build a way out. Having made that decision he felt around for loose pieces of lava. They were few but Warren began building a bench toward the opening above.

Blackness soon covered the hole. Either the candles had gone out or night had come. In the gloom Warren continued trying to find chunks of lava for his platform. Occasionally he would dislodge one into the underground cavern beneath his ledge. Hardly daring to breathe, he would listen for the splash.

COLD began to seep into him, and his ankle swelled so large that the shoe had to be removed. For some hours he dozed fitfully, coming awake at last to discover that it must be daylight. A dull gray was visible from above.

Warren worked all day on the platform. Hunger and thirst merely added to his determination. On what he assumed was the next day Warren had the pile of stones high enough for his fingers to reach the rim. He then tried to pull himself upward. His first attempts were futile. Warren did not remember afterwards how long it took to climb high enough to find his head in the clear. Pausing a moment to regain his strength the desperate man reached far with his arms and hauled himself out of the hole.

It was still daylight and when he could, Warren moved on. In that way he got out onto the old trail. The night was spent between periods of lying flat and crawling a few yards, then repeating the process. Dawn was breaking when he reached the park. Going to the spring he bathed his swollen foot and took a few swallows of water. After that he fell asleep.

Awakening with a terrible thirst and a ravenous appetite, John Warren's one thought was to get out of the lava field and never come back. After the terrible experience he counted himself surprisingly lucky to be alive.

But he could not make it as yet; he was too exhausted, too weak. The waiting seemed intolerably slow. As soon as his swollen ankle became normal again, Warren wrapped an old jacket around his right foot and prepared to leave. His shoe had been left in the cave.

It took two days to make it out to red dirt and another to reach The Narrows. Despite his previous experience of being watched, Warren stayed two days on the site of his first camp to recuperate. He then went on to Grants, resupplying himself sufficiently to leave the area entirely.

When he reached Bibo's newer trading post below Grants, he showed his friend the idol. Bibo could not imagine what it was. Tests proved it to be almost pure gold. Deciding that they had better melt the statue down to forestall too much questioning as to its source, they sold the gold and split the money between them.

Warren bought a small ranch out of Las Vegas, married, and raised a family of four boys and three girls. To the day of his death he believed that further searching would have resulted in finding the Acoma church cache. But any thought of going back to try gave him a bad case of shakes. Death lurked on every side.

Many people live around the lava field today and there are stock ranches, with cattle grazing along the edge. Some of the local inhabitants have found things inside the borders—a few coins, odd artifacts of aborigines, and so on. But the secret of 1680 remains unsolved.

Bad Water and Bad Indians

(Continued from page 17)

but Captain Weldon and his men were spared by a gracious chief.

When the incident was reported to Victoria, *HMS Satellite* sped to the scene. Several Indians were arrested and taken to the capital, where they were sentenced to six months in jail.

In May 1861, Lieutenant Charles Rufus Robson, in command of *HMS Forward*, swept down upon a large band of Haidas camped near Cape Mudge. They were homeward bound in thirty canoes laden with articles looted from settlers and ships, including the trader *Laurel*.

Refusing to give up the stolen property, they replied to a warning shot over their heads with musket fire, and a seaman was wounded. Robson opened fire with cannon, leveling the camp and killing and wounding several Indians. A party landed under fire and captured a number of chiefs. Much of the stolen property was recovered.

The Haidas later charged that they had only attacked the *Laurel* because the whisky its captain sold them had been adulterated with salt water!

By 1862, the number of Indians who had migrated to Victoria had swelled to the extent that authorities found it necessary to deport many of them to their homes farther up the coast. Many Haidas conducted raids during the homeward trip and a warship escort was called to tow the canoes.

While passing between two islands, some Cowichan braves sniped at their Haida enemies being towed by *HMS Forward*. The escort ship's new commander, Lieutenant the Honorable Horace Lascelles put a small boat ashore to round up snipers and bring them to the ship. Lascelles ordered three dozen lashes given each guilty Cowichan.

THE year 1863 was a busy one for the naval ships stationed at Esquimalt, the naval base at Victoria; HM ships *Forward*, *Grappler*, *Devastation* and *Cameleon* were called upon in April when the Lamalchis murdered settler Frederick Marks and his married daughter Caroline Harvey. Then, several days

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later, they also killed an American trader.

Anticipating the warships' arrival the Lamalchis dispersed to different islands. One party dug in at Kuper Island. Lascelles fired over 300 rounds of grape canister and shell in an attack on this hideout, killing several savages. But most of the Indians had remained well hidden during the fusillade and returned such devastating rifle fire that the ships, which could not land marines in the melee, actually had to withdraw!

The expedition ended successfully, however-with the capture of seventeen Indians, four of whom were later sentenced to death at Victoria.

Shortly thereafter the schooner *Thorndike* lost two crewmen in a skirmish in Johnstone Strait. Captain Frank was wounded but managed to kill several attackers. He was saved by the chance arrival of the schooner *Nanaimo Packet.*

The Royal Navy's duties were not confined to the chastisement of Indians. *HMS Devastation,* investigating numerous reports that liquor was being sold to up-coast Indians, seized three trading schooners. Their masters were heavily fined and lost their vessels.

HMS Sutlej and *Devastation* sailed from Esquimalt Harbor on September 10, 1864 in answer to reports that the sloop *Kingfisher,* one of the three whisky-sellers seized the previous year, had been looted and burned by the Ahousats. The tribe's several villages were shelled and destroyed and about fifteen Indians were killed before eleven prisoners were secured and sent to Victoria for trial. The sixty-pound cast-iron shells fired on this foray can still be found buried where the villages once stood.

In April 1864, the murder of a single white man, committed by an Indian in British Columbia's interior, mushroomed into a full-scale rebellion. Within days, every Indian in the region was on the warpath and every white settler was either dead or evacuating the area. Word of the terror quickly reached Victoria and plans were put into effect to quell civil war.

Lieutenant-Governor Frederick Seymour placed the responsibility for peace in the hands of Chartres Brew, Chief Inspector of the British Columbia Provincial Police. Gathering volunteers, Brew ordered *HMS Forward* to New Westminster. He marched inland as Rear Admiral Kingcome landed at Bella Coola with sailors and marines and began a trek eastward over the mountains.

After several skirmishes the warring natives were caught in a pincers movement and surrendered. Four of the ringleaders were hanged but many others escaped. It was British Columbia's last major Indian uprising.

The next year the corvette *Clio* raided suspected villages and destroyed gallons of liquor in a sweep as far north as Port Simpson, just below the Alaska-British Columbia boundary. On this expedition she seized three vessels suspected of selling whisky. The accused masters were summarily convicted and heavily fined but later appealed and had the sentence quashed. The Indians could not understand or forgive the leniency given the white men compared with the harsh punishment meted out to them. Also investigated on this patrol was a rumor that the Kitimats had slain and eaten an Indian boy, but this report was not verified.

The next incident occurred in 1868, when the schooner *Growler* was wrecked off the Queen Charlotte Islands. The nine men aboard were never seen again. Although neighboring tribesmen were found with many of the ship's articles and it was surmised they had murdered the crew, nothing was ever proved. But a mariner investigating the *Growler* for salvage was beaten by natives who stole $600 from him. He considered himself lucky to escape with his life.

IN June of the same year, the sloop *Thornton* was becalmed off the north end of Vancouver Island. Some Na-kwak-to Indians paddled out to invite Captain J. D. Warren to anchor nearby to trade furs. More canoes approached; when Warren spotted shotguns hidden under some of the Indians' blankets, he sprang for his own rifle. The Indians opened fire but Warren's Henry repeating rifle was too much for the attackers. Although Warren's mate was wounded, the fleeing Indians lost fourteen dead and six wounded, one of whom later died.

Eight months later the British bark *John Bright* drove ashore on Vancouver Island's west coast. All aboard were lost. When the news reached Victoria months later, it again was surmised that any survivors had been murdered by Indians. *HMS Sparrowhawk* rushed to investigate. All the bodies, which had been buried by the Hesquiats, were exhumed and eleven were found to be headless. Seven Indians were arrested and taken to Victoria for trial and two were eventually returned to Hesquiat and hanged near the scene of the wreck. All Indians living in the vicinity were ordered to witness the executions.

Years later, the accused tribe still maintained its innocence, insisting to missionaries that the bodies from the *John Bright* had been mangled in the wild surf, accounting for the missing heads.

Thirty-two persons vanished on the 400-ton American steamer *George S. Wright,* which left Alaska for Nanaimo on February 25, 1873. One month later, word reached Victoria that her wreckage had been discovered near Cape Caution. Although many articles of the ship were found littered along the coast, no bodies were recovered and a nearby Indian village was unaccountably deserted.

Prompted by the U. S. Consul at Victoria, *HMS Petrel* and *Rocket* made several searches for the missing persons. Two months passed before the finding of a passenger's body was reported.

San Francisco newspapers insisted that some survivors might still be alive awaiting rescue. Then rumors of massacre swept the entire West Coast—items that couldn't float were found in the possession of neighboring Indians. Seven months after the *Wright* had been lost the U. S. revenue cutter *Lincoln* took up

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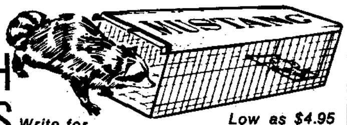

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the search but she, too, returned empty-handed.

In February 1877, five years after the tragedy, it was learned that an Owekano brave had been the sole survivor of the wreck. The brave, named Coma, gave the following story: he had been a coal passer aboard the *Wright.* The ship had been swamped and her boiler exploded during a gale in Queen Charlotte Sound. Fourteen had made it to shore, where they had been attacked by Owekanos, who massacred the whites and threw their weighted bodies into the sea. Coma said that he had been spared because he was an Owekano like his attackers.

HMS Rocket hurried north once more, loaded with armed Provincial Police. Arriving at Kimsquit, they demanded that the Owekanos point out the guilty men. Their startled chief denied knowledge of the crime, then evasively said that those responsible were in Victoria.

Told to surrender the criminals or have the village destroyed, the chief finally gave up his son and three subchiefs to be taken to Victoria for trial. But in the capital, authorities had encountered a further difficulty—Coma had altered his story.

Now he said that only seven whites had reached shore and were cared for by local Indians until Owekanos attacked two days later and murdered the whites. He had identified two of the culprits when authorities discovered that he had never been aboard the *George S. Wright!* Apparently he had invented the scheme to destroy some of his enemies. The true fate of the *George S. Wright* was never learned.

By then, Superintendent I. W. Powell had made many inspection tours of the tribes, and through his understanding of the Indians, the expansion of trade, and the teachings of missionaries, trouble began to decrease. Within a few years the need for cannon and marines to enforce the law was eliminated.

Henry Plummer's Second in Command

(Continued from page 9)

Hog-eye. Upstream Bill Graves operated a still whose potent product was welcomed with equal enthusiasm by weary traveler, wayward soldier and wandering redman. Recognizing the site as a potential source of trouble the military dispatched a squad of troopers to demolish this refreshing fount. The mash was thrown into the stream which thereafter was called Whiskey Creek.

One evening Bill Bunton rode southwesterly to an ambitious little pioneer settlement named Coppei Falls to socialize and attend a dance. Inside the crude hall his attention was claimed by an attractive Indian girl. When Jonathan Buzzard cleared his throat to call the changes, and Bill Montgomery ran off preliminary trills on the fiddle, Bill made a bee-line for the lady of his choice. Mid-way to his goal he was intercepted by burly Dan Cagwell, who shoved Bill rudely off course and tactlessly reached for the damsel himself. Bill never stood for being pushed around, having resisted even the parental efforts of Dad Bunton.

It was a real good fight, but fights were commonplace, while dances were occasions. The belligerents were ushered outdoors to settle it man to man; inside it was "on with the dance." Events in the yard soon got out of hand. When the scuffle resulted in gun-play Dan Cagwell died suddenly and violently.

Bill Bunton was speedily tried and acquitted on grounds of self-defense. Unfortunately, instead of being sobered by a narrow escape from the noose he seemed to have felt released from whatever inhibitions may have hitherto curbed his conduct. He later killed a brother-in-law in cold blood, and pulled up stakes and moved to a ranch on the Pataha, a small creek in the vicinity of present-day Pomeroy, Washington. There he settled down with an Indian wife and began to deal in livestock, a business venture shared by a sometime partner of doubtful repute named Turner.

Bill used every expedient which promised a safe and profitable return but his ranching came to an abrupt end when a posse of irate cattlemen made an unexpected call. Since he had killed an Indian in a quarrel over ownership of an excellent horse, an act which could have revived trouble with the natives, and may have been in possession of some stock about which pointed questions might be asked, Bunton disguised himself as a Nez Perce and "injunned" out of that threatening vicinity. He made his way to Lewiston, Idaho, scouted out friends he had known along the trail or in Walla Walla, and breathed more freely.

WITH semi-legitimate livelihood now barred to him, Bill joined the outlaws who made the Lewiston, Oro Fino and Salmon River regions a peril to honest men. No well-stocked miner or prospector was safe. Bill also made the acquaintance of a suave, unassuming man slightly younger than himself who should have been a prey for robbers since he had ample money and displayed it freely. Bill thought it must have been the pale-steel eyes and loosely holstered guns which provided Henry Plummer's immunity. The real explanation, when time revealed the truth, was to shock the whole territory.

Honest citizens, harried by an accumulation of criminal acts, were at last roused to action. In every likely location along the Nez Perce Trail ominous signs gave warning that the days of easy picking were at an end. George Ives thundered into Lewiston on a lathered horse, having been detected in his illicit livestock deals; "Clubfoot George" Lane was close behind and related how a posse had corraled him near Coppei Falls, where he had been told by "Parson" McGee: "It is the judgment of this committee that you should get on a horse, ride a long, long distance, and stay away a long, long time."

Lane and Ives tarried but briefly, then hastened over the mountains to Montana's rich new diggings along Grasshopper Creek and Alder Gulch. They were soon followed by others of uneasy

(Continued on page 48)

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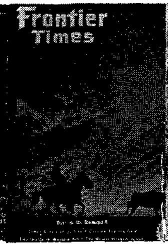
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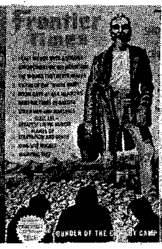
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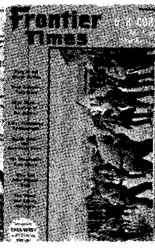
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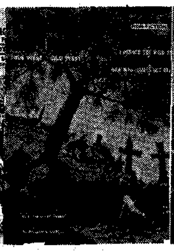
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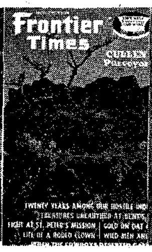
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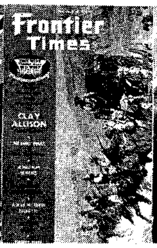
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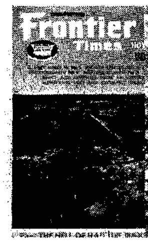
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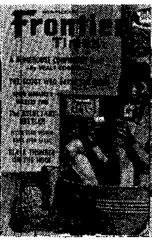
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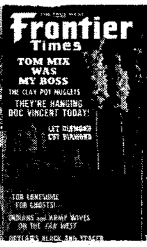
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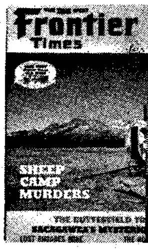
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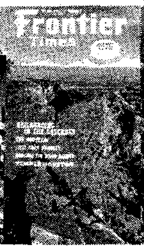
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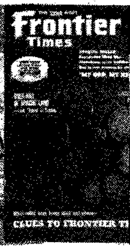
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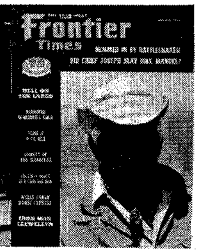
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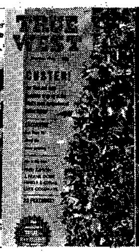
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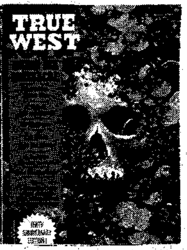
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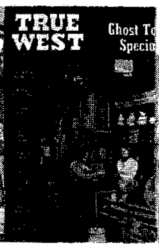
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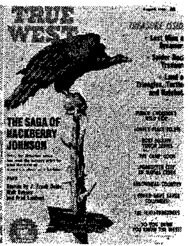
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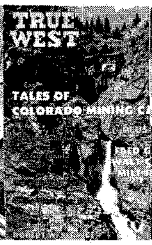
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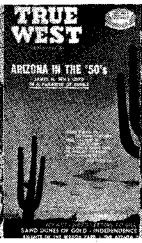
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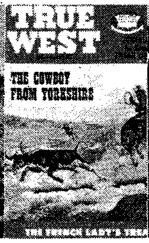
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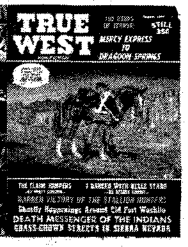
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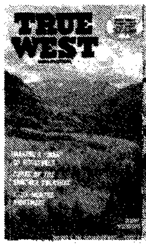
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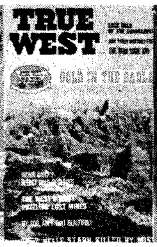
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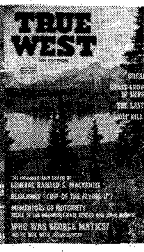
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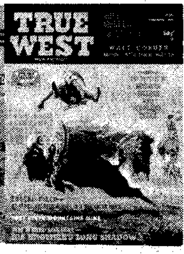
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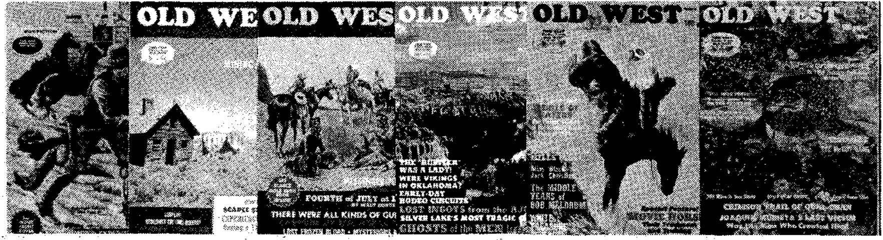

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(Continued from page 45)

conscience. Some who should have joined the exodus hung around too long and became permanent residents. Not so wily Bill Bunton. Montana beckoned to him also, and he was quick to heed the call.

In flourishing Bannack he met again that enigmatical young man whose personality had so baffled him during Lewiston days. Now, however, the mystery was solved when it was revealed that Henry Plummer, a masterful organizer, had long been in control of the robber element he purported to seek. This sinister individual who was sheriff of Bannack and the Alder Gulch region was full of plans to reap the wealth of the entire area. There would be rich rewards for all faithful vassals who qualified for roles in the plot—ample treasure for all.

Clubfoot George Lane was to set up his cobbler's bench in a store, his assignment to mark all stagecoaches carrying gold shipments or well-laden passengers. Bill Bunton was given a job at Rattlesnake Ranch, key stopping place on the Virginia City-Bannack stage route. At Rattlesnake Ranch the travelers could be delayed, a deed facilitated by seeming difficulty in finding relay teams or in "making repairs" to the vehicle.

When leaving the gold camps travelers could choose from several roads; from Bannack to Fort Benton and down the Missouri by steamboat; from Virginia City to Salt Lake City and east by stagecoach; horseback over the Lolo Pass to Lewiston, Idaho, then by steamboat down the Snake and Columbia to Portland. These *three* choices actually meant *none* as road agent traps were carefully arranged along each. The loot obtained was impressive, as was the toll of life exacted when travelers were in groups too small to repel the desperadoes, whose secret organization was at last suspected. Several thousand prospectors toiled under the threat of imminent death. The man who struck it rich eyed his partner or neighboring miners with suspicion, often with justification.

Murder, robbery and outrage were so widespread it seemed to residents of the troubled region that they had lived in fear of their lives for a much longer period of time than the few months during which Plummer's organization was at its peak. The breaking point followed several senseless crimes which individually offered little reward in return for the bloodletting. Plummer's failure to ferret out the guilty parties, despite his plea regarding the scope of territory he had to cover, was regarded with annoyance and skepticism.

DURING the winter of 1863 the body of likeable Nick Thiebalt was found in the sagebrush, thoroughly frozen but bearing bullet wounds and marks of the rope by which the youth had been dragged from the trail. A Citizen's Court found George Ives guilty of the crime, committed for the sake of a modest sum which Thiebalt had received for a team of mules. The wandering Mr. Ives reached the end of his vagrant career due in part to the vigor and fearlessness of

W. F. Sanders, who prosecuted him and then expedited the hanging which took place at Nevada City. A crowd of toughs attempted to prevent the execution and by their actions revealed themselves in proper character. When Henry Plummer arrived to take Ives into "legal custody" he was much chagrined to find his efforts had been forestalled by the citizens.

Lloyd Magruder, a popular Idaho merchant, en route home with the proceeds of a successful trading season in the gold camps, was slain along with some trusted companions, while in camp along the Lolo Trail. This wholesale slaughter infuriated those it did not terrify.

Closer than the Magruder affair were events at Rattlesnake Ranch, where Bill Bunton was responsible for efficient maintenance. A stage carrying several prosperous passengers stopped at the relay site. Noting Clubfoot George's "mark," Bill sent a messenger to alert the gang's reception committee, then stalled the vehicle while fresh teams were rounded up. The hold-up took place and every traveler was robbed; but one victim, a businessman named Percy, carefully observed the bandits. His keen interest evidently was noted, for later Henry Plummer asked if he could identify any of the culprits. Percy wisely denied recognizing any of them.

Bill Bunton, who had ridden alongside the driver, remained suspicious. He began a war of nerves, accosting Percy on the streets of Bannack or walking up behind him, delivering a sharp thrust, and snarling, "Stick 'em up!" Percy distrusted Bunton's funning. Eventually his patience gave out and he told the bigger man off in no uncertain terms. Bill hauled out his pistol and the first ball creased the merchant's ear.

Before a second shot could be fired Jason Luce, a stage driver, intervened and demanded a piece of the action. Bunton talked his way out of that one. Later in the day Luce tangled with Sam Bunton. The younger brother, after sundry adventures of his own, had caught up with Bill and become his faithful shadow thereafter. He was a shadow with considerable substance, however, for when Luce proclaimed brother Bill a coward Sam worked him over in thorough frontier fashion.

A week later the antagonists collided again in Salt Lake City and resumed the quarrel. This time Jason Luce staged a comeback and the results were immediately fatal to Sam Bunton. Bill grieved in typical fashion but had only a short time to indulge his sorrow.

W. F. Sanders, the same who had been the nemesis of George Ives, had occasion to spend an uneasy night at Rattlesnake Ranch while investigating the ownership of some cattle. Bill Bunton was laying low, but he did show up long enough to trade a fine mount for a much inferior animal, thereby accommodating a ruffian who seemed in a desperate hurry. It was widely reported that a prospector had recently stopped for the night at Rattlesnake Ranch. Well in his cups, he had bragged of the heavy poke he was toting. As this welcome guest slumbered Bunton shot him, then ransacked his packs but could locate only fifty dollars. Bill was said to have voiced drunken complaints at having been put to so much bother for so little gain.

Such loose strings as this rumor led to a complete unraveling of that carefully woven net in which Sheriff Henry Plummer had enmeshed the gold country. More dropped stitches were soon to follow. Actually the hanging of George Ives marked the waning of the cold moon of outlawry and ushered in the rising sun of vigilante reprisal. His trial directed suspicion toward others, especially Aleck Carter.

Carter had made himself scarce but since he was a close friend of Bill Bunton a squad of determined citizens visited Rattlesnake Ranch. Neither Bunton nor Carter could be found but roustabout "Red" Yeager was present, congenial enough but unable to tell his somber callers just where the wanted pair might be.

More persistent questioning by the guests and a diligent search for evidence uncovered a letter written by one George Brown, warning his pals of imminent arrest and advising them to keep under cover. Red admitted the letter had been entrusted to him for delivery at the first opportunity.

Taking Yeager along in custody the vigilantes soon nabbed Brown and submitted him to a severe grilling. Brown, whose services as a scout during the recent Sioux uprising in Minnesota now earned him no favors, admitted authorship of the significant letter. Since Red had already confessed his intention of delivering it to men who were wanted for questioning, the verdict against both was death by hanging. This judgment sealed the fate of every desperado in the territory.

Red Yeager opened up and, when told that his confession would gain no mercy, seemed more determined than ever to reveal all. Perhaps a late surge of conscience inspired him, or possibly resentment because there had been no attempt at rescue. At any rate his recital was of astounding importance. It described the scope and organization of banditry from root to farthest extended branch.

Members of the gang were to wear mustaches and small beards; neckerchiefs were tied with a special knot; and the password was—"Innocent." The location of all hide-outs were described in detail, and a complete roster—listing every road agent and his special assignment—was dictated. The name of Sheriff Henry Plummer led all the rest. Second in command was ambitious, gold-hungry Bill Bunton.

HARD RIDING messengers spurred to Bannack and Virginia City. It was January 1864. Both communities were encircled by guards to prevent the departure of any person named by Red Yeager.

In Bannack Henry Plummer, Buck Stinson and Ned Ray went to the gallows, the former weeping, begging for another chance, for exile, for anything but the rope. He recently had hanged a

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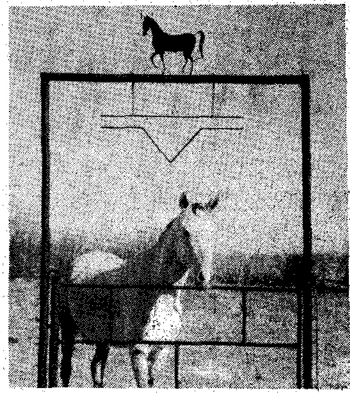

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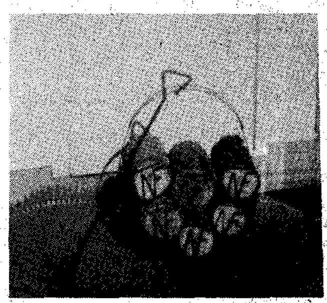

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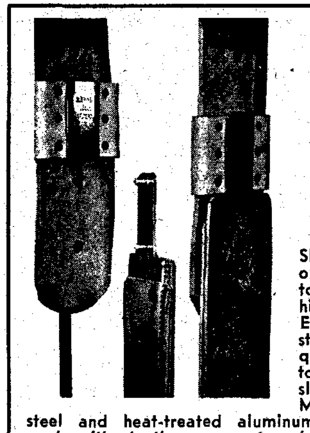

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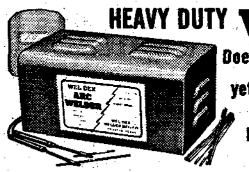

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man for the $50 murder which Bill Bunton actually committed but now showed little stomach for being party of the first part. In Virginia City Boone Helm, Jack Gallagher, Frank Parish, Hayes Lyons and Clubfoot George Lane were summarily executed. The vigilantes then took the trail of the remaining suspects. The snow became deeper, the weather dropped to 30° below, but the riders, swathed in blankets and buffalo overcoats, grimly pursued their quarry.

Prior to these wholesale hangings Bill Bunton had departed from Rattlesnake Ranch to accompany Aleck Carter to Deer Lodge. They stopped at Smith's Ranch for food and shelter, and to refresh the horses. Carter soon pushed on —and Bunton, too, should have kept going, clear to Canada, but he succumbed to the old gambling urge.

Bill never had better cards or worse luck! After several hours with the pasteboards he found himself half-owner of the saloon and gaming establishment. Just a little more time and he might be sole owner of his own joint, boss at last. And surely the deep-drifted, frigid miles separating him from his old quarters at Rattlesnake should guarantee safety.

Later that night Bill Bunton was roused from sleep by determined pounding on his door. A threat of force, and possibly consideration for a man and boy also sleeping in the room, caused him to open up. Quickly overpowered, his arms pinioned, the luckless bandit was forced to hear the evidence against him. Fate had dealt him a joker. When he should have been pushing leather he had been pounding his ear.

Bill Bunton refused to admit any of the charges against him and firmly declared his innocence, but the impatient worn-out posse advised that he take care of any last business affairs. Bill bequeathed his fine gold watch to the partner, Cooke, then directed that all other property, including half-interest in the saloon, be sold, with the proceeds used to pay debts, as befitted a man of integrity.

Daybreak added no warmth and little light to the stark scene. Close at hand was a corral with tall gateposts and a cross-rail sufficiently high to clear any load of hay intended for delivery to the barn. Over this rail a rope was tossed.

The road agent chief, Henry Plummer, had died rather badly. His second-in-command was of harder metal. Reaffirming his innocence Bunton declared, "I care no more for hanging than for taking a drink of water."

After climbing on the improvised scaffold he gave particular instruction to the hangman regarding adjustment of the noose. To the very last, with everything ready, Bill remained adamant against being "pushed." Quickly and deliberately he leaped from the platform. With this execution over, the riders moved on, continuing a sweep that by month's end eliminated organized banditry in the gold camps.

Henry Plummer, outlaw chief, was executed on a conventional gallows. His second-in-command, suspended from the cross-rail of a corral gate where space for greater elevation was available, may actually have ended his career higher than his boss by several feet. Bill Bunton would have liked that.

Note: For additional information on Kamiakin and Bill Bunton see KAMIAKIN by A. J. Splawn, 1944, Binfords & Mort and VIGILANTE DAYS AND WAYS by N. P. Langford, 1957, University of Montana Press.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 37)

department. The National Park organized after the cavalry moved out during World War I. I got to know most of those early-day Rangers. Townsley was chief. Then there was Jack Gayler, Billy Nelson, Charley Adair, John Wegner, Ernest Reed, the Skelton brothers, James Loyd and several others. John Bingaman I first met when he was a trail guide.

ON October 1, I was assigned to work with the telephone line crew, engaged in removing the old tree-lines and building an eight-wire pole-line from the village to El Portal. I had the job of hiking along the old line, climbing with tree-spurs and belt to remove tie-wires and insulators, while Sam Crookson pulled the wire out to the reel with his saddle horse. I really enjoyed that work and was sorry when it was finished.

Next I worked with Indian George Warne on the big redwood flume which carried water from the dam down to the Cascades powerhouse. We tightened all of the steel bands that held the big pipe together. That job happened to be at the time the King and Queen of Belgium visited Yosemite Valley. We were standing on top of the pipe, just above the road, when the cavalcade of big open touring cars appeared, moving slowly upgrade. When they were right below us George let loose a wild Indian yell and we waved our hats. King, Queen and all their entourage returned what could honestly be called a "Royal Salute."

We were working for Frank Ewing at that time. He took us to work in his pickup and stopped by for us again at quitting time. One evening he didn't show up and we waited about an hour before starting the eleven-mile hike back to headquarters. It so happened that Frank had decided to eat supper in the messhall that night and while looking over the crew he missed us and left the table on the run, without explanation. George and I had hiked to El Capitan Meadows before Frank came tearing down the road in his rattling pickup. He never did get done apologizing; he was a very considerate boss.

Auto tourists were a mere trickle when compared to today's hordes. Only two roads into the Valley from the west were open. From the northwest were the Coulterville Road and the Crane Flats Control; the road from the southwest, from Fresno or Merced, was by way of Mariposa and Wawona and the one-way control-road from Chinquapin into the Valley. Either route was not to be considered lightly. And the one from the east, over Tioga Pass, was a real adventure.

Most visitors came by train over the Yosemite Valley Railroad from Merced. Others came by auto stage to Wawona, thence to the Valley—a long, hot dusty trip over narrow dirt roads. No roads were kept open during the winter months and the railroad was the only access for that season's few visitors.

Most improvement work in Yosemite Valley closed down at the end of November and only key personnel remained on duty. We seasonal employees were laid off for the winter. I teamed up with an old-timer to spend some time placer mining and fur-trapping in South Fork Canyon.

I worked during 1920 at the Clearinghouse Mine in the Merced River Canyon, about seven miles down river from El Portal. Clearinghouse has been a ghost town since World War II. Then in early May of 1921, I rode my horse from Clearinghouse into Yosemite Valley and arranged for temporary work with a dairyman who grazed his cows in the Sentinel meadows. All jobs on the seasonal work crews of the National Park Service were already filled.

I was offered a summer job at one of the checking stations but that didn't interest me so I went to work for the Yosemite Park Company as a carpenter's helper. My work was varied. I helped build a sun-roof over the Lodge kitchen, drove a team of work-horses and helped remove the granite foundations of the planned (but never built) Grizzly Hotel, and also worked for Jim Helm building corrals at the stables.

ONE DAY while I was replacing a plank in the dining-room floor, two lady tourists asked me if I knew the age the immense Montana Tree around which the octagon-shaped room was built. I said that I didn't know the exact age but when I came there it was in a pot, and it grew so fast we had to cut a hole in the roof to let it out. I heard a questioning "Oh?" and promptly forgot the incident.

A couple of days later Mrs. McCrackon, the camp manager, gave me a message to report at the Yosemite Valley office next day. I puzzled over the orders during the long trip the next day on the auto-stage.

Mr. Farrow was company manager. After I had been ushered into his office and introduced he quietly asked about my work at the Big Trees, then asked if I recalled a conversation with two visiting ladies. After a bit of thinking I remembered the incident and conversation. He quietly lectured me concerning courtesy and consideration to paying guests and finished up by saying he hoped I would remember in the future. (I did.)

I returned to the Big Trees on the next day's stage. Naturally the camp crew and Mrs. McCracken were very curious concerning my summons to headquarters. When I explained the incident she cussed like a trooper then laughed until she cried. It really didn't seem quite that funny to me.

Later in the season, just before Labor Day, I received a written notice to help a truck driver unload and place a great granite boulder near the base of one of the Big Trees and to be dedicated to the unknown dead of World War I. Diagram and placing instructions were very explicit. The truck with the stone arrived and the driver informed me that *his* orders were to stay overnight and help *me*. The big granite boulder was almost flat on the back side and the front was already drilled for installing a bronze plaque.

We dug a base for the stone as directed and next morning jockeyed the truck into position, placed the skids, and then nearly busted a gut prying the stone off the truck at the proper angle. According to the directions it was to stand upright in the pit we had dug for it. The stone slid off the truck and into the hole just right, then slowly tipped over backwards until it lay almost flat. We pried and heaved at the boulder all afternoon but there it stayed.

The dedication was to be held the next day and I was somewhat worried about the unplanned position of the stone. I hoped to explain to the boss before the dedication and correct the position of the stone later. I worked until late in the evening installing the bronze plaque and smoothing the ground around it.

I attended the dedication ceremonies but didn't get a chance to speak to the boss. He looked rather unhappy about the position of the stone until the visiting dignitaries complimented him on the "excellent, unobtrusive placement" of the marker. I basked in the pleasing, but unexpected, praise!

The stone was not moved and when I last saw it, during my last visit to the Big Trees about twelve years ago, it was in the same position it had settled into that day in 1921.

The tourist-season ended in October and after closing the Big Tree Lodge my employment ended. I never returned to work in Yosemite but went on to other jobs in California and completed a carpenter apprenticeship. Years later I joined the U. S. Forest Service and remained for twenty-eight busy, interesting and rewarding years.

AL MARTIN
NAPOLETANO

RECKLESS DRIVERS OF SIXTY YEARS AGO

IN 1910 the automobile was relatively new on the roadways of Nebraska. However, one enterprising inventor perceived the potential hazard that the horseless carriages offered to pedestrians and devised a solution for those who had the ill fortune to be run over by an automobile. The *Omaha World-Herald* of February 20, 1910 outlined the proposal in an article entitled "When an Automobile Runs a Person Down."

"If it is any satisfaction to you when you are run over and smashed by an automobile, an ingenious inventor has hit upon a plan for surely locating the joy rider or motormaniac who runs over and smashes you and races away. The device is a rather intricate mechanical contrivance that will shoot out license tags with the number of the automobile which runs over you at the moment you are run over. As the machine mows you down and begins to flatten you out, compressed air shoots out a shower of little tags that are contained in pipes attached to the bumper of the machine. These pipes, of course, are worn on the automobile by compulsion of the law. The law also provides that they must be filled with identification tags, which, after a victim is smashed, will be strewn in a gentle shower over his remains and along the road.

"The same inventor might as well go a bit further and fill his pipes with chloroform or ether so that when you are run over, the chauffeur will be overcome and thereby prevented from running away from the scene of disaster. The mere fact that the chauffeur when so overcome may go on riding at full speed in a senseless condition and run over half a dozen more persons is only part of the hazard of the game. He can't run very far while unconscious and is certain to be picked up dead or alive.

"Another suggestion along this line is to fit the bumper of the auto with a dynamite carrier that will blow the chauffeur out of his seat the moment he runs over anybody. Even if you can't identify him afterward, you can probably get a line on him from the number of the blown-up auto, the dynamite being planted so as not to blow the number away."

There is no record that any of these proposed "safety" devices ever found practical applications, much to the benefit of motorists and pedestrians alike.—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

LL OR 77

By Jerry Springer

PARK CITY, Utah, like a number of western mining camps during the 1870s and 1880s, was more or less a trouble spot; yet lynchings in the Territory of Utah were never particularly numerous. However, a lynching by a mob did take place in Park City in 1883. Historians believe this to be the first in that mining district's history.

The act that led to the hanging took place on August 22. As eye-witnesses have stated, Mathew Brennan, a local resident, was shot while helping several men survey claims in the Iron Canyon area near Park City. While Brennan was giving directions to the surveyors, a single rifle shot rang out a short distance away and a bullet struck him in the back, knocking him from his horse. E. M. Wheeler, one of the men near Brennan, tried to catch him as he fell from the saddle. While the victim was lying on the ground, Wheeler and a second man heard Brennan cry out, "Murphy killed me! Murphy killed me!" Brennan died within a matter of seconds after being struck by the large calibre bullet.

Jack Murphy, who was mining in the region of Park City, was said to have been in the area just prior to the shooting, and the rifle report seemed to have come from the direction toward which he had earlier disappeared. Brennan and Murphy had recently become involved in a dispute over ownership of certain mining property and each man expected trouble with the other. Both went about armed. Brennan had a rifle cradled in his arms when he was shot from his horse. Several men testified that Murphy had made threatening remarks toward Brennan, after which Murphy had borrowed a rifle and eight cartridges. Later, when he was arrested, the rifle was taken from him along with seven remaining bullets in his possession; he could not account for the loss of one cartridge.

It is an interesting coincidence that just a few days prior to the Brennan killing a similar murder had occurred in Salt Lake City. It involved the fatal shooting of a city marshal by his prisoner. The prisoner was soon captured and then turned over to a crowd of citizens. Within a short time after the shooting the murderer was lynched by a mob. An account of the murder and lynching in Salt Lake City was carried on the same page of the local Park City paper relating the Brennan shooting. It may very well be that the excitement and hysteria in Salt Lake helped to excite similar action in Park City.

On August 23, an inquest was held. The verdict reached by the coroner's jury was that of willful murder of Mathew Brennan by Jack Murphy. Circumstantial evidence against Murphy was very strong.

LOCAL officials felt that Murphy should be removed some twenty-five miles to the county seat in Coalville, which was done on the same day of his arrest. The first two nights in Coalville were uneventful. However, on Friday night, county officers were informed that a crowd from Park City was coming for Murphy. The prisoner was taken across the Weber River and several officers stayed with him in a grain field during the night.

On Saturday, Murphy was returned to his cell in Coalville and two guards remained with him. Back in Park City a mob was organizing. One major difficulty facing the would-be lynchers was how to get to the county seat from Park City and back again. The problem was solved by kidnapping several employees, including an engineer and fireman, of the Utah Eastern Railroad. According to reports, the engineer attempted to fight one of the mob when a gun muzzle was placed to his head. He grabbed the weapon and shoved it away, whereupon at least a half-dozen more barrels took its place.

After the leaders had ordered their captives to fire up an engine and attach a caboose, they headed for Coalville. The Coalville officers had stayed up late Saturday night expecting trouble but when nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary they retired. Sometime past midnight they were taken by surprise and, greatly outnumbered, were forced to give up their prisoner.

Murphy was taken to the station in Coalville where the mob with its captive boarded the Utah Eastern for the trip back to Park City. The next morning the body of Murphy was found hanging from a telegraph pole.

Some individuals estimated that the lynchers numbered about thirty men. Others spoke of at least seventy-five and perhaps one hundred.

When the deceased was found Sunday morning, hanging from the pole, a note was pinned to his clothing which was signed "77." One Salt Lake newspaper indicated that Murphy was hanged with his hands tied and shackles on his feet. This daily also mentioned that a note was found on Murphy's body with just the initials "L L," signifying "Lynch Law." It may be that reporters of both papers had read the same note, but one was looking at it upside down!

A REPORT ON SILKVILLE

The following is taken from a long story concerning the Silkville community which was established southwest of Williamsburg in Franklin County, Kansas, and for several years successfully produced silk and later dairy products. The story appeared in the Ottawa *Journal*, June 1, 1871:

"It is not known perhaps to many of our readers that the young state of Kansas has inaugurated the culture of silk on a large scale. The introduction of a French communistic society to the prairies of Kansas, with all the social details of a parallelogram of joint stock property and association of families, is certainly a novelty that caps the climax of the age.

"About three years ago, Mons. E. V. de Boissiere, a French philanthropist of vast fortune, came to America from Bordeaux. . . . After traversing all the states of the North, East and South, he came to the West and found the garden spot of his imagination in the southern part of Franklin county. . . . In 1869 he purchased 3,200 acres from Mr. Schofield and at once erected a large three-story residence for his operatives, all of whom at present occupy this building with their families. A very handsome structure of red limestone, 25x80 feet, has just been completed for a silk factory and some of the looms are already up.

"Mr. Boissiere is now on his way from Bordeaux with looms and machinery of every description. Up to this time the only manufactures have been silk velvet trimmings but the new looms will enable them to commence the manufacture of silk dress goods this summer. . . . Last spring, they planted seed for 20,000 mulberry trees and this spring they have set out 8,000 yearling twigs. They expect to have ample feed for the silk worms next summer. . . . They made over 32,000 yards of silk velvet trimming last year. . . .

"Mons. de Boissiere has already expended about $50,000 on this settlement. He is deeply imbued with the idea that there is no necessity for antagonism between capital and labor. He is broadly democratic in all his notions of life. . . .

"The new factory will also contain eight looms in the front room. A single loom turns out at one time, twenty-eight pieces of double web ribbon, woven with the pile between the two webs and then separated by sharp blades which vibrate with the movement of the loom. The daily product of the loom is about 300 yards of finished ribbon. The new machines now coming will weave broad web velvet and other silk fabrics.

"The cocoons will be introduced from California next spring and prepared for incubation. . . . The silk worm only lives two months, in which time it forms the cocoons and gives up the ghost. They are kept on long tables covered with paper and the leaves of the mulberry are fed to them on these tables. . . .

"The foregoing facts were gleaned from a visit to Valeton [Silkville] on last Saturday for the express purpose of furnishing our readers with a history of this novel enterprise. As it is perhaps the only silk manufactory in the United States, this description may be read with more than ordinary interest. Now that the whole social and industrial arrangements of France have been broken down before the rude whirlwind of armed invasion, it would seem as though the benevolent plans of the philanthropic Frenchman were opening a way for their resuscitation on this continent." —*Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeko.*

(Continued on page 58)

Frontier Freighter

(Continued from page 34)

ing. I'll never forget that day!

Mother turned the team around and started back. When she met my father he asked her how come she let the team get away. She was boiling mad and told him that was a fool question under the circumstances; that if they'd been heading for Thermopolis instead of Casper she would have taken the buggy whip and kept them going. He told her that now she'd started on the trip she was going all the way and he'd guarantee the excitement was just beginning. He was right. A few days later a tumbleweed spooked our team and away we went again. Mother had all she could do without watching us kids. I was sitting in the back seat of the surrey, scared to death, when the wheel hit a bump. Out I went into the sagebrush. I wasn't hurt—just some nice big bruises. The uphill run soon winded the horses. She turned them around, collected me, and we were on our way again.

We had many new experiences we would never forget—cooking over a campfire, hearing wolves howl at night, seeing new country. Even with the bad weather and rough living Mother didn't complain but took everything as it came. Before that trip was over, though, she decided the ranch wasn't so bad after all, and we kids had also simmered down for awhile. Hauling freight was a man's job—and no place for women and children.

THE LEAD MARE in Dad's team was a blood red bay named Lyle. She was a beautiful animal, with a white star on her forehead and one white hind foot. She held her head high with a bow in her neck. Her long curly mane rippled like silk in the sun. She was my favorite of all the horses. Lyle liked me, too, probably because I always slipped her an extra ration of oats or a little sugar when no one was watching. Dad never could understand why she liked me so well.

Lyle knew as much as any man about keeping those wagons on the road, and my father had a lot of respect for her. His ranch was twelve miles from Thermopolis. Between trips he would go home to rest and reshoe his horses. The road was crooked and the Big Horn River had to be forded, which was a tricky thing to do with a long freight outfit. Sometimes he was "well saturated" when he left town so he crawled up in the lead wagon to sleep. More than once, Lyle took the outfit home safely, just as if Dad were driving. He told me when I was just a youngster to always give a horse the credit he deserved and the chance to use his brains. Perhaps the phrase "horse sense" came from the reliance the old timers had on their horses.

And I will never forget the mules. There was a big Swede who hauled freight with sixteen head of them. Naturally enough, he was called "Sixteen Mule." He wore a big black beaver hat, chewed tobacco and smoked an old black pipe—sometimes all at once. When he finished a chew of tobacco he dried it out by the fire, later smoking it in his pipe. He sure got along with those mules, especially when he started spitting against the wind. His temper was like an angry hornet's. When the mules gave him a bad time, he started swinging that shot whip and putting little buttonholes in their skins. Hair a-flying, those long-eared mules would start wagging their ears, swinging their tails, and really hitting the collars. They knew in those feeble minds that it wouldn't pay to fool around any longer. This mule skinner could cuss a blue streak, chew tobacco, and drink a slug of good old mountain dew (simultaneously). He told his friends the reason he mixed the tobacco juice with whiskey was to spit on the buttonholes he put on his mules, to keep the flies away.

One trip he was hauling liquor from Montana to "Old Town" by the Big Horn River. One of the barrels sprang a leak so he filled his jug and plugged the hole. Well, he could handle his liquor pretty well, but he kept sampling until he got sleepy. Pretty soon he crawled under the wagon to take a snooze. Fact of the matter was, he slept pretty late. His mule pals were always used to an early start in the morning, so they came in to get their grain. Old Jack was always hungry—he thought the only way to get his oats was to let his master know about it. He started braying and lifting his tail, and wind from under that tail sounded like a choo-choo train on a frosty morning. Out came Sixteen Mule just a-foggin'. He rubbed his eyes and let out a yell you could hear for miles. "By damn, I'm never

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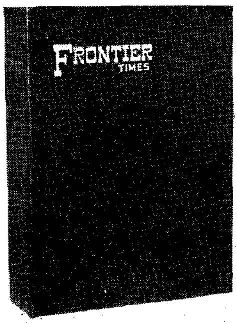

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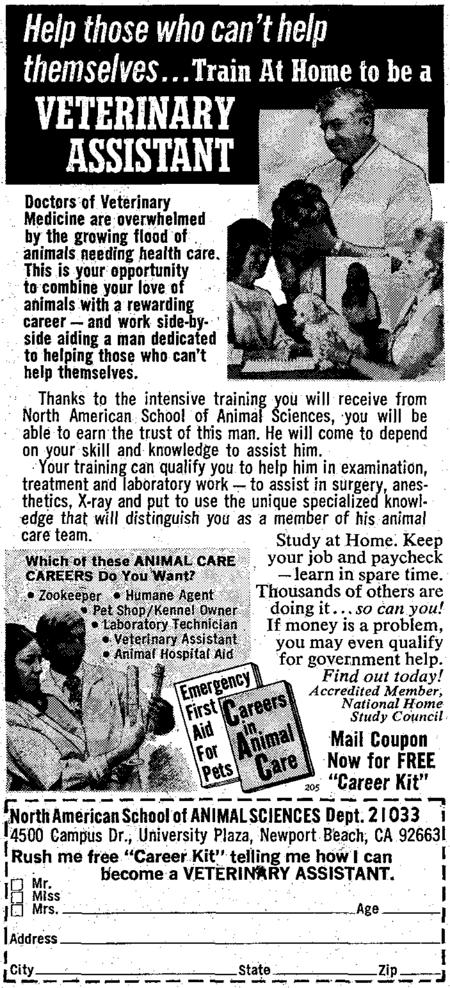

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going to take another drink when a dumb jackass has to bray at one end and let off steam at the other to wake me up. It's time to quit drinking!" But he didn't keep his promise. He never gave up hard liquor nor would he quit chewing and smoking.

But with all Sixteen Mule's bad habits, he was honest and a friend you could rely on. Merchants and businessmen had to depend solely on wagon teams for their supplies of all kinds, especially in the more remote areas of Wyoming. The teamsters were rough and tough and endured hardships that were unbelievable, but they took everything that came along.

THERE WERE a number of freighters who teamed along with Dad and Sixteen Mule. One of them was a Texan who was quite a character, always packed a gun and wasn't bashful about using it. Often there might be six string teams camped at the same place. Sometimes it was really wild—even a little dangerous if they had liquor or anyone got mad. One night the Texan shot the coffee pot full of holes. The boys wrestled him down, tied his feet, and roped him to the wagon wheel. It didn't take him long to sober up.

Peg Leg, another teamster, was a loner. No one ever knew for sure where he came from; he apparently had no relatives and if he had a last name, he didn't use it. His right leg was off at the knee but, with his peg leg strapped on, he could get around as well as anyone. When he got in a fight, he just backed up against the wall, jerked the peg leg off and used it as a club.

These men as a general rule were a happy-go-lucky bunch and helped one another when they were in trouble. Stealing from another man's wagon was a serious offense. A case of peaches came up missing one morning from Dad's wagon. The natural suspect was a homesteader who lived nearby. There was snow on the ground and the tracks led right to his door. He was a lazy cuss who never did an honest day's work if he could help it.

The evidence was on the table so he had no choice but to admit his guilt. Dad was mad enough to bust his jaw but thought of a worse punishment. He told the man that if he greased all the wagons Dad would let him off that time but never to show up around the wagons again. And he never did. By the time he'd finished greasing twelve wagons he'd lost his taste for peaches.

Thieves sometimes stole the horses, which was a very serious thing. My father had one of his best horses stolen and swore he would get him back if it was the last thing he did. He had to lay over because he had to have that horse.

Dad hit the saddle and rode into the hills to look for him. The farther he rode the madder he got. About fifteen miles from town he started to go back to camp when he saw a team coming down the old stage road. Sure enough, his horse was hitched to the wagon. The driver was a fellow who had a reputation for helping himself to anything that was loose and for being friendly with a gang of known horse-thieves.

Dad took after him. He grabbed the bridle to stop the team. The man's wife was in the wagon and she thought they were being held up, but my father set her straight. The man was scared because he knew he could be strung up, the usual fate of horse thieves in those days. However, Dad was soft-hearted and felt sorry for the man's wife, so he just stripped the harness from the horse and left them to get to town as best they could. It must have been quite a sight to see that wagon pull into town with one horse hitched to the wagon tongue!

DAD was the best teamster on the road for two reasons—for hauling more freight than most men and for never having a balky horse. It was always said that when "old Bert" started cussing, those horses would climb a tree. His friends declared that he was the only man who could drive a team of horses without any lines. He seldom had to use the jerkline except to turn the leaders right or left.

Sixteen Mule was always bragging about his mules, but one spring when the frost was going out and the roads were very muddy, they let him down. It was on the road between Casper and Shoshoni that he got stuck in the mud. He was there one full day before Dad came along and pulled his outfit around him.

Dad laughed and said, "I'll see you at Happy Jack's saloon—when your mules decide to pull."

But the rule of the road was not to leave anyone stranded who was in trouble, so Dad made a bargain with Sixteen Mule to pull him out. In return, he agreed to buy Dad a new beaver hat and to furnish drinks for the crowd when they reached Happy Jack's. Dad made the condition that the drinks were to come over the bar—not from the barrels Sixteen Mule was hauling. You would have thought they were serious enemies by the way they argued, but in real trouble they were just one big happy family. If one teamster had any trouble with an outsider, the other freighters were right by his side, just like brothers.

One of my father's favorite stories was about the time a mule stepped on Sixteen Mule's foot. It had swollen so badly he couldn't bear his weight on it, so he stood on one foot and leaned on the bar. The drinks kept coming and Sixteen Mule didn't miss a one. His pals were all making suggestions about what to do for his foot. The bartender suggested that since he had sharpened his ax that morning, it would save a doctor bill if they just cut it off. Dad didn't think that was such a good idea because he was afraid Sixteen Mule would bleed to death, and they would have to bury him with a barrel of whiskey at his head and one at his feet to comfort him in the hereafter, which would be an awful waste of good liquor.

The bartender said that Sixteen Mule was so pickled he couldn't bleed, but suggested they break a pool cue to the right length and make him a crutch if they weren't going to cut off his foot.

During all this discussion, Sixteen Mule eyed his pals with distrust because he was too befuddled to tell if they were joking or not. Then he and Dad got into an argument about Dad's ability as a driver. Sixteen Mule bet fifty dollars that Dad couldn't come down the main street with his wagons and sixteen horses and make the turn by the old stone livery stable. Dad took him up on it. He handed the stakes to the barkeep and stepping high, wide and handsome, went to get his outfit.

Sixteen Mule hobbled outside on his makeshift crutch and leaned against the barber pole so he could get a good view. Dad got in his lead wagon, gave one of his famous yells and the horses started on a dead run. The swing team jumped the chain and the spectators thought he wasn't going to make it without tearing down a corner of the building, but when he spoke to the horses they came back into line. The second wagon nicked the corner of the building, then the horses straightened out and came by the livery stable on a dead run. Dad turned them around and stopped right in front of the saloon door.

Sixteen Mule stared wide-eyed. "By damn, he made it! I don't know how, but he did! Ah, hell, it wasn't him, it was the horses. They do everything he tells em. O.K., Bert, here's your fifty. Come on, boys, he's buying for the house twice. I'm going to get part of that money back."

After the boys had a couple of drinks they were ready to start for home. They began betting on who had the fastest string team. They had run races before but this time they thought it would be better if each one sweetened the pot. Six teams at five dollars each came to thirty dollars, which was a rich pot for the times.

They lined up and started out. Everything was all right until they started down the mountain, when all hell broke loose. The road wasn't wide enough with two string teams running neck and neck so they tangled. What a mess that was! When they were straightened out, there wasn't much real damage beyond a few scratches on one or two of the horses. Dad and the Texan tied so they split the pot.

Teamsters always had a good time, whether they were on the road or in town. There, of course, they all headed for the bar, at least one of which could be found in the smallest town. All of the little towns had a post office and grocery store, and most of them had two or three saloons. One place, with a population of one thousand, had eight saloons so the fellows could wet their whistles whenever they felt like it.

The railroad started inching its way into the different parts of the country, and freighting became less as it progressed. Hauling wasn't so profitable anymore so the teamsters started other businesses. Some began hauling wool; others hauled supplies to the oil fields. Then trucks took over as roads were built and gradually the string team became a thing of the past.

These colorful characters were a vital element in their time, supplying as they did the needs of the whole frontier.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

Mogollon

May I make a few additions to bring the "Bonanza in the Mogollons" story up to date. Having just returned from the famous ghost town after a stint of six weeks there, messing up sketch books, digging for goodies in the old dumps, and talking to some of the old-timers, as well as doing a lot of listening makes me inclined to relate the following to your readers.

Mogollon is now going through another bonanza! A sure-enough new kind, though. Much has happened in the last few years. Mogollon now boasts of two art studios and galleries, two Old West museums and a full time silversmith—not to mention a snack shop.

The excellent photo of the two-story adobe on page 12 in the September FRONTIER TIMES is now a permanent home being restored by the Melencroudts, and sports a new white stucco job. The store next to it is now John Artchers' Ghost Town Gallery, having given up the ghost as the old Kelly store of days past.

Jim Wray in your story, has now passed on but his tales and philosophy live on in present Mogollon. Frank Triolo still takes his evening walk into "town" and still relates salty tales of the old camp after seventy years. Burro Joe (J. E. Bostrom) runs a studio where he creates interesting copper and plastic objets d'art. Newcomers like Jim Giles, Silver Queen Museum owner; Chet Kwiecenski, artist and teacher; and Bob Ramsey, silversmith, are all helping to revive the old "ghost." Yes, even world renowned artist Peter Hurd was there last summer to sketch and help instruct a College of Artesia art group.

The bonanza of present-day Mogollon even boasts of daily mine tours by Mrs. Lyons at the Little Fanny Mine.—Bill Rakocy, 909 South Fourth Street, Artesia, New Mexico 88210

T. L. Ranch Old-timer

I would like to take subscriptions to TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. I have taken the magazines for my father for several years and so became interested in them. I am writing mainly to tell you how much dad enjoyed the stories. He just passed away in May and was the last living cowboy who had helped to bring in the last roundup wagon for the old T. L. Outfit in Montana. The outfit was owned by C. J. McNamara and T. A. Marlow in the Bear Paw Mountains near Big Sandy, Montana. Dad especially enjoyed Walt Coburn's stories as they were about the country that Dad knew. Nothing irked him more than the Westerns on T V or fictional stories of the West. He had grown up in Oklahoma so he knew quite a bit about that country too. He was eighty-one at the time of his death and was made from the stuff that

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made our great West what it is. I was born and raised in Montana but now make my home in Richland, Washington.

My dad was A. C. Harmon. As far as I know there is only one of the fellows left who rode with him and that is Art Kaiser of Big Sandy, Montana. He and Dad were the same age but Art was not with them when they brought in the last open range wagon in that area about 1911.

Thank you for your time. I had not meant to take so much space or time but did want you to know my dad, who I feel is rather an authority on the West, truly liked your magazines.—Mrs. James L. Crook, 213 Abbot Street, Richland, Washington 99352

Londoner Writes

A friend in Lynbrook, New York sent me the magazines OLD WEST and FRONTIER TIMES—just one of each and believe you me, they sure enough had me on a high pedestal. They are full of interest and tops in reading—going on a slow ride through the pages and stopping to look at the pictures of the West in those far off days. I am an old-timer (seventy-four years of age) and now a pensioner on the county's weekly pension, single, English born, Jewish. I was, and am, always interested in the West as it was and as it is now. Above all, I have always been fond and proud of the good old U.S.A. It's a land I've never been to and always wanted to go to, but just couldn't get around to doing so. Yes, to me and more than plenty on this side, the U.S.A. is still the greatest and grandest country in the world. It leads every time and other countries follow to their advantage.

London itself, followed by the home countries and the rest of Great Britain, is a busy hive of activities in industry and business all helped a lot by American capital which in turn gives work and employment to millions over here.—Sam Longleben, 48 Hughes Mansions, Vallance Road, London, E. 1. 5BJ, England

Mogollons

With reference to the story, "Bonanza in the Mogollons," I was raised in the Mogollons. My father, Lex Malcolm, was a shift boss in the mill at the Last Chance. Blanco Whitesides and Mr. Lottabough were shift bosses too—all old-timers there. Mr. Craig was a very fine man and kind to all his men. Once I had been quite ill with typhoid fever. Mr. Craig came to our home and gave my father a gold stickpin with a diamond in it and the family a large box of candy. He named the mine the Last Chance and said "this is the last chance." Dad was still working at the Last Chance in 1920.

Many times we have gone to the mill and watched how the gold and silver was separated on the tables through a cyanide solution. My father lost his hearing from working so many years up there. He worked in the old Graham Mill and last at the Fanny until 1925 when it completely closed down.

We rented our home from the Kennedys who were old-timers there. I understand now it is the doctor's residence and one of the few houses left. The rest are all buildings. When we lived there there were three doctors. Our old family doctor was Dr. Parham; his wife was called Auntie. Dr. Kern lived there—he was my doctor when our daughter was born fifty-three years ago. Also there was a Dr. Fields. His daughter Vera and I were good friends. Her aunt, Mrs. McIntosh, and husband, owned the McIntosh store.

The pictures of Holland's Store and the Coats Store are quite natural. We were there during one of those terrible fires. It burned the post office and Aunt Edna and Uncle Maurice Coats' store.

One time there was a Chinese restaurant alongside Holland's store and post office and in front there was a solid walk across what the author calls "Silver Creek." I don't recall any name for this creek.

My grandfather, W. N. York, owned a cattle ranch about thirty miles from Mogollon. He had a fine orchard and had brought a load of fine fruit into town. While in a friend's house visiting, a flash flood washed his two fine steeldust horses away and they were caught under the footbridge over the creek in front of Mr. Holland's store, and were drowned. This was about 1908. My dad was one of the first mail carriers to drive the stage over the Mogollon Mountains, and I'll never forget the trip my dad and I made to Silver City. At this time he was shift boss in the Last Chance. I had swallowed a pin and he was taking me ninety miles away to Fort Bayard for an x-ray. We left early in the morning with four horses hitched to the stage. That was a ride I'll never forget.

Many times I've watched the big freight wagons being pulled by twelve to fourteen head of fine horses over that terrible narrow Mogollon Mountain road—all cut through rock bluffs. It was a fantastic sight. When the lead horses would be out of sight of the wagons and driver—soon you would see them on a curve changing back into position to bring horses and wagons safely down the narrow road. They tell me the road is now all paved from Glenwood into Mogollon.—Mrs. A. R. Burrell, L. B. S. R., Eagle Point, Oregon 97524

SALOON
Aspinwall

Hell yesh, I'm drunk . . . you don't think I'd be lying here in thish smelly ole corral if I wa'sh shober, do you??

Western Badmen

In the past your magazine has been so helpful in location of some of the old gunslingers that I needed for my Travelogue of the Fighters of the Old West. We have corresponded a few times during the past two years in regard to leads where I might find the final resting place of some of the most famous in Texas. I would like to put in a good word for members of your organization for the suggestions they have offered to me. I am about finished with this series and hope to complete the film this summer.

An enclosing pictures of Hobart Earp who was married in Tombstone last October. It includes a picture of old Nino Cochise. We became very good friends during Helldorado days. Of course I had to include a picture of Hobart and myself. His wedding took place in the O. K. Corral at the exact time of day that the famous gunfight took place. Most of the townspeople turned out for this historic wedding since Hoby is a cousin of Wyatt Earp.—J. M. Sutphen, 611C S. Indian Hill Blvd., Claremont, California 91711

Buffalo Jones

I enjoyed reading your story of Buffalo Jones. I remember meeting him very well although I was quite young at the time. I was born and raised in Portales, Roosevelt County, New Mexico. About 1915 I went home for Sunday dinner with one of the sons of Mr. W. O. Dunlap, an old buffalo hunter who owned a small ranch south of town. Buffalo Jones was there for dinner.

Soon after this, Mr. Jones brought a herd of about 100 buffaloes to Mr. Dunlap's ranch. After several years Mr. Dunlap sold his ranch in Roosevelt County and moved to Ft. Sumner, New Mexico. He took the herd with him but I don't know what finally became of them.

I remember that one old bull kept tearing down the fences and had to be disposed of. He was killed by C. H. Greathouse, a well-known rancher and hunter. I saw this incident as we were friends of both Dunlap and Greathouse. Incidentally, Mr. Greathouse, who now lives in Grants Pass, Oregon, mentions this incident in his recently published book, *Ranch Life in the Old West*, (Asgard House).—William L. Garrett, Box 1041, Rohnert Park, California 94928

Wants Woodmansee Windmill

I am chasing windmills! I wish to obtain all the information on any windmill that has "Woodmansee" on it. They used to be on about every farm in Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, and Kansas but now they are almost gone. I will pay for any good pictures or negatives of any Woodmansee windmills as long as they have the following information: location of windmill, name of the owner (or farm), date taken, your name and address. If

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any readers have any other history of the Woodmansee windmills, I would appreciate hearing from them.—Mary E. Woodmansee, 14823 Gilmore Street, #105 E, Van Nuys, California 91401

Another Lost "Mine"

I read an article in the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* the other day which I thought might interest your readers. Fifty years ago, in September 1921, police arrested two men in a rooming house on East First Street in Los Angeles. These two men and another customs inspector had embezzled nearly one million dollars in gold from the Tijuana, Mexico customs office. These two customs officials had $31,000 in gold with them when they were arrested. Too bad there weren't any more details given—I'd like to know more about it.—Mrs. Marie Jones, 257 West 58th Street, Los Angeles, California 90037

Nuggets

(Continued from page 52)

LEE COUNTY, TEXAS SPEECH

By Julia Jones

(From our 1945 FRONTIER TIMES)

THOSE WHO LIVE among us know that Lee County people have a language of their own. Our local idioms prove that people who live close to the soil are keen observers and pat describers.

In any study of local phraseology, a knowledge of the locality is essential to easy tracing of some word or term to a particular race or linguistic group earlier inhabiting that area. Many of our own idioms can thus be traced, while a few seem far removed from their origin. For example the word "doncy," used in the Yegua backwoods for "slightly ailing," is found in parts of Pennsylvania among the descendants of pioneer Dutch families. If a Pennsylvania Dutchman ever lived in Lee County it is not on record. But one must have been there—for words, in this respect, never fail to speak the truth. A few expressions, common to Lee County people are:

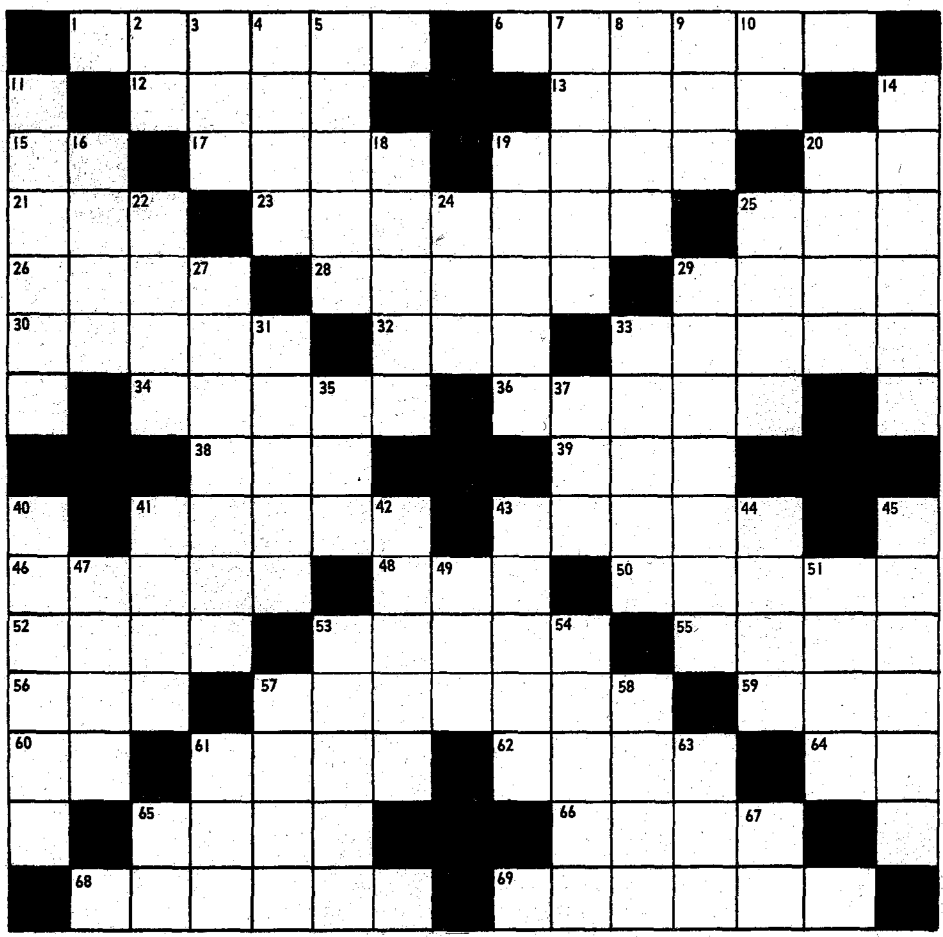
"Great big gormin boy or girl"—an over-grown young person.

"The out-kitenest fellow"—unusual, ingenious, original.

"A plumb, or right, sightly place"—attractive or pretty.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By M. P. MARSHMAN



ACROSS

1. ______ Trail
6. Many ______ went west via 1 across
12. Declare
13. Great ______ (dog)
15. Period of time (abbr.)
17. Bridge at St. Louis
19. Teepee support
20. Place (abbr.)
21. On the other side of (poet.)
23. Fixes
25. Cow ______ (lentil)
26. Require
28. Overland ______
29. A soft mineral
30. Strong light
32. Indian talk
33. Flour ______ (home-made glue)
34. Metal fastener
36. Yester______
38. Experienced soldier (abbr.)
39. Husband (legal)
41. 5½ yards
43. Indian raids often caused this
46. Tell me a ______ of the Old West
48. Greatest nation on earth (abbr.)
50. Blue ______ suit
52. Buddies
53. Part of wood or coal stove
55. Ding ______
56. Annoy
57. Sousa's compositions
59. ______ wag signals
60. Again (prefix)
61. ______ pioneers died on the trail
62. Fruit of the blackthorn
64. Symbol for tellurium
65. Carried a tune
66. Long periods of time
68. Flamboyant with clothing
69. ______ T. Seton, writer and illustrator of animal and woodcraft books for boys

DOWN

2. Mme. Curie discovery (symbol)
3. First woman
4. Running ______
5. Command
7. Worship
8. Cowboys call girls ______
9. Unit
10. Direction (abbr.)
11. Leather strings
14. Put
16. Virginia ______, fiddler's delight
18. Water ______
19. Spongy
20. Trappers sought the beaver ______
22. Raise
24. A month (abbr.)
25. Head 'em off at the ______
27. Trail ______
29. Stayed a while
31. All
33. Aches and ______
40. Aim
41. Our 11th president
42. ______up and wait
43. Foot trails
44. Prairie Indian
45. Fastened with wooden pin
47. Allowance for weight of wagon
49. Cul de ______
51. Small bothersome insect
53. Hole in the Wall and other ______
54. H______, a hanger on of a political boss
57. The dog, ______ best friend
58. Pronto
61. ______West (actress)
63. Direction (abbr.)
65. Opposite of junior
67. Type of vessel (abbr.)

(Answers on page 68)

"Traipsed"—tramped.

"Scurce"—scarce.

"A speck of a youngster"—very young or small child.

"A mite of a child"—young, or small.

"I lot on doing it; kept on lottin' "—he would; or planning.

"Quite a spell aforehand"—some time before.

"Fetched and tote"—brought and carry.

"Spindlin' "—too thin.

"Catchin' weather"—kind believed to foster spread of disease.

"Nigh"—near.

"Weather breeder" —change of weather forecast by present state.

"Growthy weather"—sort to promote growth of crops.

"Helf"—lift.

"All bone and sinner"—mean person.

"Spry, peart or chirky"—feeling good.

"Heered"—heard.

"Didja"—did you.

"A-tall"—at all.

"Doncy"—ailing.

"Mosey"—go; "I'll mosey on now."

"Stick in the mud"—non-progressive.

"Quile down"—quiet down.

"Strimmered"—varicoloried.

"Want"—was not.

"Spranglin' "—wide spread.

"Indian moon"—full moon of early fall when Indians once made raids.

"Old busky"—expression of contempt for mean person.

"So tarnation good, or mean"—very bad or very good.

"Chousing it along"—urging, perhaps by means of a switch.

"Scaper, or jigger"—rascal, usually used affectionately as "that little scaper," or "that little jigger."

"Ruckus"—quarrel, or fight.

"Clippin' it along"—hurrying.

"Plumb outdone"—overwhelmed.

"Faintified"—subject to fainting spells.

"A noggin' "—a small amount of drink.

"Right folksy, or plumb folksy"—friendly or sociable.

"Fash"—fret, or agitate, as "don't fash yourself."

These and other expressions comprise a large part of our vocabulary. As for "mighty," "you-all," and "reckon," take those words from us and a Lee County native becomes inarticulate. Many things of today tend to destroy localized peculiarities of speech. Improved communication, widely circulated newspapers, magazines and books, standardized education and the radio, all are agencies leading to a common language. But always there are a few to carry on tradition, and a few to learn of them, so it is comforting to those who value regional phraseology to know that in this way our "way-back" regions will be perpetuated.

Author's note: A coincidence. Hardly had the above words been written before a letter came from R. Fletcher of Giddings, telling that his great grandfather, Ephriam Roddy, was born in Pennsylvania. It is altogether possible that this word reached our county through this man's family, as he was one of the first settlers in Tanglewood, a small town on the S. P. Railroad.

Mormons Versus Navajos

(Continued from page 25)

famous march "From Atlanta to the Sea." Kit and his troopers destroyed the Indian's granaries, burned their villages, butchered their livestock, and pulled out their crops by the roots.

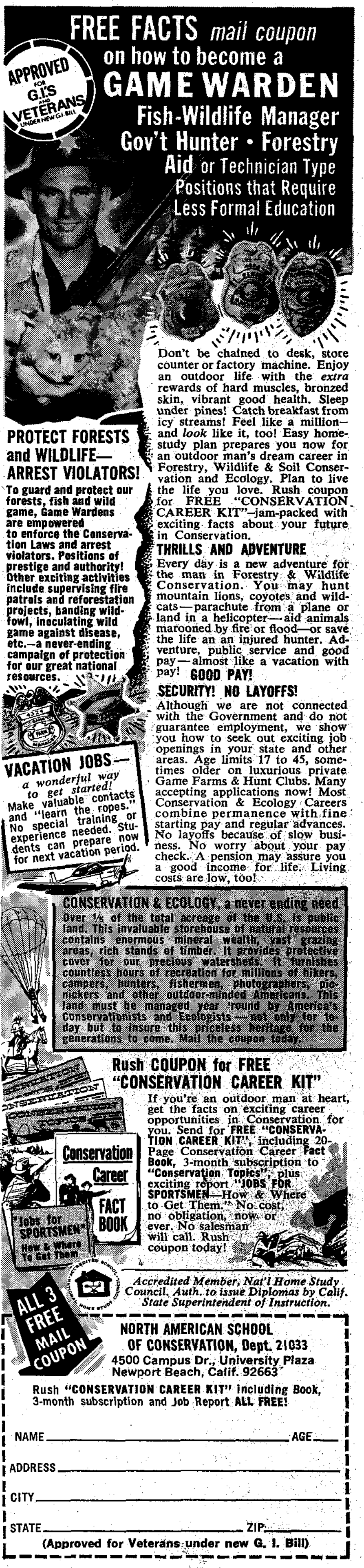
The desperate Navajos attacked repeatedly, but were invariably driven off with heavy losses by the Colonel's marksmen and their fearsome "devil wagons." Some 8,000 Indians were finally rounded up and herded onto the Bosque Redondo (Round Forest) Reservation near Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

Not all Navajos surrendered, however. Some 2,000 refused to take the "long walk" and fled into the hills and canyons. These wretched, starving souls later took the one way left for survival; they began to cross the Colorado and raid the Mormon settlements in the Arizona Strip. Thus began the desperate, bloody—but little chronicled—struggle between Mormon and Navajo.

On Friday, January 5, 1866, Colonel Daniel D. McArthur received at St. George (Utah), a dispatch from Captain Lorenzo W. Roundy bearing the date December 31, 1865, and stating that hostile Indians had attacked the guard at Kanab. They had succeeded in running off four horses belonging to the militia and two belonging to a friendly Pied (Piute). The thieves were followed at daylight the following morning by five whites and twenty-five friendlies, taking the trail east toward the Pahreah (Paria River); they did not overtake the marauders, but found that Peter Shirt's horses and cattle had also been driven off. Friendly Indians stated that "a large number of Navajos are this side of the Colorado." And according to the dispatch, there was considerable sickness at Kanab which weakened the militia force there.

A few days later, Navajo raiders struck at Pipe Spring and drove off all of Whitmore's cattle and sheep. Whitmore and McIntyre armed themselves and, very foolishly, struck out on the trail. They did not return. Whitmore's fourteen-year-old son was left alone at the dugout, which was not molested by the Indians. Alarmed at the continued absence of his father and uncle, the lad started to walk the twenty-five miles to Maxwell's ranch for help. He had gone only a few miles when he met a small party of Mormons en route to Pipe Spring. The party hastened back to Maxwell's to spread the alarm.

On Thursday January 12 a runner, Orin Clark, delivered to Colonel McArthur, military commander at St. George, the following letter from Major Maxwell: "The Navajos have made a break on Brother Whitmore's ranch and have driven off all his stock on Monday night, the 10th. Brother McIntyre went out on the range on Tuesday a.m. and have not been seen



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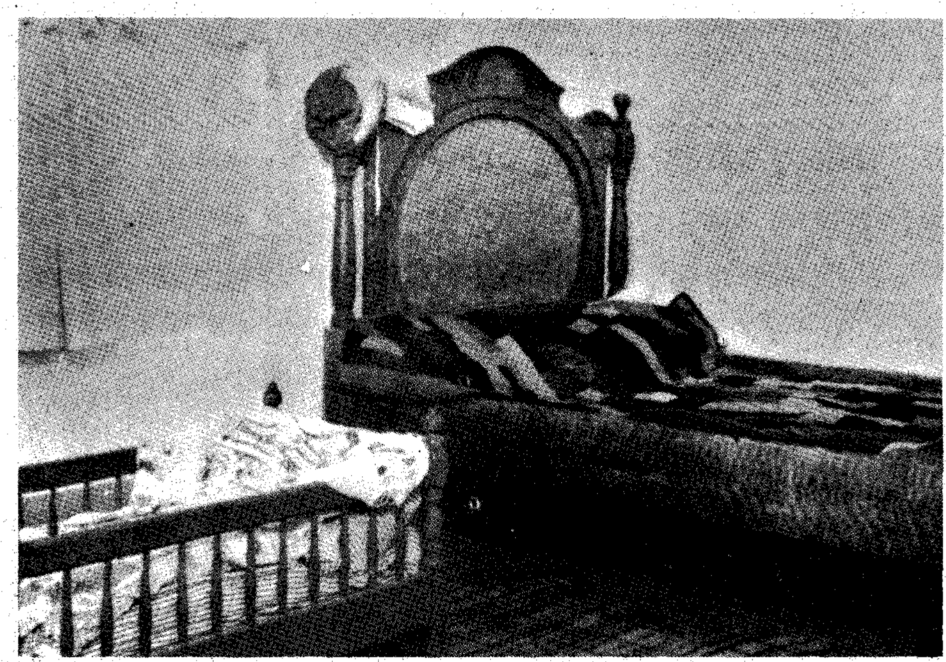


National Park Service Photo

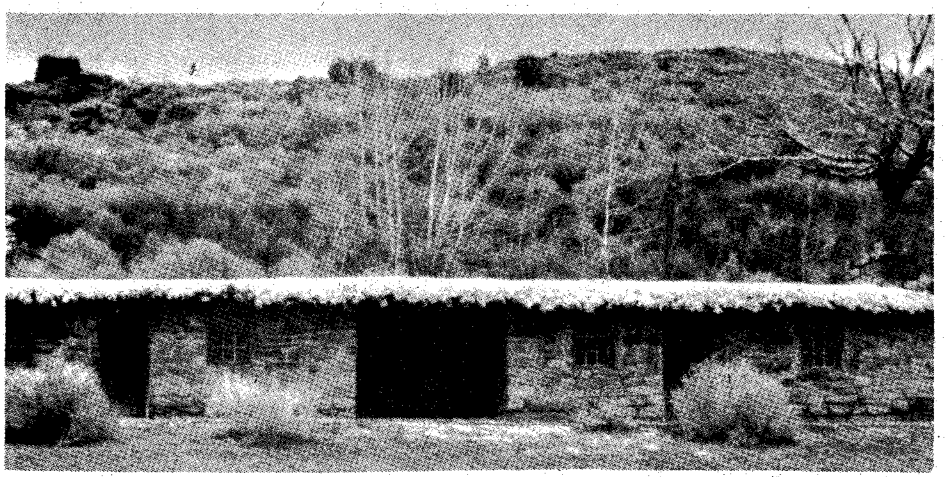
Windsor Castle bedroom with 1880-style furnishings.

since; and we think they are killed. We want help to go and drive the Indians across the Colorado, and help to find Brother Whitmore and McIntyre. . . ."

Orders were at once issued at St. George for men to muster and prepare to pursue the raiders. On the 12th of January, Major Richard Bentley sent Captain David H. Cannon and a company of men from St. George to report to Major William B. Maxwell, with a dispatch suggesting that the Indians be pursued and overtaken, if possible, before they crossed the Colorado with their plunder, but not to cross the river in pursuit.

ANGRY Mormons flocked into Pipe Spring, and by the 14th Maxwell's command had increased to seventy-five men. The Major wrote to McArthur at St. George: "It has stormed upon us every day, . . . we find the snow two feet deep. The men are in good spirits, but many are badly shod and poorly provided to encounter the snow. . . . We wish some flour and a side of sole leather and one upper leather, together with a quantity of pegs, awls, shoe-thread, bristles, wax, etc."

On the 18th a scouting party from Captain Andrus' command surprised two Navajos butchering a beef, and took them prisoners. They were brought in and questioned, but steadfastly refused to talk. Neither threats nor promises broke their stony silence. The Saints then tried more drastic measures. A rope was thrown over a beam and they were drawn up by their necks and left hanging until nearly strangled. They still refused to talk, and the maneuver was repeated. Finally one said he had a dream of a band of Indians about ten miles out. Taking the prisoner to show the way, a party rode out on the trail and overtook a band of hostiles at sunrise on the 20th. After a sharp fight some of the Indians escaped, but two were killed and five captured.



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Pipe Spring headquarters of the Mormon Militia, 1868.

While this party was out, the Indian in camp confessed his knowledge of the slaying and whereabouts of Whitmore and McIntyre. He went with a party and showed where they lay. Both had been shot with firearms as well as arrows. Whitmore's body had eight wounds, McIntyre's sixteen; both bodies had been stripped and mutilated. A wagon was sent out, and while those with the vehicle were loading the bodies, the five prisoners were brought up. They wore clothing and carried articles belonging to the murdered men. This was too much for the Saints. They forthwith lined up the culprits and shot them. It was later learned that the Indians who were executed were innocent Piutes who had traded with Navajos for the damning evidence which cost their lives.

Major Maxwell, meanwhile, with fifty militia and some twenty-five friendly Piutes, had set out with all possible speed on the raiders' trail. But the Navajos had too much head start; they reached and crossed the Colorado with time to spare. Loss of the stock was a heavy blow, but the frustrated Maxwell could only admit defeat and return to Pipe Spring as ordered.

For a period of three months not a Navajo was seen, and the people began to breathe easier. Then suddenly the marauders were back. By-passing Pipe Spring they swooped down on the Berry ranch. Joseph Berry and his son Robert were afoot some distance from their cabin. They started to run, but swift-riding Navajo warriors darted ahead and cut them off. They had their guns and managed to knock one or two Indians off their horses before being pierced with arrows. Robert's wife, Isabella, horrified, paralyzed with fear, watched the Indians murder her husband and father-in-law. Then regaining her senses when some of the savages started toward the house, she managed to bar the door and hide under the bed. The raiders battered down the door, dragged the screaming woman from her hiding place, repeatedly violated her, then brutally clubbed her to death. After looting the cabin, the Indians rounded up the Berrys' livestock and headed back toward the Colorado. The stripped, mutilated bodies of the Berrys were soon found by relatives.

Shortly after this tragedy, church and military authorities, fearing more killings and widespread raiding, ordered abandonment of all settlements east of Pipe Spring. Most of the refugees moved west to the older and larger towns of St. George and Cedar City.

WITH the settlers and their livestock gone from the Arizona Strip, the arrogant Navajos, well armed and mounted, rode farther west to raid the St. George-Cedar City area. Hidden in the hills, they would lie in wait for the right moment to swoop down upon a loosely-guarded herd and drive it off. For the next three years, murdered herdsmen, vacant corrals, and burned and looted buildings mutely testified to the Navajos' ability to destroy.

They were always pursued; sometimes they were overtaken and the stolen stock recovered. In most instances, however, the thieves had a head start which enabled them to reach the Colorado and safety before the militia could assemble and catch up. Once across the river they were safe because the Mormons, fearing ambush, dared not follow.

Finally, in 1868, the desperate white men sent a strong force of militia in command of Colonel J. D. Pearce to headquarter in Pipe Spring. Detachments of troops were located at various points to guard against future forays. The strategy paid off. Several raids were nipped in the bud by alert sentries, and the Indians driven off with severe losses. When one band did manage to sneak past the guards and was discovered making off with some 250 head of stock, a fast rider carried word to Pipe Spring, and in minutes a company of militia was in the saddle and on their trail. A rear guard of Navajo warriors dropped back and attempted a delaying action to enable the herders to drive the stolen stock across the river. They were quickly wiped out, and the others, seeing their guards so easily disposed of, abandoned the cattle and fled for their lives. A few made it to the river; the rest lay dead along the trail.

Meanwhile, also in 1868, the Federal Government recognized its mistake in dealing with the Navajos and reversed its policy. Vast areas of Arizona and New Mexico, formerly their lands, were set aside and the Navajos were allowed to move back to their homeland. The government extended them help in the way of food, livestock and farming implements. In 1870 Jacob Hamblin and Major John Wesley Powell negotiated a treaty between the Mormons and the Navajos called the Treaty of Fort Defiance. No more raids of any consequence occurred in the Strip.

Shortly thereafter, settlers cautiously began to move back to Kanab, Pipe Spring and other settlements. Long abandoned homes were repaired and where necessary completely rebuilt. Brigham Young sent Bishop Anson P. Windsor to Pipe Spring with instructions to start a tithing herd for the Church. Windsor and his family moved into the old Whitmore dugout and the former militia headquarters building, and began tilling the soil for crops.

Later the same year (1870), Brigham Young himself visited Pipe Spring in search of suitable military sites. He saw the potential value of the area and instructed Windsor to buy the Pipe Spring property for construction of a fort. The land was purchased for $1,000 from Elizabeth Whitmore, wife of Dr. James Whitmore, the area's first settler.

Construction of the fort, supervised by Joseph W. Young, was begun that fall. Virtually all building materials were in abundance nearby. Blocks and slabs of red sandstone were quarried from a nearby cliff, and masons set to work shaping them. Heavy beams were cut on Mt. Trumbull, hauled to the site by ox teams, and hewed to size by axe and adz men.

When completed, the fort consisted of twin, two-story stone structures, 162 x 66 feet, facing each other across a large, enclosed courtyard. Massive double gates, heavily reinforced with old wagon tires, swung outward from either end of the court. Heavy stone parapets were built to protect defenders from enemy fire in case of attack.

WITH the bristling fort for protection—abundant water and lush grazing for livestock nearby—Pipe Spring was a logical place for permanent settlement. Enthusiasm waxed high and settlers poured into the area.

Known as Windsor Castle, the fort served for some time as headquarters for the Church's tithing herd. A garrison was maintained there until 1876, not only to be on hand in case of Indian attack but to serve as herdsmen for cattle.

In 1871 Windsor Castle became Arizona's first telegraph station; its operator, a young lady named Luella Steward. The Deseret Telegraph line was owned by the Mormon Church and extended south from Salt Lake City. A branch ran from Rockville, Utah, to Pipe Spring and on to Kanab. A message could be sent to or from the capital in minutes instead of weeks.

The Windsor Castle Stock Growing Company was organized in January 1873 with a capital stock of $50,000, subscribed by Brigham Young, the Church, and Anson P. Windsor. At the time of its formation the company had fewer than 400 cattle on the range. But under Windsor's skillful management, combined with ideal grazing conditions and the cessation of Indian raids, the herds rapidly increased. The icy water from Pipe Spring was utilized for cooling purposes, and a cheese factory was started in one wing of the fort. Pipe Spring was soon the center of a profitable cheese industry.

Tons of Windsor Castle cheese, barrels of butter, and hundreds of beeves were sent to St. George to help feed the many volunteer workers erecting the Great White Temple. As the herds grew, so grew the Pipe Spring settlement. The sound of hammering and sawing for new homes and businesses was heard early and late.

So rapidly did the herds increase that by 1879, when the Windsor Company was taken over by the Canaan Co-operative Livestock Company, there were over 3,000 head of stock, including 166 horses. In 1888 the Pipe Spring property was sold into private hands. Then followed a series of owners, with Leonard Heaton and Sons purchasing the 140 acres in 1908. The Heatons were the last owners, holding the property until 1923. It then was bought by the government, included in the National Park System, and declared a National Monument by President Warren G. Harding on May 31, 1923.

Today the Monument contains all of its important early-day structures, including the building used as headquarters by John Wesley Powell who first navigated the awesome Grand Canyon rapids. In 1871 Major Powell mapped this portion of the river and considerable of the adjacent region.

Visitors are welcome at Pipe Spring, and by viewing the displays can easily grasp the significance of Mormon perseverance and industry in settling the Arizona Strip. Although overgrazing and drought have devastated the land until today it is nearly barren, the one never-changing thing is the 100,000 gallons of water flowing daily from Pipe Spring.

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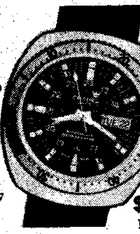

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The Blue Roan Mankiller

(Continued from page 23)

It wasn't hard to spot the Blue Roan, though he spotted us first and backed his scarred rump against the corral. His narrowed eyes studied us and he braced for any move we might make toward him. There were old rope marks on his nose, and one of his hairy ears was lopped over as if someone had tried to tear it off. You could tell he was ready for battle if that was what we wanted.

"Mean lookin' critter, ain't he?" Joe remarked.

"Yeah," I answered, sizing up the well-muscled thousand pounds of dynamite. "Nobody ain't broke his spirit yet. You can see that."

He was a battle-scarred old warrior for sure—but he still had his dignity, and I didn't hanker to take it away from him. "He's wonderin' if we're going to be his next trouble."

Joe snorted, turning away. "He's not our problem. Let's start figurin' out which ones we're gonna start workin' on for the buckboard horses."

Joe and I settled back into our old work methods of breaking out harness horses, and forgot the Blue Roan. But not so the hay crew. The two Myrup boys had stayed overnight in the bunkhouse with the hay hands and had filled their ears full of stories about the man-killing outlaw that was now in the Jim Little horse herd.

Since Joe and I bunked in another cabin by ourselves, we didn't notice the Blue Roan "fever" for a day or so. Sure, we heard the boys talking at the table, and noticed them eyeing us more than usual. Then one morning at breakfast a talkative hay hand called "Windy," who sat across the long table from Joe and me, came right out with it: "Joe, you or Shorty ought to ride that blue outlaw!"

"Why?" Joe came back.

"Well," argued Windy, "the Myrup ranch hasn't got a man that can ride him, and if one of us could—that would make this ranch the top outfit in the valley, wouldn't it?"

Suddenly a feeling of dread soaked all through me. I was the only so-called "twister" on the ranch. I had been a rider of the rough string for three or four years. That's all I'd ever hired out for—to break out the green ones, either to saddle or harness. But there was a lot of difference between a wild, unbroke horse that had never been handled, and a rank one that had been mishandled and gone sour.

I was sure not a "show" rider. I had never hung out my shingle as a whiz-bang. I just tried to preak horses as easy as possible. It was the only way Joe and I could wind up with good dependable animals. Our reputations depended upon our just being good steady men who knew our business, and that's why we always had a job.

BUT I also knew the immense pride men had in themselves and the outfit they worked for, the loyalty they felt for their boss. Hay hands worked hard to put up more hay than the next ranch. There was pride in having the fastest horses and the best cook. All hands were extremely devoted to a good outfit. There was not only competition between ranches but also competition between the men themselves. Each was always striving to be the best hay pitcher, the best loader or stacker, the best teamster—and it just happened that I was the best rider on the ranch.

Joe was twenty years older than I and had been a topnotch twister, but now he was pretty stove up. His bronc-bustin' days were over, but he had the experience and knew horses the best I ever saw. I always listened to his advice, and though nothing was ever said between us, I always topped out the saddle broncs. So I knew very well, if the Blue Roan was to be ridden I had to be the one to ride him!

Suddenly I realized I was scared of the Blue Roan. I hadn't hired out to ride any outlaw that had already killed two men. My pride did not go deep enough to be thrown by a man-killer and stomped into jelly. Joe tried to get us out of our jam. He looked at Windy and said: "Shorty and me hired out to break good work stock—not to fool around. If Jim Little caught us wasting time on that Blue Roan he'd fire us."

We got up and walked out, but we noticed the men had suddenly become very quiet. I think we both realized that the chips were down. The men thought I was showing yellow—and I knew right then that I had to ride that outlaw sooner or later or get off the ranch.

The next few days my mind was not on my work like it should've been. Just the thought of that horse was like a goad in my ribs. Every chance I got I'd ride out into the pasture and study that roan, thinking maybe I could figure him out. He didn't move away like other horses. He turned and faced me, like a cougar, watching with his droopy eyes.

I knew that here was a horse who would fight to the last ounce of his strength, no holds barred, to keep his freedom. It would be him or me. I could understand how he felt, because I felt that way, too, and I had a sneaking admiration for him. One thing I knew for sure—he was getting tail bushy and I dreaded the day when I'd have to fork him. I kept looking up the road, hoping Jim Little would get back and put a stop to this damfoolishness.

Then one night it rained and wet the hay. The next day the crew didn't have anything to do but laze around. Joe and I took the day off also. I went back to our cabin and lay down on my bunk with an old magazine. Part of the pages were gone but I was soon lost in the magic of what was left. Reading material was hard to come by.

Little did I guess that some of the boys had driven the horse herd into the corrals, cut out the Blue Roan, put him in the round corral, and were saddling the outlaw with my rigging on his back.

I WAS miles away, deep in my story, when a hay hand walked in the door and said, "We got the Blue Roan saddled, and he's all ready for you to top 'im out."

I sure came out of that bunk in a

hurry. "What'n hell you talking about?"

"Well, just like I said. That outlaw is ready—and Joe sent me to tell you."

He had started to walk away when I demanded: "*Joe* sent you?"

"Sure, him and the blacksmith saddled up for you."

Suddenly my legs got weak. I sat down on the edge of my bunk. I was durned near paralyzed. I couldn't think. This was what I had been dreading. I was sure if those tough Myrup boys couldn't ride that man-killer, neither could I. That horse would chop me into coyote bait.

I found myself automatically snapping on my leather cuffs, pulling on my chaps, buckling on my spurs, reaching for my hat. I did it all in a daze—mechanically. I could hardly walk as I went out the door and headed for the round corral. It was like walking to the gallows.

I saw the men already sitting around on the top logs, waiting for the show to start. Then I saw the Blue Roan, and I blamed near fainted. The old outlaw was standing on three legs, one hind foot tied up. My old familiar bronc saddle was laced on. He was blind-folded, and the red-headed blacksmith, who was as big and stout as a bull, had him eared down. The roan was standing as quiet as a kitten, but I knew he was only waiting patiently for his next victim—me.

I called on all the will power I had to walk across the open space to the round corral gate. Every man was watching me intently. I did not dare show what I was thinking. When I reached the gate I saw Joe's .30-30 rifle leaning against the corral. I thought that was a funny place for his gun to be, and then forgot it.

I took an undue amount of time to open the gate, and as I walked through I saw my first glimmer of hope. The Blue Roan was standing ankle deep in old soft litter which had accumulated over a number of years, and the rain had softened it still more. Instinctively I knew this litter was going to make it harder on the horse and easier on me.

Just then Joe reached my side, and said, "Shorty, you can ride that horse. He's a sunfisher, and you've always been better on a crooked horse than a stiff-legged bucker. I know you can do it. Good luck."

Then I was at the side of the outlaw. I took up more time by checking my rigging, and gradually I could feel the strength come back to my legs. For some reason I was losing my fear. This was "work" and I was familiar with every phase of it. I took my loaded quirt from the saddle horn and tied a knot in the long lashes, ran my hand through the loop, and grabbed the small end in my right hand. The heavy shot-loaded handle swung free—and I intended to use it.

I grabbed the horn and eased over into my old "kak." Grabbed the double hackamore reins in my left hand, found my stirrups, settled into my saddle, nodded my head at the blacksmith to turn 'im loose.

Almost in one motion the Irishman let go of the outlaw's ears, jerked the double rope free of the hind leg, and lifted the blind. I knew that I was probably astraddle the worst horse I'd ever be on again. It was like sitting on top of a barrel of gunpowder, playing with matches. As the blind was jerked I saw the roan's ears flatten. He turned his ugly head to the right and glared at me out of one droopy eye. I knew he figured on making the first move to catch me his way—and I didn't want him to do any thinking. I brought the heavy loaded quirt down between his hairy ears with a dull thud and socked my guthooks home. It sure surprised him.

He gave a coughing grunt, bogged his head, squatted, cocked his legs, pulled the trigger—and blew up! After fifty-five years I can still remember that first vicious jump. He sprang sideways to the left, trying to get me off balance—then right, and lit so slanting-like I could feel my foot touch the ground—then left —then right. He wasn't getting rid of me, so he swapped ends so fast I could see his rump. My brains, if any, were getting addled. Everything was a jarring, whirling blur, but I still had my balance. At this point, he changed tactics. He pitched in a tight circle, round and round, until I was so dizzy I hardly knew anything at all.

Then suddenly I realized that he was slowing down. He was beginning to tire, and my senses warned me about his teeth, and how he dragged men out of the saddle. I clubbed him alongside his head with loaded quirt, and began to punish that outlaw with my raking spurs. I pounded him on top of his head, when he would raise it, to keep him from coming over backwards—which he had tried twice.

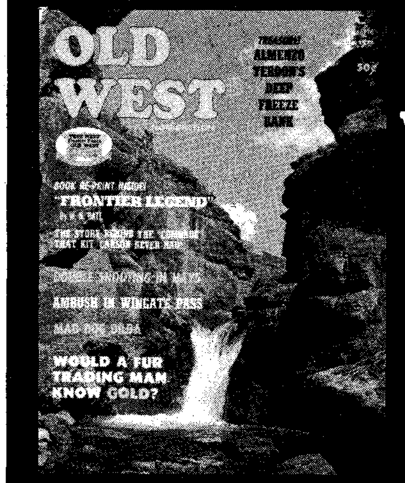
I had lost all reason. My arm was getting tired from trying to beat that man-killer to death with the loaded quirt. "Cripple a lot of men, will you!" I seemed to be avenging the two men who had already died, and the many who had been bit, kicked, and tromped.

At last the roan was making only feeble efforts, and I felt my own reason coming back. I lifted my spurs away from his bleeding body; let my quirt hang idle. He was stumbling to a halt. When the Blue Roan stopped—dead still—I sat there a moment trembling. I had not wanted the horse to kill me—and now I found I did not want to kill him.

As I eased myself out of the saddle, I could hardly stand. I had taken a beating also. I figured it a pretty fair scrap. I steeled myself from tottering. As stability came back I noticed the sweat and foam on the outlaw's body, and the blood. His trembling legs were spread wide apart, and barely held him up. His head hung low, almost to the ground. I felt sorry for him.

A yell went up from the men who had been watching the fight. It was a yell that a common rider like myself only hears once in a lifetime, but I felt no sense of victory—only relief that the job was done and the fear was gone.

As I turned to go I saw Joe with the rifle in his hands, and suddenly I understood. He had given me the breaks in every way—the round corral, the soft litter—and, if necessary, he would have shot the Blue Roan.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Camel Driver in Colorado

(Continued from page 21)

shaped like a small pyramid, reminiscent of the large ones in Egypt. Crudely carved on the face of the stone, apparently with a chisel and hammer, is the outline of a camel's head and long neck. Other lines appear to indicate the inexpert artist had intended the picture to be of a kneeling animal—perhaps a camel at rest.

Parts of the stone have been chipped away so that the first two letters of the name have been lost. From the rest of the name, however, one can assume that the man went by the name Jacob Acabajal, and that he died ". . . Oii 1902."

The grave of another and better known camel driver at Quartzsite, Arizona has had a suitable monument in the form of a pyramid topped with a wrought camel erected by the Arizona Highway Department. That driver was called Hi Jolly, an Americanization of his true name of Hadji Ali. His Army name is said to have been Phillip Tedro. Hi Jolly was among the natives brought from the Near East with two separate shipments of camels which were landed on the Texas coast. Hi Jolly died December 16, 1902, or two months after the man buried in Bent County, Colorado. It cannot be said, therefore, that Jacob Acabajal's marker was copied from the other.

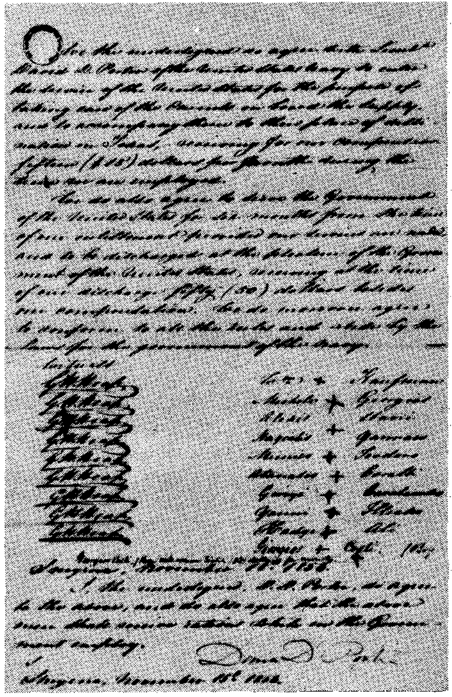
A privately owned copy of the official government report to the third session of the 34th Congress, "Senate Ex. Doc. No. 62, February 24, 1857" tells of the expedition made by Navy Lt. David D. Porter, captain of the *USS Supply*, and Army Major Henry C. Wayne to purchase camels in Turkey and Egypt. The Army planned to use these animals for transportion purposes in the Southwest.

Three Arabs and two Turks were hired to accompany the first shipment which reached Indianola (or Powderhorn), Texas on May 1, 1856. While Wayne remained ashore to organize and put into operation the camel corps of the Army, Porter took the *Supply* back to the Mediterranean for another shipment. On the second expedition he wrote from Smyrna on November 14, 1856, "I have employed eight good men, who will go with them into Texas, and be discharged when the government no longer needs their services."

The second shipment with the eight natives, another man with an English name, and a boy, arrived off Texas February 19, 1857.

Raymond Riley of Caddoa, Colorado first guided LeRoy to the grave on Thanksgiving Day, 1969. Shortly afterward Dr. Nolie Mumey, who has done extensive research on the ill-fated camel experiment and who was queried about the mysterious marker, stated that "several drivers were brought to this country and they were all over the West. The grave you mention could easily contain the body of one of them."

Jay Williar, library assistant for the California Historical Society at San Francisco, did not know where the names of the native drivers could be located, nor did Carolina Wire, acting assistant to the library director at Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Robert H. Land, chief of the reference department and bibliography division of the Library of Congress, said he could find no list of the drivers. He did send a Xerox copy of a portion of *Texas Camel Tales* which included the names of Greek George, Hiogo Alli, Mico, Hadji Ali and Al Zel.



Page from ship log showing the agreement signed by the nine camel drivers and one boy.

Elmer O. Parker, assistant director of the Old Military Records Division of the National Archives at Washington, wrote that he could find no reference to a Jacob Acabajal as being one of the natives hired. A microfilm of some pages of the *Supply* log was obtained however, which gives the agreement signed by the natives together with their names, each signature marked by the signer's X. This is far from complete; the names of those who came over with the first shipment have not yet been located.

It must be remembered, also, that a camel driver might have changed his name after arriving in America and leaving the Army service.

The camel experiment was a failure. Some of the camels were eventually put to work at mines, some bought for circuses, and many were just turned out to forage for themselves. Jefferson Davis became president of the Confederacy. Major Wayne went with the South and rose to the rank of brigadier general. Lieutenant Porter, whose ship carried the camels to this country, became Admiral Porter during the Civil War. The Levantine natives were left to go their separate ways.

Old Mico remained at Camp Verde to look after some of the camels, and when he died he was buried by a small stream which now bears the name of Mico Creek. Long Tom went with the Ringling Brothers Circus. Hadji Ali became a scout in Arizona. Hiogo Alli was either killed by Apaches or committed suicide.

Another of the drivers, whose name does not appear in the accompanying list, was known by the name of Elias. Sometimes he was called El Turco. He wandered down into Sonora, Mexico, married a Yaqui Indian girl, and settled down on a small ranch. One of his sons, Plutarco Elias Calles, grew up to become president of Mexico.

But what about Jacob Acabajal buried here in Bent County? He must have been about seventy when he died. Was he a cowboy, a sheepherder, a nester, or a homesteader? Did he ever marry and have a family? If someone doesn't find out before long even the lettering on his headstone will be erased and forgotten.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 31)

anyone who may have information about August William Schaal.—Mrs. Norbert Benisch, 622 Mayfair Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin 53714

Parker

Would be grateful to anyone able to help locate George W. Parker whom I knew in Le Havre, France during World War I (1918) when attached to the U. S. Army Motor Transport Service. His home town was Sedan, Oklahoma from where I last heard from him in 1924. The last letter I wrote him in 1926 was returned "Unknown."—Henry Dernisier, Route 2, Box 114-A, The Dalles, Oregon 97058

Potts

I'd like information about James Shannon Potts who must be in his sixties now. He was a forest ranger in Idaho in 1917 or 1918 and was acquainted with the Harvey Hawkins family in Stites, Idaho. Anyone having information about him or his whereabouts please write.—Mrs. Leota Pecnick, Elmira, Oregon 97437

Morrison

Would like to learn of the whereabouts of Ray, Claude and Warren Morrison, cousins of mine who moved with their parents from near Marvell, Phillips County Arkansas, in World War I days. Last heard from at Caddo, Oklahoma about 1917.—Leonard C. Davis, 10022 North 14th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85020

Kern

I would like to get in touch with descendants of Henry Kern, Miles Kern, Polk Kern, and their sister Julia Flatt. These folks lived in southern Oklahoma and north Texas around 1900.—Vester Kern, Box 84, Red Fork Station, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74101

Smith

I am trying to find someone who might have known of my grandfather, Harvey Tyson Smith. He came from Texas to Arizona about 1860, and went by the name

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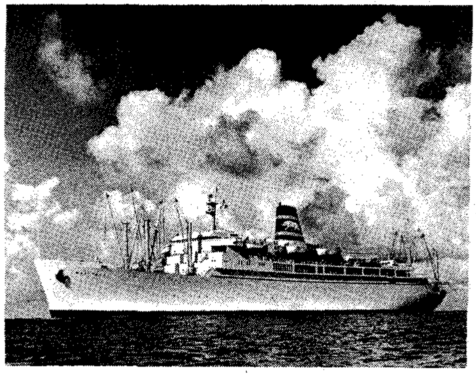
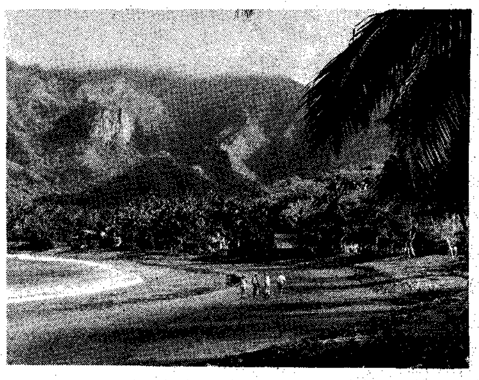
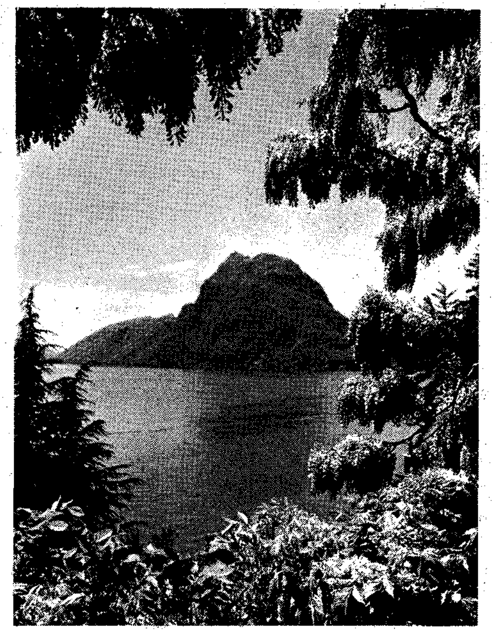


The S. S. MARIPOSA, sister-ship of the MONTEREY.



A view of Tae O Hae, Nuku Hiva Island, Marquesas, Islands.



Island scenery of Bali, seen through a tropical bower.

Western Samoa, on the MONTEREY'S itinerary.

of Buck Tyson. He was drowned in the Gila River at Virden, New Mexico. His body was found at York, Arizona.

Buck's father, Marion M. Smith, Sr., was from Parker County, Texas. His brother, Marion M. Smith, Jr. (Bud), was an under-sheriff at Clinton, Arizona for years. His wife's name was Mallie Jane Thomas.—Mrs. Elmer Thompson, 8250 East Shiloh, Tucson, Arizona 85710

May

Would like to contact Floyd Allen May if still living, or any of his children. He is believed to be living in Seattle, Washington, but was last seen in Shunk, Pennsylvania in 1908 or 1909. He is a lumberman and ran his own lumber company (the May Lumber Company) around Seattle in 1909.—Merton Darwin May, 314 Court Street, Williamsport, Pennsylvania 17701

Gemmill

Would appreciate information on Charles Gemmill, who went West from Newcastle County, Delaware during the 1840s or 1850s. No further information available from eastern sources.—M. G. Ellingsworth, Glenwood, Maryland 21738

Carson

Eliza Jane Carson, born November 26, 1820 in Highland County, Ohio, married George Washington Clevenger there in 1840. She is said to be a first cousin of Kit Carson. Can anyone help me prove this? Eliza and George moved to Iowa in 1847 and she died in Truro, Iowa, June 23, 1920. All letters will be gratefully acknowledged from anyone with a Carson family.—Mrs. G. A. Lehse, 1336-7th Avenue South, Fargo, North Dakota 58102

Thompson-Moore

Seeking descendants of Levi and Samuel Thompson, born around 1800 in Antrim, New Hampshire, sons of Sir Alexander Thompson. Apparently they went west in the 1820s.

Also descendants of Josiah Moore and wife Anna Gibson Moore, who settled in Minnesota circa 1880; and descendants of Robert Gibson, born in Scotland in 1725. —Curtis L. Gibson, c/o A-1, 176 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10016

Marquis

I would like any information on Jacques Marquis and his wife, Mary, who settled in Virginia before the Revolutionary War. Through their sons, Dr. James Marquis and William Kidd Marquis, this family gave many ministers and medical doctors to the frontier in Ohio, Indiana, and western Missouri, as well as two well-known western writers, Marquis James who won the Pulitzer prize twice, and Dr. Thomas B. Marquis who wrote of the Sioux and Custer.—Marquis McDonald 1710 East 5th Avenue, Olympia, Washington 98501

Seckinger-Cochran-Bynum-Hostetter-Joseph C. Smith-Covey

I am interested in learning what the early beginnings of these families were here in America and where they originally came from: Seckinger; Cochran; Bynum; Hostetter; Joseph C. Smith, whose younger twin brothers lived and died about twenty years ago in Shawnee, Oklahoma, being nearly a hundred years old. I need to contact descendants of John Seckinger, son of William Rufus Seckinger, who was born in Georgia in 1848, whose mother was Lavina Cochran, and his sister, Emma. The last I heard of Leonard Seckinger, son of John and Georgia (Roberts) Seckinger, was about the end of World War II when he and the three sons of Frank, William Roosevelt, Franklin, Wesley and Clyde Allen, served in the Armed Forces. John, Frank, Rufus and William, are the sons of William Rufus Seckinger. The two older ones are dead as are two of their sisters, Etta and Anna. Beulah and Dovie are still living.

I would also like to know something of the Covey family that Squire Britain Covey came from. He had a son, Walter Britain. One of his wives died and was buried at San Antonio, Texas. He probably died at Houston where a daughter and her husband, Nellie and Guy Cooper, lived. Mr. Cooper worked for the Rice Institute. Squire Britain Covey had children living in Oklahoma near Mead in 1928.—Flossie Seckinger Bayne, P.O. Box 352, Orange Cove, California 93646

Seeks "I" Troop Information

I am a former U. S. 12th Cavalry officer and have not heard from anyone who served with me since I resigned at the end of World War I. I would like to hear from any enlisted man or officer. I was stationed with "I" troop at Hachita, New Mexico. My orderly at that time was Private Tom Pace.

I was about to receive my captain's bars when I resigned. I was originally from Philadelphia and had a few years in the mounted police there. I shall appreciate hearing from anyone with whom I served. I am now living alone in Apple Valley, California.—Jack Bischoff, 24524 Yucca Loma Road, Apple Valley, California 92307

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code. FRONTIER TIMES, published bi-monthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 245,152; total copies printed last single issue: 247,500. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 108,753; sales for last single issue through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 99,520. Average paid circulation during last twelve months, mail subscriptions: 28,370; paid circulation, mail subscriptions last single issue: 33,242. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 137,123; total paid circulation last single issue: 132,762. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; free distribution last single issue: 500. Average total distribution during last twelve months: 244,152; total distribution last single issue: 246,500. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; total number last single issue unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 29, 1971.

Dixson [Dixon]-Fowler

I would like information about any of the following people. Benjamin Franklin Dixson [Dixon], was born February 2, 1862, Fountain County, Indiana and died August 2, 1933. He married Martha E. Coonse, born 1886 in Fountain County, Indiana and died August 6, 1936. They had several children—the only ones I knew of were Mary Louise, Josephine, Margaret Marie, and Benjamin Arthur. There was another baby girl who was given up for adoption.

Would also like information on Winfield Scott Fowler of either Waynetown or Crawfordsville, Indiana. He was a veterinarian in one of these towns from the late 1800s to the early 1900s. He married Elva Rusk and they had several children—Russell Lowell Fowler, born March 24, 1898, Dale, Chester, Erisa and Ellica. Dale was last heard of in Terre Haute, Indiana and Ellica in Boston, Massachusetts.—Norma M. (Fowler) Jones, R. R. #2, Box 473, Roseburg, Oregon 97470

Stinson

I need information on my grandfather, John B. Stinson, born May 27, 1835 in Tennessee. He married in Evansville, Indiana in 1857, then in Clarksville, Texas in 1873. His obituary says he was a great hunter and fisherman, and knew the area around Red River better than anyone. He had several brothers and sisters around Paris, Texas. I have been trying to locate anyone knowing of or about these family members. There was a Joe Stinson, who maried Lucy....(?). Did they have children? Another named Floyd. Alice married a Webb, and had a son, Roy. Would like to locate him. Mattie Belle married Robert Mitchell Grant. Somehow the Highburger name is linked to the Stinsons. It is believed that one of the Stinson girls married a Highburger.

My great-grandfather, C. F. Greiner, was mayor of Clarksville, Texas in 1873, the same time that his brother was mayor of Paris, Texas, according to a news clipping. There were Greiner relatives who visited there before 1900 who were glassblowers. I would like to find out something about these glassblowers and what the relation was. A son of C. F. Greiner was city marshal of Clarksville; Aaron Greiner was a saddlemaker; Otto Greiner ran the first and last horse-drawn hack in Paris. Would like information on any of these.

Alexander Brown Claunch was a muleskinner who lived in Johnson County, Texas. He was born in Titus County, Texas, Gray Rock Community, in 1859. His parents were Andrew Jackson Claunch and Mary Ann (Frost) Claunch. They were from Alabama and settled on Chambers Creek in 1872. Would like information on the families of these early Texas settlers.—Mrs. J. E. Claunch, 5901 Clovis Court, Watauga, Texas 76248

Fossett-Carr

Does anyone know descendants of Fossett and Carr who were in Stokes and Rockingham Counties, North Carolina from 1814 to 1920 or later? Anyone know (Peter) Fred Carr who was in Venice, California in 1963?—Thelma L. Conner, Grainola, Oklahoma 74639

Groves

Looking for Great Uncle William "Will" Groves, born about 1862 in Illinois. He was the son of Reverend Jonathan Winfield Groves, born 1828 in Illinois and Sarah Coryell, born 1830. Children are: Finley, born 1906; Vernie, born 1908; Ewing, born 1910; Dollie born 1912; and William, born 1913.

They lived at Phillips, Coal County, Oklahoma sometime in the 1920s. After a sale, they left in a big flat-bed truck. We haven't heard from them since, but believe they went to Texas.—Mrs. Opal Groves Farmer, 907 North Mississippi, Amarillo, Texas 79106

Mercer

My great-great-grandfather was Silas Mercer Parker, Jr., son of Silas Mercer Parker, Sr., who was killed in the Fort Parker massacre May 19, 1836. Silas, Jr. was brother to Cynthia Ann Parker, mother to Quanah Parker. I have been searching for proof of death of Silas Mercer, Jr., his wife's remarriage to one..... Ramsey, and death dates. Silas, Jr.'s wife was Ann E. O'Quinn. I have been told that they (Silas, Jr. and wife) were buried in different cemeteries around the Frankston and Poyner area.

I am also looking for data on the following families: Matthews, Kidd, Duty, Eaton, Hailey, Ganue (Gerganus), and Bryant.—Mrs. Scarlett Kidd Bryant, 5816 Northwest 66, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73132

Miner

I am looking for any information at all concerning any of the following people.

Henry Miner, born in 1842 in Ohio (?); fought in the Civil War. He lived in Kansas and Ponca City, Oklahoma. He married Mary or Miriam Tucker who may have been part Indian. They had three children born in Kansas (?): Frank, Lee Henry, and Jennie. Another son, Ed, was taken in by friends who went to California. Henry Miner later remarried a widow Cowels.

The daughter, Jennie, was married to a U. S. Marshal, Sam Ferris. Lee Henry married Nora Belle Reed, daughter of Joe Reed.—Marty E. Miner, Route 1, Box 119, Loveland, Colorado 80537

Cook-Barnett

I am seeking relatives of the Cook-Barnett family. When last heard of they lived on a farm near Weatherford, Texas. My Great-grandfather Cook came from Alabama and married a Barnett (Barnett) girl. They were killed and are believed buried near Tyler, Texas. Their four small children, Billy, Samuel, Mamie and Flora, were sent to live with an uncle by the name of Barnett.

In 1896 an Arnold family came through the country on their way to the Texas Panhandle to settle new land. They went to the Barnett farm south of Weatherford to buy an extra horse. There, Samuel met Elizabeth Arnold. They were married at Childress, Texas in 1896 and my father, George W. Cook, was born in September 1897. He remembers going back to visit the Barnett family and that the family was large with boys and girls much older than himself. Any information will be appreciated.—G. W. Cook Jr., 807 West 3rd, Pittsburg, Kansas 66762

Mitchum

I would appreciate any information about my grandfather, Walter Mitchum.

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—Joseph Conrad

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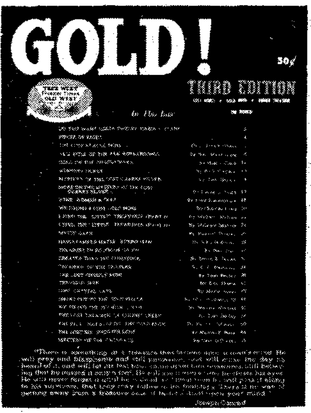

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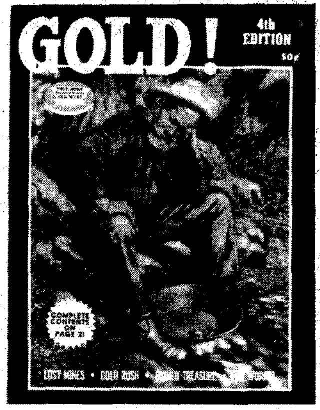

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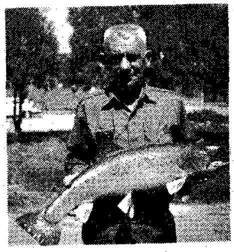

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He was born November 27, 1878 in Olathe, Kansas. He served in the U.S. Cavalry from December 3, 1899 to October 13, 1915. He was in Company "F" 12th Regiment at Ft. Riley, Kansas and Ft. Russell in Cheyenne, Wyoming. In 1915 he was separated from the army at Fort Bliss, Texas. From there my records are skimpy. I would like to know where he went from Fort Bliss and if any of his relatives are still living.—Mrs. G. K. Tiglas, Route 1, Box 187, Berthoud, Colorado 80513

Bell-Frump-Ream-Ross

George Bell, born January 1779, and Mary Frump, born in 1803, were married in Highland County, Ohio on May 4, 1824. Their children were John F., Sarah, Joseph, Easter, George F., Margaret, Ruth Ann, William Sampson and Andrew. George Bell died February 9, 1878 and is buried in Marshall, Ohio.

The fifth son, George F., was born in December 1837, and married Nancy Ream, born March 22, 1846. Nancy was the daughter of John Ream, born in Germany in 1800, and Susanna (Susan) Ross, born December 14, 1804, place unknown. John and Susanna had another daughter, Eliza Jane, who is buried beside John in Prospect Cemetery in Highland County, Ohio, near Berryville. John died in November 1868 and I am wondering when Eliza Jane died and whom she married.

Susanna moved to Quenemo, Kansas sometime around 1870 and died there October 9, 1885. Who were Susanna's parents and did she have other relatives? —Mrs. Roy MacDonald, 7411 East 31st Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74145

Hurtt-Mote-Richey-Cristler

I would appreciate any information as to ancestry, dates and places of birth, marriage and deaths of the following people.

Allen S. Hurtt died in Cedar Rapids, Iowa around 1890. He is said to be one of six brothers who disagreed and fought on opposite sides during the Civil War. His wife was Mary Porter.

David N. Mote and his wife, Harriet T. Hutchins, Horten, Kansas, late 1800s.

John Richey and wife, Nancy Davis, St. Joseph, Missouri, late 1800s. Wm. Leroy Garrett and wife Jeannette Anne, late 1800s, Ohio. Mike Cristler of Hamburg, Germany and wife Priscilla Whitesides of Wales, England, 1807 to 1905.

George Friend, came from France to Canada in 1812 and later married Mary Scratch in Canada around 1816. They later moved to Indiana and Iowa.—Mrs. A. F. Mote, Route 1, Box 135A, Helena Montana 59601

Burwell-Nichole

My father, Jonathan J. Burwell, married a rancher's daughter in the 1890s in Texas. They separated before 1900 and a son was born after they separated. This girl died in Albuquerque, New Mexico in the early 1900s.

My grandparents were David Burwell and Nancy (Nichole) Burwell of Kentucky and Oklahoma. I think David died in Oklahoma around 1919 or 1920. I believe Nancy's father was a dentist, but could have been an M.D. The Burwells were supposed to have been mixed into the Hatfield-McCoy feud in Kentucky. Does anyone know of this family—either Burwells or Nicholes—also the half brother?—Mrs. W. Gericke, 505 South Hazel, Mt. Vernon, Missouri 65712

Gowens-Bartlett-Wiggs-Benton

Mahala Gowens was raised among the Indians—her mother being half Cherokee. She was born about 1815 in North Carolina and married in Illinois about 1830 to George Bartlett who was born in 1811 in Kentucky. After three years they moved to Fulton County, Kentucky and remained there until they died in May, 1864. Their children were Martha J., William, Thomas J., John M., Dudley and Elizabeth P., who was my great-grandmother. She married William J. Wiggs, born 1843 in Tennessee. They came to Arkansas about 1874.

John Wilson Benton, born about 1780, came to Georgia about 1810 with members of his family. One of his sons, William Wilson, was born in Virginia in 1803. He was a miller and lived for a while in Jackson County, Georgia. Wilson's son, John Washington Benton, was my great grandfather. He was born in Georgia in 1839 and came to White County, Arkansas in 1856. He died there in 1908. Any information would be appreciated.—Coy R. Benton, Box 48, Higginson, Arkansas 72068

Bird-Black

I am looking for information on the ancestors of Mary A. Bird (Byrd). She and her seven children, Ann, Sabina, Ezra, Martha, Sarah, Sussannah, and

Puzzle Solution

Across
1. Oregon
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31. Every
33. Pains
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41. Polk
42. Hurry
43. Paths
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45. Pegged
47. Tare
49. Sac
51. Gnat
53. Gangs
54. Eeler
57. Mans
58. Soon
61. Mae
63. ENE
65. Sr.
67. SS

William, were members of the 1856 handcart company that traveled across Iowa. The Bird family were members of the fourth company with James G. Willie, Captain. The company was composed of 500 persons, 120 handcarts, 6 wagons, and left Iowa City on July 15, 1856. They arrived in Salt Lake City, November 9, 1856 with sixty-seven deaths en route. Ann and Sabina ran away near Homestead, Iowa and married Jake Mitchell and Ed Smith respectively. The Mitchells had ten children. Mary Jane Mitchell married Samuel Ralston Black of Conroy, my great-grandfather. His brother, William (Henry) Black, ran away from home. I would like to hear from any ancestors because I have evidence to indicate that this is the same William (Henry) Black who was a private in company "H" commanded by Captain Benteen in the battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876. He was wounded in the left hand and was discharged on November 23, 1877 at Camp Buford, Dakota Territory as a private.—Don Black, Box 33, Blairstown, Iowa 52209

Fry

Jacob Frederick Fry was born in Pennsylvania in 1821, the eldest son of Samuel and Elizabeth Fry. When the family moved to Indiana in 1844 he went on west and drove stagecoaches. He was shot to death in his sleep by robbers as he was staying at a way station.

In 1934 the following descendants were known: Samuel Fry Greenup, Illinois; Eliza Ellen McLean, Minnesota. Grandchildren, Lou R. Wisley, Mattoon, Illinois; Mrs. J. M. Swanson, Minnesota; James McLean, Logan, Iowa; Nellie Goodman, St. Paul, Minnesota; Madie Ellen Smith, Wray, Colorado; Katie Young, Omaha, Nebraska; and Floyd W. McLean, Neola, Iowa. Would like to correspond with any of the above-named people or anyone who knows of them.—Ronald E. Fry, Box 24 Idaville, Indiana 47950

Verner

Thomas James Verner was born March 11, 1881 near Chalmette, Louisiana. When a young man he moved to New Mexico and went to work at a logging camp near Cloudcroft. He later became a U. S. Forest Ranger. He was first appointed October 1, 1907 and served at Gila National Forest, New Mexico. He also served at Datil National Forest, Magdalena, New Mexico and at Jesse James National Forest at Santa Fe.

He married Fannie Belle Herridge at her mother's home in Otero County, New Mexico, November 18, 1902. They had four children: Ethel Alma, born September 22, 1903 at Cloudcroft; Edward Charles, born October 29, 1905, at Artesia; Emma Corrine, born June 10, 1908 at Chloride; and Ellen Almeda, born April 7, 1911 at Alamogordo.

He left his home at Bee Cave, Texas, near Austin, in 1940, going to Albuquerque, New Mexico to look for a job. We heard that he had worked for McKee Construction Company in El Paso, Texas but were unable to confirm this. He may have worked there as late as 1960.

Any information will be appreciated.—Ernestine Grumbles Bales, 4322 Randall Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas 78411

Booze, Bets and Babes

(Continued from page 13)

nounced to all present that he would at least have the pleasure of naming the child even if he could not have the pleasure of rearing her. While Captain Fischer held the baby high over his head in the center of the room, Colonel Groom declared that from that day on the little girl would be known as Chance Cobwebb Hall, in honor of the man who won her, the place where it happened, and the circumstances. Then the colonel ordered champagne for the house.

C. C. Hall was the only daughter of Judge and Mrs. Hall. Legend had it that she grew up never knowing how she got her start, because by the time she was old enough to be curious the Cob Webb had burned and another bar had been erected in its place.

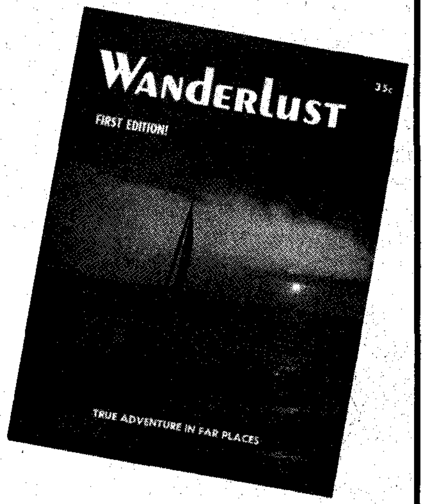
The next report of Chance Cobwebb Hall occurred about twenty years later when an Arizona visitor to San Francisco overheard mention of Prescott between a young lady and a young man in the lobby of a hotel there. The young woman admitted to the visitor that she had been brought up in Prescott, that her name was indeed C. C. Hall, and that she was presently engaged in aiding wayward girls in the State of California.

Fascinating, also, is the unsubstantiated tale that C. C. Hall is still alive and that she returned to Prescott some time ago and is living there today under an assumed name. If it is true she would be nearly 100 years old. And, by now, the circumstances surrounding her name and her beginnings that night at the Cob Webb could not possibly be a secret to her anymore. One man in Prescott is alleged to know the truth, or fiction, to the story of her present residency. He guards the secret well, not even admitting that there ever was a C. C. Hall, let alone that the same lady might still be alive today and living in the shadow of the once-famous Whiskey Row where her story started out with a single shake of the dice.

One of the Row's most celebrated inebriates, "Petrified Adams," was written up on the front page of the *Journal-Miner* in 1887 for "solicifying himself and jasparizing Prescott prior to leaving for Chalcedony." This would be quite a blow to Chalcedony when it found out, the *Journal-Miner* theorized.

As Petrified Adams was basking in all this front page glory, the saloon operators along the Row were beginning to turn themselves into showmen in order to attract new business. The Fashion and Sazerac saloons held raffles every Saturday night. Their prizes were horses, sofa cushions and all sorts of other interesting items. One place exhibited locally grown produce such as a sixty-two-pound squash from nearby Verde Valley; and in 1887 the Palace engaged a circus band to play for its customers. Fritz Jesson, who operated the Headquarters

(Continued on page 72)



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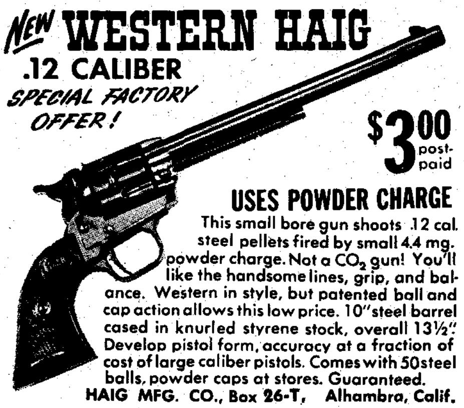

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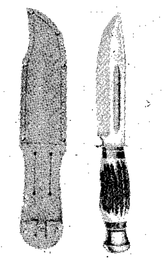

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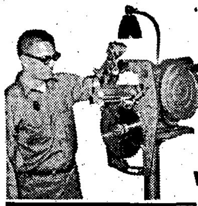

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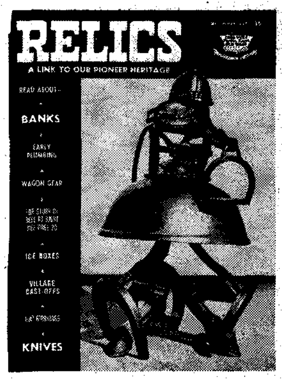
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(Continued from page 69)

saloon, introduced a new game to his patrons which he called "the devil among his tailors," details of which are now lost. Two years later, in 1889, Jesson was offering a free bowl of turtle soup to his customers on New Year's Eve and also advertised that he would display a ten-pound sweet potato.

One of the larger bars countered Jesson's business-getting ideas by installing a coin-operated contraption in which fiddles and other musical instruments played under glass, a forerunner of the modern-day juke box.

Most bars had piano players by this time. Along with the piano entertainment, the saloon operator provided girl vocalists. The girls were strictly entertainers, not the line type of girl who had been seen in Prescott a few years before. Piano players and singers would play and sing any request, but the miners and cowhands preferred sentimental ballads and the shower of silver on the stage was always heavier when this type of song was done.

ON July 14, 1900, the disastrous fire started in Prescott about 10:30 at night. Most accounts seem to agree that a lighted miner's candlestick, poked into the wooden wall of a hotel room on Goodwin Street across from Whiskey Row, was the cause of the holocaust. Wind whisked burning fragments across the street to settle on the wooden roofs and it was only a few minutes before the fire was out of control.

Up and down the Row, every patron was pressed into service to save what he could. Gambling tables, whiskey casks, beer, fixtures, whatever could be snatched up, were hurriedly carried across the street to the courthouse plaza. In just a short time it became apparent that more trips into the burning saloons would be foolhardy.

For nearly five hours flames gnawed away at the very soul of the Southwest's most wide open city. In that short time fire succeeded in turning Prescott's downtown area into a charred, flattened wasteland. Whiskey Row was no more. Loss was estimated at between $1 and $2 million. All but $385,000 of this was uninsured.

Whiskey Row was rebuilt, of course, but it never was the same whooping, hell-raising hotspot after the big fire. Gradually, over the years, it has mellowed some and has lost a good share of the glitter that gave Montezuma Street its own special kind of sparkle in the good old days.

IN 1907 organized gambling was closed down. On the last night more than 300 persons in Prescott jammed themselves into the Palace saloon to celebrate the demise of something which had helped keep the town alive for more than half a century. Even people who had never been bettors before were placing their wagers along with the regulars, feeling that this particular occasion would come to Prescott only once.

The night was April 1, 1907. At one minute before midnight the final cards were dealt to faro players and the roulette wheel started out on its last whirling spin. The ivory ball dutifully made its few turns around the track and then dropped itself into Number 13. When faro dealer Barney Smith tossed out the last cards, players stared in silence for a few seconds at the ace and the trey that Barney had produced—and organized gambling in Prescott passed into history.

In 1915 Arizona went dry, some years earlier than the rest of the nation, but on Montezuma Street drinking went on as usual and bootleg whiskey, which was made right in town, was sold openly over the counter. There were many stills in Prescott and their operators, as well as the operators of the saloons, carried on their business just as though no state prohibition laws existed.

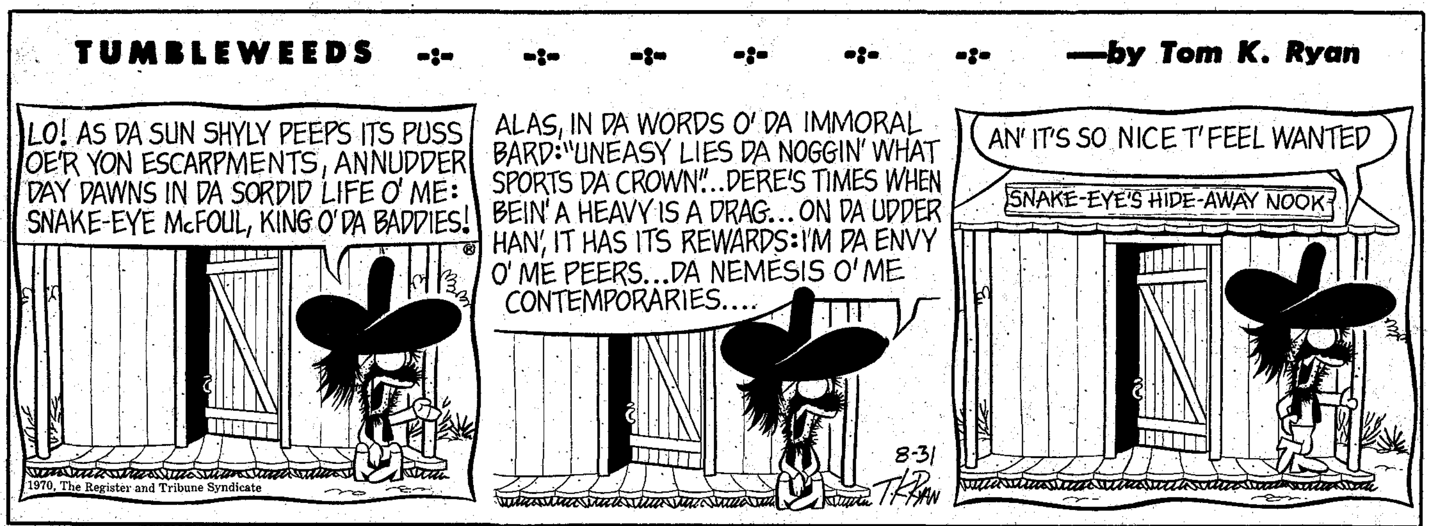
It wasn't that Prescott people held an open disregard for the law. They merely had a "live and let live" attitude. Times were tough, they felt, and this was the West. If western men felt the need for a drink of whiskey from time to time, it was the duty of someone to see that the drink was available.

Later, when the federal government was enforcing prohibition, things still went along pretty much as they always had in Prescott. The only person ever to be arrested and prosecuted in Prescott was a porter at the Palace saloon who made the mistake of offering a drink to a federal agent.

Prostitution continued to flourish along Whiskey Row after the turn of the century but by the late 1940s only two established houses remained, although a few of the girls continued to operate as individuals. In 1949 County Attorney David Palmer closed down the last two remaining brothels. Organized prostitution in Prescott followed organized gambling into history a full forty-two years later.

One of the last two houses was operated as a hotel above the present-day Palace saloon. Still on the wall at one end of the Palace's ornate backbar is a call box which was electrically connected to the rooms upstairs and which could be used by the tenant to signify his desire for a shot of whiskey, a dash of female entertainment, or a sandwich if he was just plain hungry. The call box is still operable but it doesn't produce the service it once did. Often a drunken tenant upstairs will drive today's Palace bartenders to near nervous frustration with insistant pushing of the button in his room. Even removing some of the buttons hasn't slowed down the tenants. They ram pencils into the opening to activate the call box, not fully able to comprehend that times have changed—even on Whiskey Row. Today there are five bars on Montezuma Street, as compared to the thirty-five of seventy years ago. Restaurants and shops occupy the rest of the block, flanked by a respectable residential street and a modern shopping area. At Goodwin and Granite Streets, one of the extreme ends of the original Whiskey Row, there is a city firehouse.

Other bars have sprung up on nearby streets along with several excellent dinner houses with cocktail lounges, so a good evening's entertainment can still be found very easily in the town of Prescott. Sometimes business is a little on the slow side during week nights but as in its early days, the town comes to life on week ends. Prescott's drinking and fun-seeking element will continue to "live and let live" and create still more history for Montezuma Street while they enjoy themselves to the fullest— as they have for over a century.


TUMBLEWEEDS -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- —by Tom K. Ryan
LO! AS DA SUN SHYLY PEEPS ITS PUSS OE'R YON ESCARPMENTS, ANNUDDER DAY DAWNS IN DA SORDID LIFE O' ME: SNAKE-EYE McFOUL, KING O' DA BADDIES!
ALAS, IN DA WORDS O' DA IMMORAL BARD: "UNEASY LIES DA NOGGIN' WHAT SPORTS DA CROWN!"...DERE'S TIMES WHEN BEIN' A HEAVY IS A DRAG... ON DA UDDER HAN', IT HAS ITS REWARDS: I'M DA ENVY O' ME PEERS...DA NEMESIS O' ME CONTEMPORARIES....
AN' IT'S SO NICE T' FEEL WANTED
SNAKE-EYE'S HIDE-AWAY NOOK
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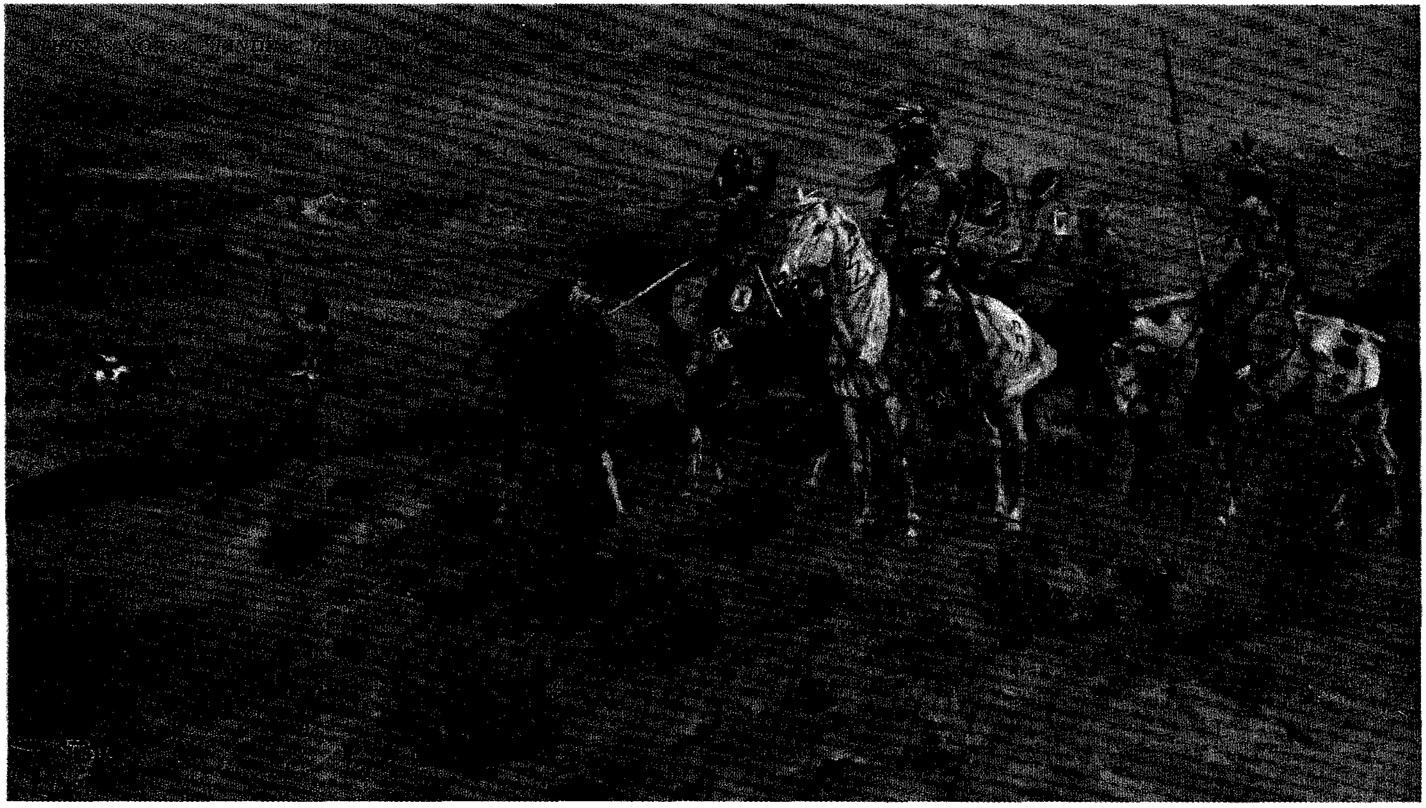

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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